

Collier's

MARCH 27, 1948

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TEN CENTS
KANSAS

**POWER and GLORY
ON WINGS**

BY W. B. COURTNEY

BOOKS THAT BREED CRIME

PAGE 22



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When Nash owners get together —



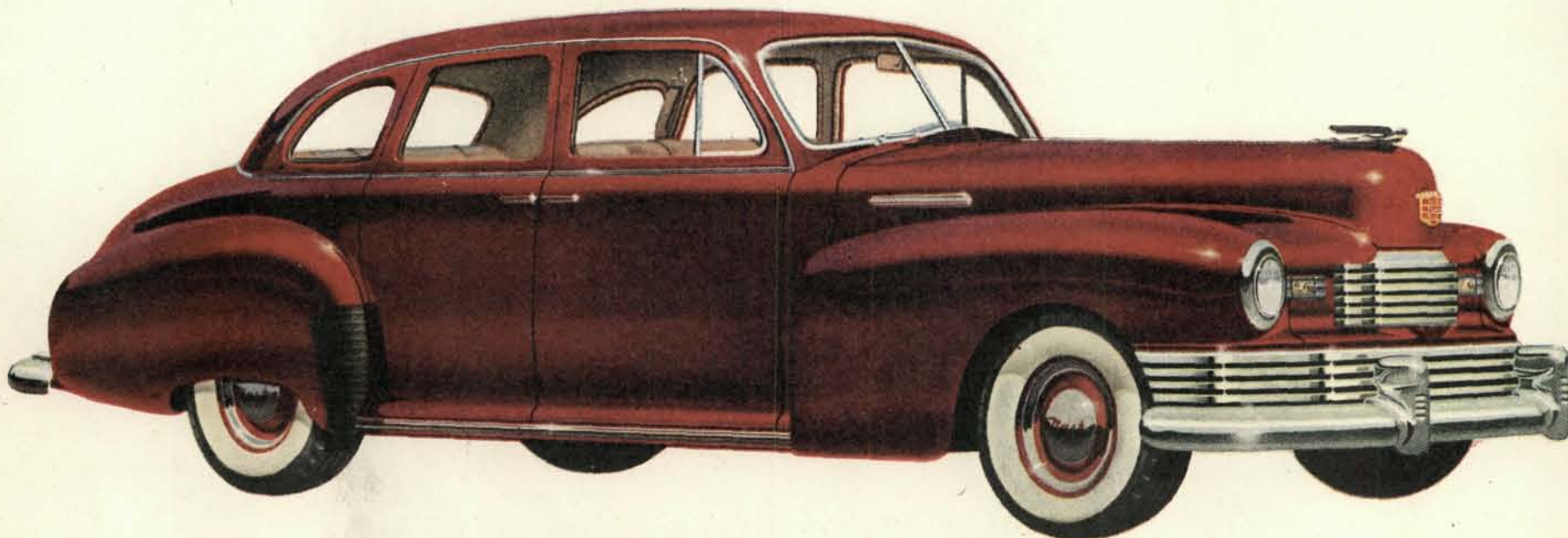
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Theirs is the quiet and the safety of an all-welded unitized body and frame.

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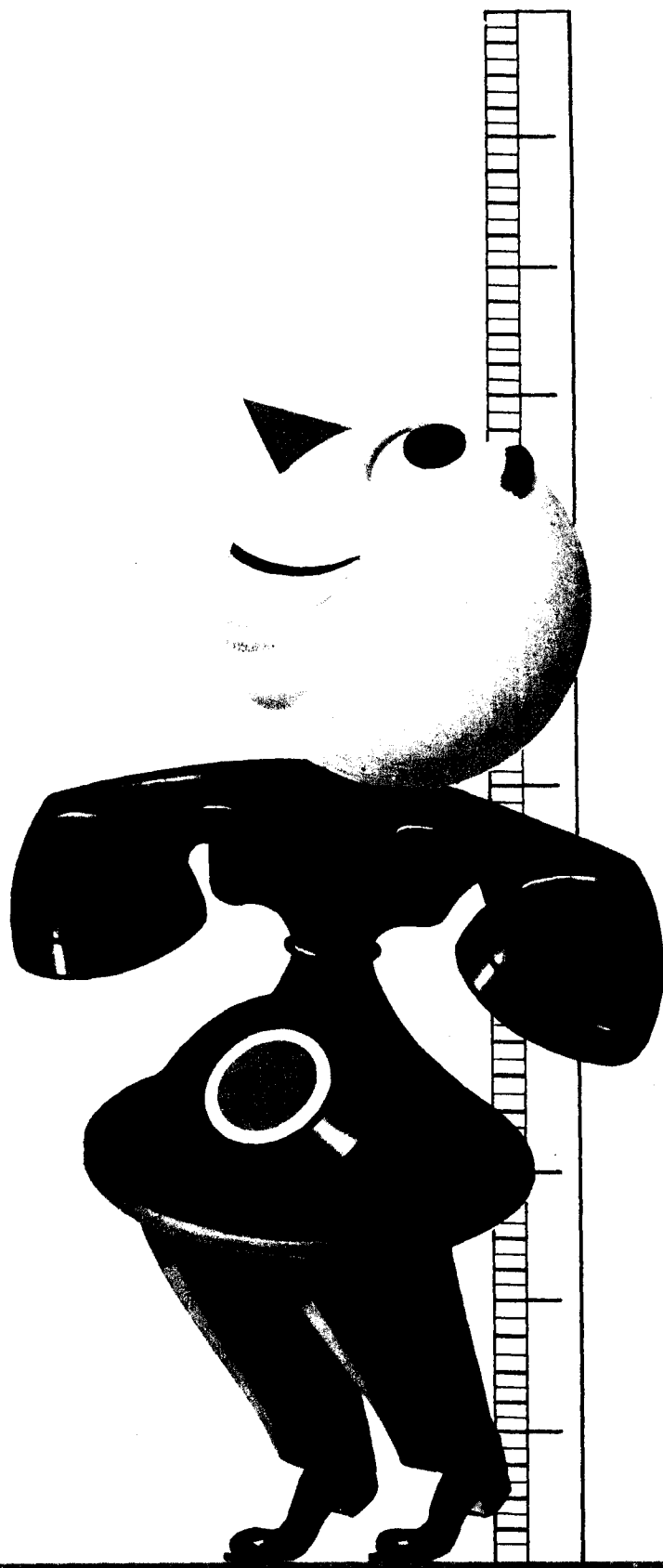
Yes, they're probably the most enthusiastic motorists in America today.

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COLLIER'S

March 27, 1948

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LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

DEAR SIR: Jim Marshall offers notable evidence in *Twilight on the Navajo Trail* (Feb. 7th) that the present plight of the Navajos is in large part another one of those unhappy hang-overs of New Dealism which currently afflict various parts of the world from Korea to Kokomo. Although the Navajos never had it very good—when Mr. Roosevelt's carpetbaggers got through do-gooding the hell out of them—boyoboy! S. OMAR BARKER, Sapello, N. M.

... I have just finished reading Jim Marshall's eye-opening and shocking article. Congratulations on a masterpiece of reporting. It leaves me so angry that I am trembling—and so ashamed! What is a reservation but a concentration camp? MRS. GEORGE DURAND, Vineland, N. J.

... As a student of Indian life and lore, I have despaired of (1) any hope of our Indians faring better because of repentant politicians, cattlemen, or any other agency and (2) any hope of the American people ever learning of the true state of affairs that transformed the Indian from a noble and honest man to a debased and debauched character that so suited the purposes of the scum who pushed westward, now listed in our history books as "pioneers." MORTON I. BLENDER, Providence, R. I.

... Jim Marshall seems to have written with his heart, and not his head. His attack on the Indian traders is most unfair and untrue. No trader that I ever knew grew rich on Indian trade alone, although some, after having won the confidence and respect of the tribesmen, have made a fair living. Jim Marshall need not attack the bureaucracy of the Indian Bureau. The trouble lies directly with Congress, which for over one hundred years has burdened the Indian Bureau with hundreds of laws which make it impossible for the most able commissioner to give a good administration. Good roads have not been built on the reservation not because of the Indian Bureau, but the Indians themselves objected to having their money spent in that way. HAROLD S. COLTON, Director Museum of Northern Ariz., Flagstaff, Ariz.

... Maybe the Navajo wasn't far wrong when he called the U.S. "Chief of Broken Treaties." MRS. M. C. VOGLER, Landover Hills, Md.

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*"Can they really
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Mommy?"*

They won't take the car, Patsy—but the law can take away your father's right to drive unless he can post \$11,000 in cash or security. That's the result of his recent automobile accident.

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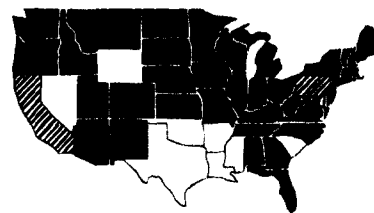
state . . . change from year to year. The average driver can't hope to be familiar with all of them. But—all these states will accept adequate automobile insurance as proof that you are financially responsible.

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The states are cracking down!

The 38 states and the District of Columbia, (shaded on map), have financial responsibility laws requiring you to prove you can pay for injury to people or damage to property you do with your car. Similar laws already passed by California and Pennsylvania will soon be in effect.



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KINER AND THE PEDIGREED HORSEHIDE

BY BILL FAY



● Ralph Kiner smashed seven home runs during a four-game slugging spree last August. Four of the homers came in successive times at bat off four St. Louis pitchers—Munger, Burkhardt, Wilks, Grodzicki—and all seven wallops soared over the left-field scoreboard in Pittsburgh.

During one of Kiner's leisurely lopes around the bases, Manager Eddie Dyer of the Cardinals nudged Rookie Jim Hearn. "Let that be a lesson to you," Dyer cautioned. "Never give the big fellow a good pitch."

Hearn recalled this Dyer warning when the Cardinals revisited Forbes Field in last September. Jim walked Kiner on four wide curves in the first inning—teasers that just missed the outside corner. Jim walked Kiner on four wide curves in the fourth inning. Jim threw two more wide curves to Kiner in the sixth inning. Then Jim's magnificent control faltered. He threw what would have been a strike. WHAM! Kiner clubbed his fifty-first and last home run of the season against the top of the scoreboard.

When Hearn came back to the bench, Dyer said, "Let that be a lesson to you. Never give the big fellow a good pitch." Jim regained his control in the eighth inning. He walked Kiner on four wide curves.

Kiner's long drive—on the only Hearn pitch across the plate—enabled the 25-year-old outfielder to tie Johnny Mize of the New York Giants for the home-run championship of the major leagues. Ralph may do better this season. Indeed, only a severe spring slump kept Kiner from breaking Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs last year. Ralph pounded 48 homers after May 31st. That sensational summer pace—maintained over a whole season—would produce 64 homers.

There are several reasons why Kiner may sock 64 home runs this season. He's young, big (190 pounds and 6 feet), strong-wristed and—even more important than his physical assets—he's swinging at the liveliest baseball ever used in the major leagues.

While the 1947 Giants were setting a National League record for team production by slamming 221 homers, Edward Hubbert, Sr., president of the Perkasio, Pennsylvania, firm that covers every baseball used in the majors, commented: "I'll be surprised if they (the Giants) don't break the

record. Any strong man with a bat in his hands can hit a home run these days. It is the fastest, liveliest ball made, and if records aren't broken it will be because there are no Ruths, Gehrigs and Foxxes around."

What made the 1947 ball livelier than the ball used in 1946 when Kiner edged out Mize for the National League home-run title, 23 to 22? Hubbert says horses deserve most of the credit—French and Canadian horses, that is. "Before the war we covered baseballs with horsehide from France, Belgium and Germany. Horse meat is a staple item of diet there. Consequently, horses are raised like cows. Their pampered hides are sleek and soft because they don't rub against harness or barbed-wire fences.

"However, during the war, we had to use American horses—most of them too old to walk around in front of a milk wagon any more. Their hides were rough and scarred—less resilient. Finally, in the spring of 1947, we were able to import hides from Canada and France."

There were other changes in the 1947 ball that helped the home-run sluggers. The core was natural rubber instead of synthetic, the yarn was top-grade Australian wool, the cementing and hand-stitching processes were improved, but the most beneficial change was increased horsepower. American horses can hold their own at the track, or in front of milk wagons, but they don't travel as far or as fast as French horses when wrapped around baseballs.

French-Canadian pedigreed horsehide had a much greater effect on Kiner's rise to home-run prominence than did Greenberg Garden—that infamous home-run trap that the Pittsburgh management constructed for the convenience of Hank Greenberg last spring. Greenberg Garden (a bull pen for relief pitchers adjacent to the left-field fence) cut the home-run distance from 365 feet to 340. The short fence increased Kiner's output but not to the extent claimed by many critics.

Kiner banged 23 home runs on the road—slamming at least one in every foreign park for the second straight year—and drove 15 of his 28 Forbes Field four-baggers beyond Greenberg Garden and over the outer fence. Thirteen Kiner clouts fell into the garden. Five of the 13 rebounded from the scoreboard 365 feet from home plate and would have been legitimate home runs in virtually every other big-league park. Consequently, Greenberg Garden contributed only eight homers to Kiner's crop of 51.

And there's another side to the story. Kiner is not a pull hitter. Many of Ralph's longest drives zoomed into center field and failed to land in home-run territory. Example: His longest wallop was a 465-footer which caromed off the left-center-field fence in the Polo Grounds. Ralph had trouble stretching the clout into a triple!

The Pittsburgh management may eliminate Greenberg Garden—now that Hank has left the Pirates—but garden or no garden, Kiner will be a real threat to Ruth's record this year—providing the supply of French horsehide holds out and cautious pitchers like Hearn put at least one curve out of every 15 over the plate.

● The pin boys of the nation are working in the shadow of technological unemployment. Louis P. Petersen of Chicago and Henry Leavitt of Ogden, Utah, have developed a machine that eliminates pins, pin boys and noise from bowling.

When you bowl the Petersen-Leavitt way, you aim at pin-shaped beams of light instead of regulation maple targets. It seems that the passage of your ball over a fiber roller (in the head-pin area) generates an electrical impulse which creates strikes, spares and those aggravating 4-6-7-10 railroads.

The screen on which the phantom pins are projected hangs above the alley and the light beams fall exactly like standard maples—only there's no noise. Matter of fact, it's so quiet you can hear a bowling ball drop.

● The probable outcome of the 65-match series for the tennis championship of the world between Jack Kramer and Bobby Riggs was summed up neatly when one of their professional colleagues remarked: "Riggs may win, or Kramer may win, but Jack Harris won't lose."

Harris never loses money, because he always remembers that his professional performers are former amateurs educated in expense-account sin. He pays them a pre-tour guarantee and a percentage of the profits—a convenient arrangement which eliminates laundry bills. When Riggs was an amateur, it was estimated that his laundry charges for the month of August, 1939, would keep a family of four in comfortable circumstances for 90 days.

Even without expense accounts, there are many financial pitfalls in professional tennis. In 1941, the Harris troupe—Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, Don Budge, Bill Tilden—invaded Trenton, New Jersey, for a one-night stand. The crowd was large, but the players were unhappy. The green canvas court cover for use on wooden surfaces had failed to arrive.

After smacking a few warmup shots, Tilden walked to the net and started to address the multitude. Harris (who is hard of hearing) was at the far end of the court checking attendance figures.

"That Tilden certainly is a great showman," he remarked to a lines-

man. "Just look at the act he's putting on for the crowd. What's he saying?"

"Tilden is saying," the linesman reported, "that it wouldn't be fair to the public to play on this lousy court and that everybody can get his money back by stopping at the box office—"

Under the circumstances, Harris felt constrained to follow Tilden's speech with one of his own in which he stressed two points: (1) Tilden had a great sense of humor; (2) no money would be refunded.

Fortunately, Harris doesn't have to worry about tantrums or refunds on the current tour. Business is so good—and Riggs and Kramer are playing such excellent tennis—that Harris is considering a series of encores in the big cities, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, etc., instead of taking the tour abroad. The reluctance of foreign governments to allow large American dollar withdrawals may be the decisive factor in Harris' decision.



● Very few hunters would brood over the fact that they have reached middle age without shooting a single elephant with bow and arrow, but it worries Howard Hill, the fellow who makes all those trick shots for the Robin Hood movies. Howard has killed at least one of every species of game animal on the North American continent. Now he's planning a summer expedition to the North Belgian Congo.

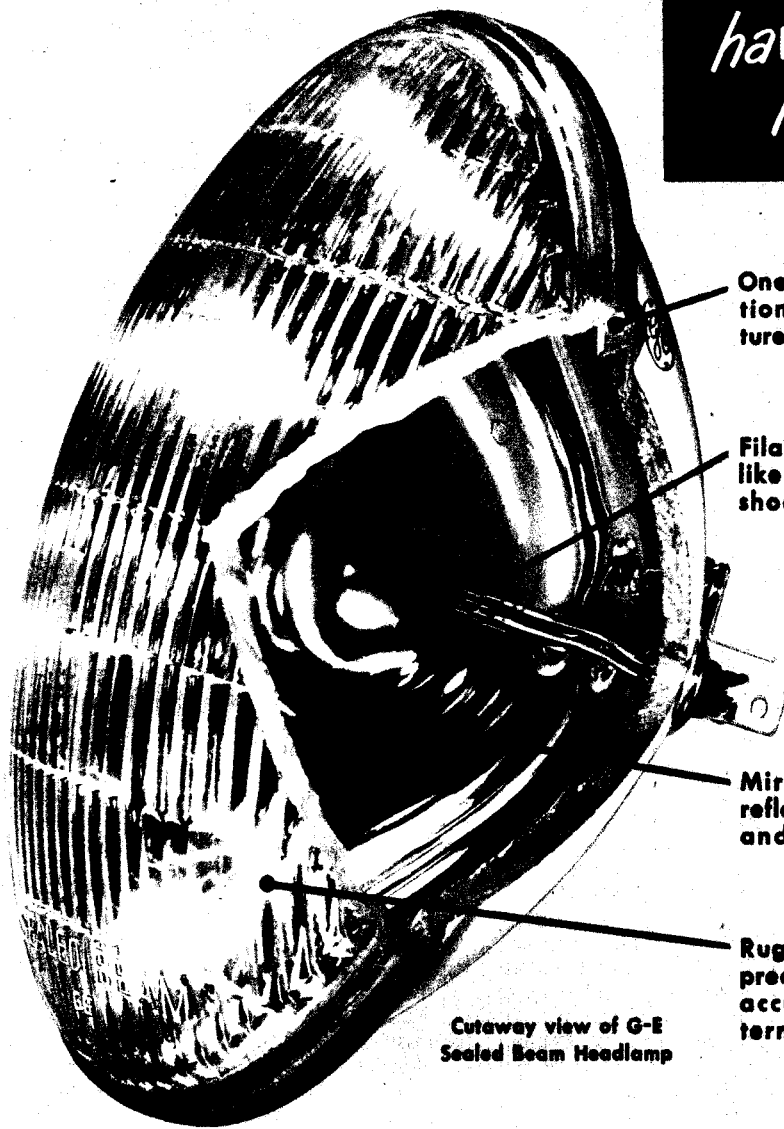
Howard expects to warm up by knocking off a lion, cheetah, leopard and crocodile, in the order named, before taking on the elephant. He'll shoot the crocodile under water. He says it's more sporting that way; easier, too: "When you're under water with your target you don't have to allow for light refraction."

After realizing his elephant ambition, Howard hopes to run pool on a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros. He has a specially designed arrow for the armor-plated rhinos. Howard says the arrow penetrated a six-ply automobile tire in test firing. All rhinoceroses in the North Belgian Congo may interpret this as a final warning.

Either get a seven-ply retread, boys, or take to the mountains. The Hills are coming! ★★★



DRAWINGS BY LOWELL HESS



Cutaway view of G-E Sealed Beam Headlamp

Next time you leave your car for service...

*have your
lights checked!*

One piece construction. Dust and moisture can never get in.

Filaments held in vise-like grip to resist road shock and vibration.

Mirror-like, built-in reflector. Stays bright and shiny.

Rugged, hard-glass precision lens assures accurate beam pattern on the road.



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Enjoy easier, safer night driving

**G-E Sealed Beam headlamps
now give 12% more light and
DO NOT GROW DIM!**

NOW improved to give you 12% more light on the road for driving . . . 16% more for passing, General Electric Sealed Beam headlamps *do not grow dim!*

Light-dimming dirt and moisture can't get in because G-E headlamps are one-piece, "all-glass" units. The mirror-like reflector stays shiny and new. On the average, 99% of original light output is retained to the very end of lamp life.

Always replace with *General Electric* Sealed Beam Lamps. Whatever auto lamps you need, ask for G-E . . . for every socket, for every car!

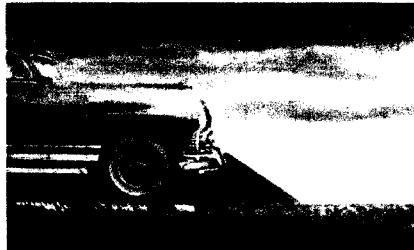


**HAVE YOUR
LIGHTS CHECKED**

WHEN YOU LEAVE your car for Spring oil-change, have your dealer check your lights. Ask him to replace burnouts with G-E lamps.



DO YOUR stop lights work? Your dealer will check *all* the essential bulbs on your car.



G-E FOG LAMPS, hard to get during the war, are back again now. Same one-piece construction as G-E Sealed Beam headlamps.



G-E SPOT LAMP gives powerful concentrated beam which knives through the dark to pick up road signs, markers, driving hazards.



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GENERAL ELECTRIC auto lamps are products of the same research and skill that produce G-E lamps for your home.

G-E LAMPS
GENERAL  ELECTRIC

HEAR "WILLIE PIPER", COMEDY HIT PRESENTED BY G-E LAMPS, THURSDAY NIGHT, ABC.

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... I DON'T NEED glasses to see that he's got Dry Scalp! His hair certainly is a mess... it's dull looking and unkempt... looks as though he never combed it, and there's loose dandruff, too. It's time somebody told him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



IT'S EASY as can be to check Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops a day make the difference. It supplements natural scalp oils... leaves your hair natural-looking, your scalp feeling like a million. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients... excellent with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care to both scalp and hair... and it's so economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

An athletic performance that has never since been approached was the cross-country run made by Mensen Ernst of Norway in 1832. He ran from Constantinople to Calcutta and back, a distance of 5,625 miles, in 59 days, or an average of 95 miles every 24 hours. The feat was particularly difficult, as Ernst had to swim many rivers and travel over several mountains and deserts in crossing and re-crossing Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan and India.—By Alice Horner, Atlanta, Georgia.

A collection of rare diamonds in New York contains a unique "brilliant" that was cut in 1921 by an Amsterdam artisan to demonstrate his skill. While this diamond has the usual 58 facets, it weighs only 1/400th of a carat and is smaller than the head of a pin.—By Margaret Hamilton, White Plains, N. Y.

On December 27, 1899, the Paris edition of the New York Herald published a letter of inquiry, with the answer, on the difference between Centigrade and Fahrenheit thermometers. Through someone's carelessness, it appeared again on the same page the next day which so infuriated the paper's owner, James Gordon Bennett, that he ordered it to be printed in every edition as long as he lived, as a lesson to his staff. Consequently, before Bennett died on May 14, 1918, the famous letter was published more than 6,700 times. By Louis Franks, New York City.

Although Buenos Aires has a population of 3,150,000 and a motor traffic so dangerous that its numerous jitney busses are called "man killers," this city has never had traffic lights except in 1932 when, a few weeks after their installation, they were removed because everyone ignored them.

Immigration records of the United States since 1930 show that for every 100 aliens admitted as immigrants, 77 departed, having changed their minds about living here permanently.

Records of the activities of Jesus Christ, made during his lifetime, do not cover more than 50 days.—By Pyke Johnson, Jr., Washington, D. C.

Few suicides have been more mysterious than that of Alfred Loewenstein, the Belgian financier, who was said to have jumped from his private plane while crossing the English Channel from London to Brussels on the night of July 4, 1928. Although the big banking houses of Europe had recently refused to do business with him and he had just lost half of his \$100,000,000 fortune in a stock market slump, Loewenstein had, as his friends pointed out, weathered heavy reverses before, was still wealthy and only fifty-one, had not committed a crime and was not the type that would kill himself. Fourteen days later, a body found off the French coast, in a battered condition that defied identification, was accepted as Loewenstein's because it was wearing his wrist watch.

During the past five years, the United States has had 121 great fires that caused a property damage of \$1,000,000 or more, compared with 78 in the preceding 50 years. Of these 199 conflagrations since 1893, the six largest (with their damages in millions of dollars) were: San Francisco 1906—\$350; New York (steamship Normandie) 1942—\$53; Baltimore 1904—\$50; Texas City, Texas, 1947—\$32.5; Richmond, Florida, (naval air station) 1945—\$30; and Minnesota (forest fire) 1918—\$25.

One of the most incredible cases of human fecundity was that of Mme. Sinaida Vassileff of Moscow, who, between 1820 and 1855, gave birth to 69 children—16 sets of twins, seven sets of triplets and four sets of quadruplets. Authentic documents of the case are preserved in the Academy of Sciences in Leningrad and also in the French Academy in Paris.

A new domestic heating unit that operates on either gas or fuel oil has an output sufficient for a five-room house, yet it is no larger than a suitcase and thus may be installed in a closet or behind a screen instead of in the cellar.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for March 27, 1948

***FIRST* among the "HEAVYWEIGHTS"**



The country over, truck operators whose business calls for heavy duty trucks, give the call to GMC. And with good reason! GMCs are first among the "heavyweights." They lead the field in heavy duty design, structure and mechanical advancements. Over the years they have introduced many of the features now common to all heavy duty trucks. The GMC heavy duty line today offers a wide variety of chassis in weight ratings of 19,000 to 90,000 pounds . . . four gasoline and two Diesel engines . . . equipment options that provide vehicles exactly tailored to the needs of every job . . . and many GMC heavy duty models are now available for quick delivery.

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Donald Hough rolling in the aisle with Ann Sheridan

OUR author Donald Hough admits *The Roller-in-the-Aisle* in his bit of hilarity of same title on page 16, while not a Hollywood profession, is definitely a familiar movieland institution—a sort of ha-ha yes-man. And this Hough should know, because Collier's fiction fans will easily recall his five stories about two cowboys, Hade and Steve. Three of the stories were made into movies. He's also served time in the celluloid jute mills, and before becoming a writer was a press agent. Anyway, his idea of a Human Laugh Meter fascinates us; we see one with every magazine, radio and columnist in the country.

ON PAGE 20, In a Pig's Eye, you again meet Nancy Shores fictionally who is basic American from way back. Her great-great-granddad, Evan Runyon of Cairo, Greene County, New York, shouldered his musket and marched off to the Revolutionary War, leaving the little woman and eight kiddies to battle it out with the farm while he helped save the country.

Then her grandmother Deborah Runyon Shores left New York in a fit of pique and an oxcart, settling in northern Wisconsin, where she watched a son go off to war—the so-called Civil one. Not so long ago, Nancy saw her boy David Shores off for Europe with the 44th Reconnaissance Battalion.

Right now Miss Shores, who's been twice married, lives in Greenwich Village, where she raises short stories, cats, dogs and ructions. Her farm blood yearns for gardening; at times she's longed to be a singer, dancer, actress and an engineer.

JUDITH CRIST'S employer, The New York Herald Tribune, sent her out to Long Island to find out about the children mentioned in her story, *Horror in the Nursery* (p. 22)—children who "wanted to see what it feels like to kill." When both their mother and the victim's father denounced the influence of comic books on the youngsters, she remembered having heard the denunciation before in connection with juvenile delinquency. So she looked up Dr. Fredric Wertham, psychiatrist, finally catching up with him at a post-office obscenity hearing, where he was saying that comic books are far more obscene in a moral sense than was the nudist magazine on trial.

"This accusation resulted in a scoop for the Trib, a furor, and an exclusive for Collier's," Mrs. Crist says.

Mrs. Crist, who says she's a depression baby of the '20s, born in New

York, was brought up in Canada, educated at Hunter College and Columbia Journalism. She was civilian instructress in the Air Corps during I and last year changed her marital by line from Judith Klein to Judith Crist.

AVIRGINIA newspaperman brought up to distrust all rich men and damyankees is Charles Wertheimer (De Gaulle, *Horseman of Disillusion*, p. 14). While on an "enforced vacation" from U. of Virginia he went to work for the *Alexandria (Va.) Gazette*, "Oldest Daily Paper in the U.S., suh," and was promptly fired. Since then he's been domestic and foreign reporter, novelist, foreign correspondent and article man. He has a passion for rivers: his favorite being the Rivanna, the Mississippi and the Danube, on which he once spent two months in a rowboat. A lover of backward countries (Spain and Honduras), he's torn between sitting at a table in Cádiz selling shrimp, or lying under a tree in Virginia shelling peanuts.

He is currently abroad.

WE HAVE been bored for ever so long by the letters people write, be they friendly, business or dunning. Hence Jack Cluett's sprightly new *Take A Letter* department (p. 53) started selfishly, in hope it will influence American letter writing.

Of himself Mr. Cluett discloses "I'm one of the few Cluett's who never entered the family shirt-and-collar business in Troy, New York, where was born forty-seven years ago. Guess I was allergic to starch. Been writing humor for the past 22 years, starting on the old Judge magazine with such upstarts as Gurney Wms., and an itinerant writer named T-S-.... Served time in Hollywood; and was perfectly happy until I had to read 14 newspapers a day in a mad hunt for a provocative clipping for *Take A Letter*."

This week's cover: Bicycle Queens John Mechling made the shot atop the 3-mile Pacific slopes over Laguna Beach, California, with a 4 by 5 Graflex, series D, lens 8½" in Commercial Ektar, Film—Daylight Kodachrome, exposure f/10, 1/35 sec. The adorable models are Judy Maldewin six, and Sherry Schwankovsky, four both of Laguna. Framing and composition being impossible with the bikers really going places, the little girls go aboard the stationary bike while Mrs. Mechling mounted the slope in front of the girls and gave a beautiful imitation of two little girls coasting, precariously. Judy and Sherry thereupon gave. . . .

TED SHANE

"My cigarette is
the MILD cigarette...
that's why Chesterfield
is my favorite"

Ronald Reagan

STARRING IN

"THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE"

A WARNER BROS. PRODUCTION



WHY I smoke Chesterfield

FROM A SERIES OF STATEMENTS BY PROMINENT TOBACCO FARMERS

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mild, ripe, sweet tobacco. They consistently pay the best
prices to get the kind of tobacco they want.
I've been smoking Chesterfields more than 25 years. It's
a good, mild cigarette and has more real tobacco taste.

H. O. Crombie

FARMER AND WAREHOUSEMAN
PARIS, KENTUCKY.



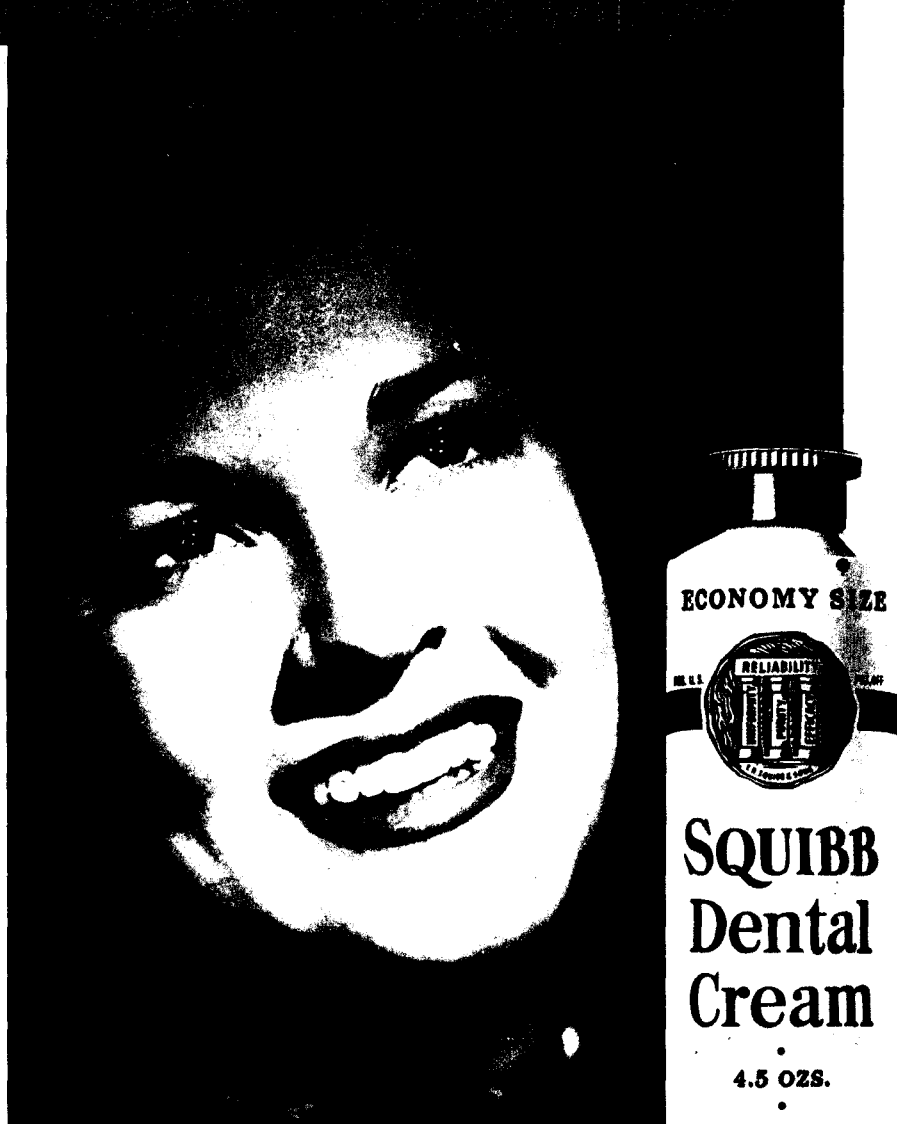
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freshment. Its refreshing action lasts longer.
This improved cream stays longer with your
brush to help cleaning. The brilliant flavor comes
from natural, not synthetic, oils.

it's alkaline

THE PHANTOM CRYBABY

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Dr. Dan Coffee goes to the rescue of a girl in distress
—and finds a murdered man in a haunted house

THE pathologist for Pasteur Hospital, Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, was preparing a test for undulant fever. Intent on scraping the emulsion from a culture plate, he was not aware that he had a visitor in his laboratory until the man cleared his throat noisily.

"Dr. Coffee? I'm Leonard Philips. The superintendent sent me to you." The visitor extended a big, muscular hand.

Dr. Coffee put down his platinum loop and shook hands with a gangling, white-haired, pink-faced man in a seersucker suit. Leonard Philips had the appearance of a country judge and the demeanor of a bass-voiced brush salesman. The aggressive smile and the long jaw above the black bow tie were vaguely familiar to Dr. Coffee.

"The superintendent says you have a foreigner working in your lab," Philips said. "His name is Mookerji."

"Dr. Motilal Mookerji is our resident pathologist," Dan Coffee said. "He's a Hindu."

"I'm an attorney," Philips said. "Your Hindu friend has got himself in trouble with a client of mine. Do you know Mrs. Louise Gable?"

Dr. Coffee nodded. Then he laughed. The nod was for Mrs. Gable. Everyone in Northbank knew Louise Barzac Gable, a dark, handsome widow, the sole heir of the late Jacques Barzac, a Frenchman who had pyramided a side-street restaurant and a tomato farm into a ten-million-dollar food canner. The laugh was for Dr. Mookerji. Somehow Dan Coffee could not picture the round, brown, pink-turbaned Hindu intern in trouble with a beautiful young American widow.

"I understand your Hindu friend is just an intern," Philips said. "If he doesn't stay away from Mrs. Gable, I'll have him arrested for practicing medicine without a license," Philips declared. "He's been prescribing for my client."

Dr. Coffee frowned. This was serious—and puzzling. Dr. Mookerji was training for the laboratory, not the clinic. "Tell me about it," he said.

Leonard Philips carefully placed his straw hat on the centrifuge. "I guess you know that Mrs. Gable's husband was in the Air Force. The Japs killed him; shot him down over the Burma jungles a few days before V-J Day, the same day his son was born here in Northbank. The baby died a week later. Louise hasn't been quite right since. And lately she's been acting very strange indeed. She hears a baby crying at night in that big house of hers—and of course there isn't any baby."

"Where does Dr. Mookerji come in?"

"Dr. Mookerji came in," the attorney said, "when I urged Mrs. Gable to see a psychiatrist. Dr. Mookerji told her that there was nothing wrong with her except that she ought to remarry—that she needed a husband, not a psychiatrist. And damn it, Doctor, the woman can't get married if she's got a screw coming loose. It's not fair to the prospective husband or to a possible child. Don't you agree that she ought to see a psychiatrist?"

"I never prescribe without seeing the patient," said Dr. Coffee.

"She's completely goofy," Philips declared. "I'm executor of her father's estate, and I've never been able to settle the estate because she won't sign papers. She loses them. She gets mad and tears them up. She wants to turn that big house of hers into a foundlings' home. She's got to see a psychiatrist, Doctor. Will you tell this Mookerji to keep his advice to himself?"

"I'll speak to him," said Dr. Coffee. He handed Leonard Philips his hat.

TWO hours later Dr. Motilal Mookerji returned to duty. The fat little Hindu intern waddled into the pathology laboratory; except that he stuck out in front instead of behind, he looked a little like a brown duck in his double-breasted suit and pink turban. His trousers settled in horizontal folds about his shoe tops.

"Good afternoon, Doctor Sahib." The little man took off his coat, and flipped up the tail of his turban so that it would fall outside the back of the white jacket he put on.

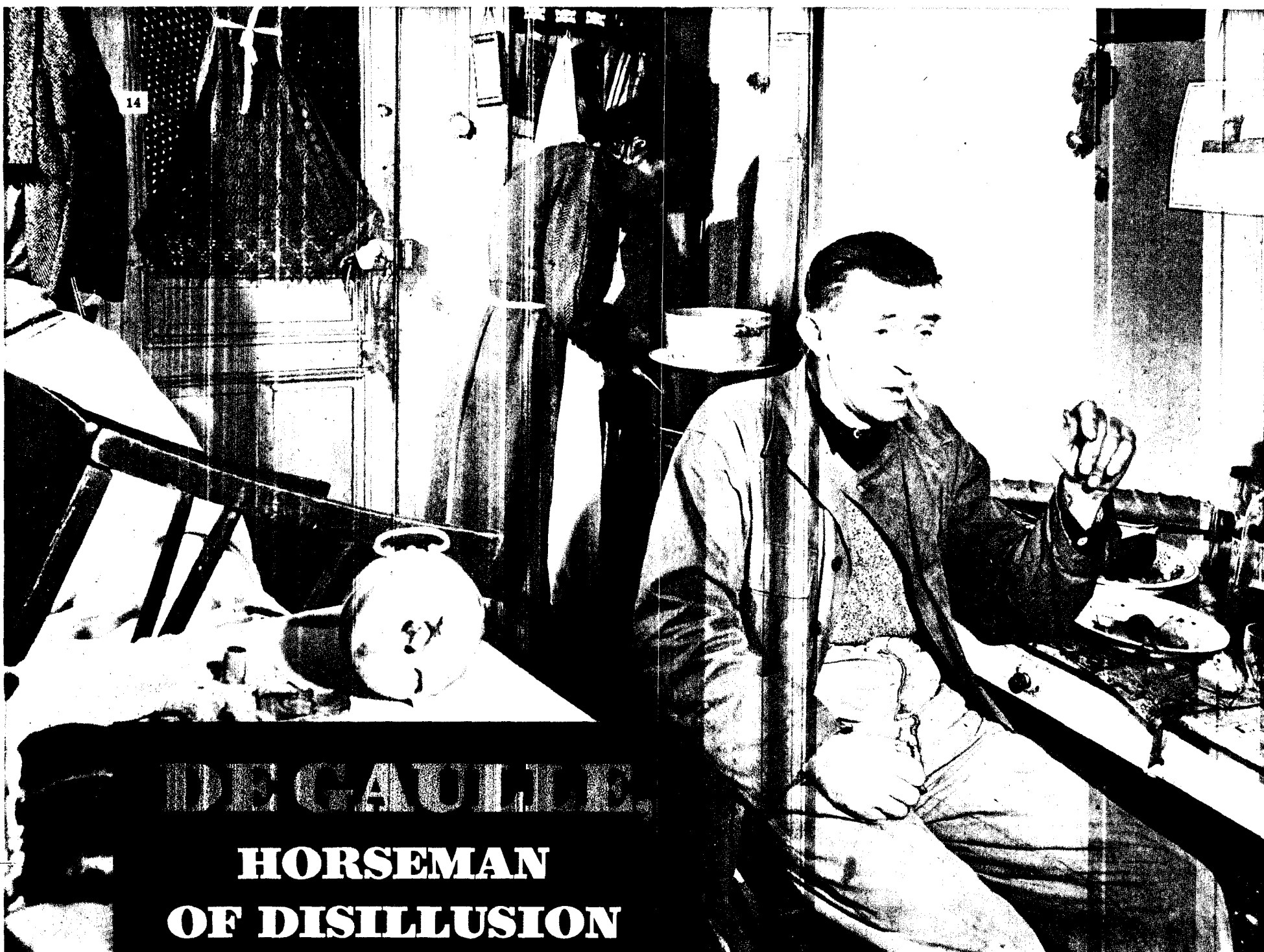
Dan Coffee looked up from his microscope. "Dr. Mookerji, what's this I hear about your trying to persuade a rich widow to marry you?"

"Widow? Marry?" The Hindu intern's mouth opened until his three brown chins made perfect accordion pleats. "Said statement is honeycombed with inaccuracies, Doctor Sahib. Item A: While Hindu widows no longer (Continued on page 55)



The dead man lay face down. Louise Gable opened her mouth—but there was no scream in her throat

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



HORSEMAN OF DISILLUSION

BY CHARLES WEINERBACHER

Sometimes Georges Jeziorski, disgusted at his meager dinner, growls at his wife, "This swill is not fit to eat." Snaps Marie, "If you made more money I could buy good things to cook. I am a good cook. Make more money before you complain." Discontent is one reason they'll vote for De Gaulle

RADIOED FROM PARIS

THE Seine flows into Paris a poor man's river, continues bourgeois for a while and leaves the city, a rich man's river. Until recently the course of the river was followed by a husky, pretty, intelligent girl named Jeanne Regine Jeziorski as she rode to work each day on the bus. It was paralleled, too, by Jenny's career; in four jobs, starting when she was sixteen, Jenny has graduated from the poverty of a workman's shack, through the modest comfort of a salesgirl's salary to the home of a well-to-do family where she is governess. She will be twenty-one on April 13th and she hopes to cast her first vote this year for the party of General Charles de Gaulle.

Jenny is perhaps typical of many people her age in France today, and the reasons why she will vote for De Gaulle may explain, in part, the general's recent revival as a potent political force. The first of those reasons is Jenny's father.

Jenny's father works as foreman of a mattress factory in the ugly industrial suburb of Maisons Alfort on the southeastern edge of Paris. Georges Jeziorski, a shy, embittered man of fifty-three, came to France from Poland twenty-two years ago because

France was the best place in Europe for a workman to lead a decent life. Before the war Jeziorski and his wife, Marie, made a modest but comfortable living and were able to give Jenny an education of sorts. For this she is passionately grateful to them, because it has enabled her to move up out of the class in which her parents are caught until they die.

If Georges Jeziorski works his forty hours a week he is paid two thousand francs, which was worth maybe ten dollars in purchasing power in Paris. But when the factory's electricity is cut off, as it has been for as much as two days a week, Jeziorski's pay is reduced accordingly. For this he blames the French government. He also blames the government because he lives in a shack and doesn't get enough to eat.

"My politics? My politics are my money. When I have money in my pocket, that is my politics. When I haven't, my empty pocket is my politics," he says.

When Jeziorski finishes work he gets on his bicycle and pedals two miles home to 125 Grand Rue, Saint-Maurice. Saint-Maurice is a working-class district of old tenement buildings, and Jeziorski's home is a single, eight-by-twelve-foot room

tacked like a woodshed on the back of a tenement.

The only opening is a door into a small cinderly back yard; the only daylight comes in through a fanlight over the door. The furnishings consist of one stove, one narrow wooden table, two straight chairs, one battered armchair, one wardrobe, one bed, one extra mattress. When the Jeziorskis are not eating, the two chairs are stacked on the table to make a passageway between the table and the bed.

Squalid Living Quarters

A single electric bulb hangs from the ceiling. Water runs from a spigot in the back yard. The toilet, which serves the entire building, is also in the back yard and is of the type which will be remembered by many G.I.s who aptly named it "the croucher." Jeziorski cannot afford a better home because he must spend nearly all he earns for food. In fact he could not afford coal to cook his food if Jenny did not work. She pays two thousand francs a month for the family's coal, which is exactly one third her salary.

The French workman's staples are bread and wine, and Jeziorski's wages buy sour, soggy and undernourishing

bread at twenty-four francs a kilogram, wine at fifty-four francs a bottle. Marie, his wife, must buy extra bread on the black market because Georges cannot work on his daily ration of two hundred grams.

The family's breakfast consists of bread and black imitation coffee, with a glass of wine for Georges. Lunch is bread, vegetable soup, macaroni or a vegetable, and wine; dinner: bread, vegetables and wine. On Sundays, and at one meal only, the Jeziorskis eat meat, which, for the cheapest cuts, costs three hundred francs a kilogram (about two pounds)—not much meat for a workingman. When this diet gets too much for Georges he'll growl across the narrow table, "This swill is not fit to eat."

Says Marie Jeziorski, "If you made more money I could buy good things to cook. I am a good cook. Make more money before you complain."

The Jeziorskis are deeply and irrevocably wed and have been fighting ever since they first met.

Out of Jeziorski's two thousand francs or less a week come such luxuries as cheap tobacco for his pipe and two daily newspapers, which he reads, smoking his pipe, in the broken-down armchair in the evening. There's no

General Charles de Gaulle may take power in France this year and if he does, it will be because millions of French



Albert Bunier does relatively well with his waterworks job. "We have tried all kinds of parties," he says, "but the situation is worse than ever, and I would like a dictator"



Disillusioned, Roger Lebleu, a butcher, says, "Politics are good when business is good. Just now business is bad. We do not care any more. We just want to finish out our lives"

Jenny Jeziorski could never receive her young man, Roger Pellat, who was a noted resistance fighter, in her parents' shabby shack, but can do so in the home where she is employed as a governess. Both will vote for De Gaulle but for different reasons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

money for clothes, but Georges still has one suit, two pairs of shoes, two Sunday shirts and a woolen sweater to work in.

Since Jenny got her job as governess she has been able to buy her mother a coat and a pair of shoes, but Marie has not had a dress since 1936. Jenny has also been able occasionally to bring home a few lumps of sugar, a little tea or a handful of cigarettes. Marie smokes the cigarettes hungrily. The Jeziorskis never taste real coffee, milk or butter, of course. Their single amusement is going to the movies once every two weeks. They go to bed at nine o'clock because there is nothing else to do but fight and because Georges must have nine hours' sleep, on the food he has to eat.

When the Germans Came

Before the war the Jeziorskis lived in a two-room villa with a garden, their house was full of furniture they had saved for years to buy, and Georges had enough pocket money to buy his friends drinks at the bistro. Then the Germans carried Georges off to Hamburg, and the Americans dropped a bomb so close to the house that the roof and windows caved in

and all the furniture rotted and fell apart. Marie got so hard up that she and Jenny lived for three weeks on boiled grass and nettles.

"They taste a little like spinach," says Jenny.

One night Jenny thought her mother had gone crazy. Marie woke her in the middle of the night and said, "I dreamed a dog was eating up my arm. That's a sign your father's coming home."

But next day Georges did come home. The Jeziorskis tried to start over again, but they never did more than start.

Georges' wages have risen to six times what they were in 1938, but the cost of food has risen 14½ times. In 1947 alone the price of food in Paris increased by 62 per cent. Georges, an intelligent man, knows that the chief reason for this is that the unmanageable French peasant has no faith in the franc and instead of sending his produce to the regular market, he sells it on the black market, eats it himself or feeds it to his livestock.

Perhaps it is because Georges was born a peasant that he blames, not the peasant, but the government. Or it may be because, as he has been

(Continued on page 86)



him as the least of many evils. Here is a report on who those people are, how they feel, and why they feel that way

THE ROLLER-IN-THE-AISLE

BY DONALD HOUGH

There she was, a girl who made her living out of laughing, stuck with a serious young man. And to make it worse, she loved him

I AM, or was, what is known in Hollywood as an aisle-roller, or more formally speaking a roller-in-the-aisle. At present I am retired, married, living with my husband in a small but charming Valley home, and expect a son or daughter, as the case may be. Possibly both.

Going back to my job, that I want to tell about, I mean my former job, my boss was a man I met at a drive-in just off Sunset Boulevard one mild evening in June. This was Mr. Irving Webster, a very nice married gentleman.

I was sitting in my modest car with a girl friend who worked with me in a dress shop at the time, and we had ordered a hamburger special, double, with a slice of raw onion and a pickle on the side. They were quite a mess, and when the girl who was bringing them out to our car tripped and dropped them, she was ready to burst into tears.

This seemed quite funny to me, and when I had managed to stop laughing and was wiping my eyes, I looked up to see a large man with shrewd gray eyes standing beside the car looking at me with interest. He said he had been sitting in his car, next to mine, and he was an author's agent, and would I care to get in touch with him in the morning at his office? He gave me his card.

This sounded very much like the usual, but when I got home I ran my finger across the card and could tell it was engraved. Irving Webster, with address. Well, I thought to myself, nothing attempted nothing done. So I took the next morning off and went to see him. He was very pleasant and told me a couple of comic stories; we had a grand laugh.

At this point I will explain that I laugh easily. I think I inherited it from my mother, although I'm not sure; it may be just an individual gift. Things that others grin at, I can't help but laugh out loud over, and if it's something that makes normal people laugh you can depend on me to practically double up. A belly laugh to the usual person means a case of painful hysterics to me.

I mean, that's the way it used to be.

In any case, Webster explained his plan. He said that most movie producers like to have a movie idea expressed to them in person, or anyway, have the writer read it out loud, while the producer closes his eyes and thinks. It seems they can't think with their eyes wide open, which makes it hell for them if they try to read something all by themselves. Well, Webster said, on account of this, writers work mostly in pairs, where one can read or tell the story and the other can laugh his head off at the funny parts. Since this last usually is extremely hard to do, it would be my job to sit in for the laughing one, then when I was trying to come out of my spasm the other one would say, "See, Mr. Gorman, it'll have them rolling in the aisle." Hence my title.

I went to work at once for seventy-five per week, and very soon I was a favorite with all the writers Webster handled, most of whom would not even call on a producer unless I was there to aisle-roll the job. Webster soon made it a hundred a week and I was, of course, getting rich.

I did this for a whole year before something began to happen to me, which I will try to explain. When I took the job I didn't realize that it was customary to put the same jokes in every movie, perhaps changing the place and the actor and in very extreme cases changing the wording of the joke. After a year of trying to laugh at the same jokes over and over again, you get so you want to laugh in the wrong places, places that are not supposed to be funny at all. For example: You take where a poor old mother is selling flowers on the street; she has got what the movies call a past, and she isn't recognized by the beautiful daughter she is putting through college on the side.

This is not the right place to laugh. But I had to choke myself to keep from doing it; and that is where I got frightened for my job and called up Charlie Bostrom and asked him to take me to lunch.

Charlie was at Mammoth Studios on a job I had laughed him into, and so we'd been seeing a good deal of each other. I liked Charlie very much; he was a handsome, friendly guy with a little place of his own out in the Valley, just the kind of place I've always wanted.

"Before we go to lunch," I told him over the phone, "I want you to get out something funny and read it to me."

Charlie said okay, and I went on over. He had his feet on his desk and some script in his hand and he was a welcome sight.

"Is it funny?" I asked him.

He grinned at me. "You giving it away these days?" he asked.

"Shut up," I said. "I need some brushing up."

So he read me a page of the script and in a way it was quite funny and I got myself on the beam and worked up to a Number One job of hysterical laughter. When I came to, I was in Charlie's arms. He was saying, "... and I need you, dear." Then he let go of me and stood back and said, "This is wonderful, darling. Talk about two people made for each ... I always think of you the way you are right now, laughing at my lines. Often when I'm out there in my little place in the Valley, my modest ranch, all by myself, I wish someone like you—" He stopped, and gave me his handkerchief. "Use this, sweet," he said.

We went to the Derby for lunch. Charlie said he'd been a little doubtful about the humor of the part he had read to me, but now that he knew it was right he was going to Palm Springs for a week and just sit there in the sun and think and think, developing the line, and he'd phone me when he got back. We had steak.

WHEN I returned to the office Webster tossed me a four-page outline. He said, "Bernice, look this over right away, will you? It's out of your line, but I want your reaction." Well, honestly, of all the things I'd ever been asked. It was just straight melodrama, not very good, done the way people who have never written for the movies think it is done. I said, "Webster, who's this joke supposed to be on? Me? Laughing's my line, not crying."

Webster leaned back in his chair. "That was written by a man named Michael Hutchins," he said. He could see I was waiting, so he said, "Michael Hutchins is a foremost writer. He is an artist. Everything he writes is translated into nine or ten languages."

"Including the one he wrote this in?" I asked.

Webster placed the finger tips of one hand against the finger tips of the other hand and said, "He is not, however, a natural-born film writer."

"I'm still listening," I said.

"He writes for magazines," Webster explained, "that you may have missed in the rush of business, and he writes books of a high order. On top of this his father is an important banker in New York, and taking one thing with the other he can walk into Hollywood's top offices and see Hollywood's top people. He has asked me to represent him, formally, but he is now out arranging things all by himself."

At this very moment, coincidences being what they are, the phone rang and Webster answered it and told Addie to send Mr. Hutchins in. Mr. Hutchins came and stood in the doorway. He was fairly tall, and kind of round-shouldered, and of all things he had on a suit of clothes: a dark gray suit, with matching coat and trousers, the kind of rig men in the East are said to wear. (Continued on page 67)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY





"How do you know it's me?" I asked. "I couldn't miss you," Hutch said. "You've managed to miss me several times this week," I answered. I looked at Doris and nodded in a very friendly way

DEMOCRATIC REPAIRMAN

BY ALDEN HATCH

The new boss of the Democratic National Committee, James Howard McGrath, is a practical politician trained in the Tammany tradition. As such he is expected, by Mr. Truman and other party leaders, to keep the Democratic machine intact if possible



Mr. McGrath (left) being sworn in as governor of Rhode Island by Secretary of State Armand C

WHEN Senator James Howard McGrath of Rhode Island sailed for Europe last October, a trainload of loyal constituents came down from Providence, at his expense, to see him off. As the *America's* warning whistle sounded, one old Irishwoman kissed the senator's rosy cheek and exclaimed, "It's a grand day for Rhode Island!"

That it was, for President Truman had just proposed McGrath as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee; and so small a state seldom has the honor of providing the leader of the party. Whether it was a grand day for the Democrats is not quite so clear.

The Democratic Chairman is a regular machine politician, trained in the Tammany tradition by General Henry De Witt Hamilton, a former sachem of the hall whom Senator Peter Goelet Gerry imported to Rhode Island to help mechanize the Democratic party there. McGrath dashes about the country in the interests of party harmony, which means that he is everywhere strengthening the state political machines and forming alliances with the big city bosses. The President's Thanksgiving Day pardon of Mayor James Michael Curley of Boston, to the great joy of his loyal henchmen and the disgust of many a law-abiding citizen, is an indication of the McGrath technique. Speaking of the new chairman's impact on the Democratic party, one old Rhode Island newspaperman said, "I'm afraid he'll Tammanyize the whole damn shebang!"

That is exactly what McGrath would like to do. He originally proposed to fire Gael Sullivan and his idealistic friends who staff the Democratic National Committee. There is a bitter animosity between McGrath and Sullivan that goes beyond their difference in principles. The two Irish boys from the east side of Providence have been feudin' ever since they were classmates in high school and their rivalry was acerbated

when McGrath got the chairmanship that had been promised to Sullivan.

McGrath wanted to replace the Sullivan New Dealers by professional politicians of the same cynical stripe as one of his own henchmen who, in speaking of the coming primary contest for Senator Green's seat in Rhode Island, said cheerfully, "We're not a bit worried, there's no law in Rhode Island that limits the money we can spend on a primary."

For a time it looked as though McGrath would get his way, but when Henry Wallace declared himself a candidate, President Truman swung violently left to hold the labor vote, and Sullivan began to call again at the White House.

In fact, Wallace looks like one of McGrath's major headaches in the current campaign. The recent victory of Leo Isacson, a Wallace-supported American Labor Party candidate for Congress from the Bronx, emphasized this outlook. This election, hailed as a Wallace triumph, prompted McGrath to say, "I hope that Henry Wallace will repudiate the supporters of his cause whose only real hope is that they can defeat the Democratic party's program of practical liberalism in 1948 and turn the government over to reactionaries and isolationists."

New Dealer with Tiger Stripes

Though McGrath professes to be a New Dealer, his political principles are as old-fashioned as those of Boss Tweed. He was so distressed by the President's stand on taxation and the budget that he talked openly of resigning. But Truman needs him badly. For the conservative Democrats also are in open revolt and he hopes that while Gael Sullivan encourages the left, Howard McGrath can appease the right.

If anybody can patch the rickety framework of Democracy, the senator from Rhode Island can. He has a remarkable record for getting on with everybody—except Gael Sullivan. He

even earned the approval of Rhode Island Republicans and industrialists—an astounding feat for a Roosevelt supporter.

His friends say this is because he is just and fair to everyone. His enemies assert that, if he had not gone into politics, McGrath could have made a fortune in vaudeville doing his quick side-step while carrying water on both shoulders and balancing a ball on the end of his nose.

For example, after getting the Rhode Island C.I.O. committed to his unqualified support for senator in 1946, he came out for revision of the Wagner and Norris-La Guardia labor acts. The C.I.O. stood by him, and a lot of conservatives were taken in. Of McGrath's liberalism, one of his own supporters said, "Howard must believe there is still one more election in the New Deal, or he wouldn't be for it."

The Democrats' titular boss is young and dynamic. He has dark, glossy hair, pink cheeks and smiling gray eyes under black lashes; in short, he has Irish looks and Irish charm. Beneath his smiling surface is a chilled-steel purpose to succeed. He is both intensely earnest and extremely gregarious. Who's Who lists 29 clubs, professional associations, fraternal orders and charitable foundations after his name, which makes him Rhode Island's champion joiner. He is always ready to do a favor for a friend—or even a foe.

All this is good politics, of course, but it is only fair to say that, although McGrath is coldly ruthless when anyone gets in his way, he delights in helping those who need it.

A classic example of McGrath's political realism occurred back in 1930, when he was an important pinion in the Gerry machine. The Democratic tide was coming in that year, and the Rhode Island cities went Democratic for the first time in history. As soon as it became worth while, the Gerry machine moved in on the city organizations. Howard was

assigned to take over Central Falls where he then lived.

The first move was to get himself appointed city solicitor. With the machine behind him, and his prestige as Acting Chairman of the State Central Committee, this was easy. The old Democratic leader, Jim Russell, who appointed him, expected his meed of gratitude. Instead of gratitude, Russell got a kick in the teeth.

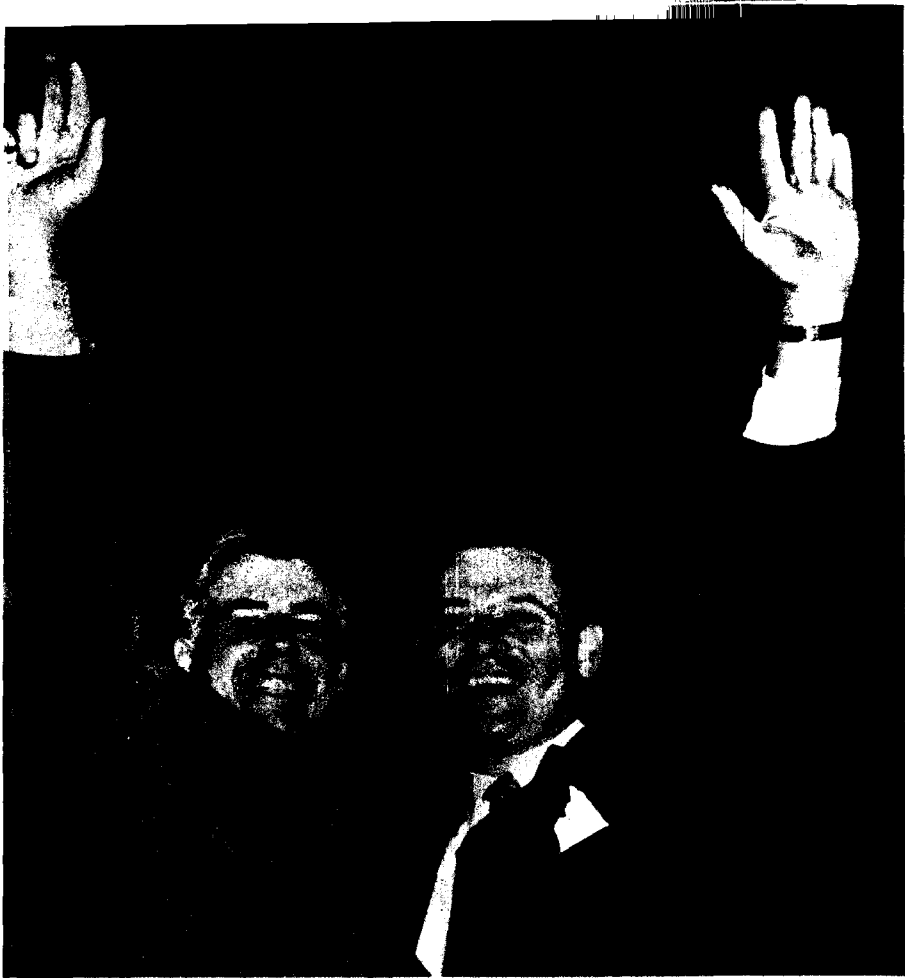
A Boss Regains His Power

When the Gerry crowd began to give orders, Russell refused to obey. So Howard went to call on the former Republican boss, Andrew Sherry, and proposed a deal. The thing worked like a new steam roller. Jim Russell went back to work on the railroad; McGrath's father-in-law, Joe Cadorrette, became mayor of Central Falls; and Andy Sherry reigned again.

Though McGrath is so cynical in politics, he is genuinely religious. He seems to be able to keep his political and personal consciences in separate, thought-tight compartments in his brain.

Before every important occasion, he hears Mass. Before he took the oath as Solicitor General of the United States, his spiritual mentor, Father D. M. Galliher, who has a special dispensation, said Mass in McGrath's room in the Shoreham Hotel. When McGrath became senator, he again imported the Father to say a Mass in his new home. However, despite McGrath's piety, former Bishop Francis P. Keough of Rhode Island (now Archbishop of Baltimore) is reported to regard him with chilly disapprobation.

There are some interesting parallels in the careers of the Democratic Chairman and President Truman. They were both poor boys who had to work for everything they got. Both of them sold men's furnishings. They are graduates of corrupt political machines; but they both kept their records clean. Each was elected senator



Wallace celebrates victory of his ALP candidate Isacson in New York

N. Y. DAILY MIRROR



Chief Supreme Court Justice Stone swears in McGrath as Solicitor General in 1945

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

HANS KNOPP

—in fact, McGrath sits at Truman's old desk in the chamber. And they both owe their positions as top leaders of the Democratic party more to luck than statesmanship. Here the analogy abruptly ends.

Though Harry Truman has dispensed billions of dollars, he is a poor man; so poor that he is worried to death over what will become of him and Mrs. Truman when they leave the White House. McGrath is a millionaire. Just how rich he is has become a national guessing game. Estimates of his wealth run all the way from \$800,000 to \$8,000,000. The latter figure is perhaps absurd; the evidence indicates that the smaller one is more nearly correct.

Taking the lesser amount it is still no mean trick for a man of 44, who has spent 17 years as a public servant, to amass that much money. Yet there was nothing illegal in the way McGrath made it. This is how it was done:

He and his brother, Russell, inherited their father's small insurance firm, J. J. McGrath and Sons, which Howard's political connections enabled them to expand greatly. McGrath has always had the friendship of rich men like ex-Senator Gerry and Senator Theodore Francis Green. The latter took McGrath into his very lucrative law firm, and later put him in as president of the First Federal Savings and Loan Association of Providence.

Howard's business ability is as sharp as his political acumen. With Frank Crook, a prosperous automobile man of Pawtucket who fronts for him, McGrath has engaged in numerous profitable ventures such as O'Keefe Motors, O'Keefe Transportation and the Bonnet Shores real-estate development at Narragansett, which has been a gold mine. McGrath has a positive prescience about real-estate values and has made some other notable buys.

Crook is an important figure in radio station WFCI, while the *Provi-*

dence Journal (Republican) got nowhere in its attempt to get a broadcast channel. However, shortly after McGrath became Democratic National Chairman, the Federal Communications Commission by a vote of 4 to 3 allotted a frequency modulation channel to the *Journal*. A hatchet is apparently being buried.

McGrath states categorically that he has no stake in either of the Rhode Island race tracks. But as governor he was extremely partial to Lincoln Downs, the little half-mile track just outside of Providence that has taken a lot of gravy away from plush Narragansett. The McGrath-appointed racing commissioners see to it that Lincoln Downs has 114 days of racing every year, which even the senator admits is outrageously high.

Prestige Has Commercial Value

None of McGrath's business activities have ever been open to question. Nevertheless it is evident that if you have a lawsuit on your hands, it will hardly prejudice your case to be represented by Green and McGrath; while businessmen find that J. J. McGrath and Sons are the best possible insurance agents. In addition, many new enterprises like to have a powerful politician among their partners, and McGrath often gets in on the ground floor.

Even as a youth, Howard McGrath had his eye on the ball. He was born in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, a mill town in Blackstone Valley, 44 years ago. Shortly thereafter, the McGraths moved to Providence, where they shared a two-family tenement with Howard's grandfather.

When he went to high school at La Salle Academy, he studied faithfully
(Continued on page 91)

Senator McGrath often dashes about the country speaking in the interests of Democratic party harmony





IN A PIG'S EYE

Tiago was a terrible boar—and something of a backbiter, too

BY NANCY SHORES

THERE used to be a Filipino pig named Santiago. He was called Tiago for short, and he belonged to a boy named Manuel Bulon, who lived with his family in a barrio just outside of Angeles, which is about a hundred kilometers north of Manila.

Angeles is where the ford is, and there was once a splendid bridge there, covering an expanse of mud in the dry season and spanning an erratic torrent in the rainy season. The bombers wiped it out on a sunny day in December, 1941, and after that, people used a raft tied to a rope, or waded.

The Bulons had a nipa shack set on stilts about five feet above the dry, hard ground, with a flooring of split heavy *bojuce*, which is the big kind of bamboo; Tiago lived under the shack. He was the Bulons' scavenger, and he was also the watchman and the protector of Manuel, who loved him.

He was a hard pig to love, but Manuel managed it. He was a member of *Sus indicus*, which is a different kind of pig, the Indian kind, with a sway-back and a belly which hung pendulously to the ground, and he was colored a sort of dingy gray. He had a scar on one lip which gave him a perpetual leer, and one eye had been damaged in a fight with a yelping barrio cur who had battled him over a dead chicken. Tiago won the chicken, but the parted curtain of his eye gave him an untrusting expression thereafter.

He was a dissolute character. He ate garbage and cleaned up the yard and squinted at the world

contemptuously—and he curled his tail at everybody but young Manuel. Manuel was ten or thereabouts, and he liked Tiago better than anybody or anything in the world except his mother and his father and his six sisters. He picked turpentine mangos for Tiago, and *lanzones* in season, and bought him a collar into which he thrust large red hibiscus flowers.

The Bulons were a one-carabao family with a small rice paddy and three mango trees and an avocado that never had anything but big leaves. There were six geraniums in gasoline tins on the front porch. Mrs. Bulon swept the yard every day, thwacking Tiago in the ribs as she went by him; she looked very pretty in the rice paddy with her small rear perked up as she leaned over planting rice. She wore a brilliant red skirt, which, as everybody knows, will keep cobras at a distance.

Mr. Bulon was a patient man who accepted six daughters as part of the fate of life. He milked the carabao and planted rice and kissed Mrs. Bulon, all with the same expression. Except on Sunday. Sunday was cockfights in Angeles, under the stadium, and pesetas changed owners rapidly. Hundreds of pesetas. It was a very nice way to live, six days to work and the seventh a cockfight.

Manuel stayed home with Tiago, and herded the carabao, and lighted the charcoal and helped cook the *opo*, and was otherwise a good boy. He had two firm convictions: One was that when he grew up he was going to see every *sampaguita* movie as soon

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

as it came out; the other was that he was going to be an American baseball player. There was an American soldier living pretty close to the Bulons, and all he ever talked about was the thirteen home runs he'd hit in high school. It gave Manuel ideas. . . .

The provincial radio goes off at 7:30 in the morning, so that Monday nobody heard the news. They heard the bombers, of course, and looked up at them admiringly as they streaked overhead, thinking them from Clark Field or Nichols. The bombers dropped their destruction, wheeled back into the sun and ran back again over the target, the smoke sprouting into the air and the cogon grass taking fire.

MR. BULON went to Lingayen with the other provincial reserves. He died there, and Manuel wept on the front steps, and Mrs. Bulon forgot to water the geraniums. Tiago looked at all of them morosely, and grunted and went on about his business, which was scavenging and being a watchman and the protector of Manuel. He was a dissolute character. He didn't know anything about Japanese, and he cared less; he maintained a reserve toward all the human race except Manuel. He would sit down beside the steps and allow Manuel to scratch his back for hours, grunting once in a while, and letting his cockeyed gaze rove over the presumptuous chickens and the sleepy gecko lizards transparent on the *suale* woven walls. Tiago ate everything—dead chickens, mango seeds, fish scraps, garlic pods, old bones—everything. He was a porcine vacuum cleaner. He kept the place nice and tidy, too.

If there was an undercurrent of excitement in the barrio, after the Japanese invasion, he didn't hear it. He kept a piggish eye on Manuel in his spare moments, purely because he liked the little guy, him with the bangs hanging down to his eyebrows and the chino shirt hanging down outside of his diminutive pants. Otherwise, there were no humans in his convictions. He was an awful boar.

There wasn't much Tiago didn't hear. The night the drunken Japanese came rolling into the barrio in the captured scout car, he snarled and snuffled under the shack, and Mrs. Bulon took her brood out into the bamboo thicket and waited there, shivering and praying, until the old gecko lizard in the dao tree across the road began his morning remarks. His little eyes, red-rimmed, Tiago watched the Japanese until they had looted the place and left. Then he wandered off into the empty rice paddy presently and found a cobra and ate it, scientifically slicing it into small segments with his sharp hoofs. Pigs do not like snakes, and Tiago was a terrible pig.

It was different when the big Jap came in with the creese almost as long as his arm; his slant eyes, bloodshot and swollen with cocaine, looked at the six sisters sleeping on their mats beside Manuel and his mother. First there was the yell, and the murderous rush, and the hibiscus breaking under the boots, and then there was a shrill squeak of terror as Tiago met his mark. Tiago went for the backside, usually. The big marauder went away from there, shrieking

and squalling, and Tiago was very tired when he got home to his nest under the nipa shack.

The Japs took Tarlac and they took Dau. They turned Fort Stotsenberg into a rest camp for their wounded, of which there were plenty, and the pygmies fled back into the hills. The pygmies, the Baluga tribe of the Negritos, were the little people who had once been enslaved in Pampanga, and to whom the military reservation at Stots had given hospice. They put up their crude shelters against the sluices of rain and they burned down the narra and mahogany to plant their little plantations of yamlike *camotes*.

When the Japs burned the barrio and killed his mother and put his sisters into the brothel they'd established in the schoolhouse, Manuel took Tiago and fled to the hills. The Negritos took him on, casting covetous eyes at the pig. Tiago had a wound in his side from the altercation at the barrio, and he was slow and stiff and vengeful. But he healed, and he hunted, and the Baluga pygmies grew to accept him as a fellow being and not a barbecue.

Others joined them—what was left of the machine-gun troop, what was left of B-troop, tired and harried and desperate men, fighting and falling back, fading into the hills.

There was a colonel leading them, a wonderful little guy named Bill, and after that Manuel and Tiago went along with the American and Filipino soldiers on their guerrilla activities. Colonel Bill had five daughters of his own back in the States, and after he pieced together Manuel's story, he made him their mascot. Tiago rooted and grunted in the thickets and cogon grass, keeping his split eye on the cobra situation. He amused Bill, who had been born on a big ranch in Thorp, Washington, where the animals were big and fat and contented, not scraggly and tusked like Tiago.

Colonel Bill and his men raided down the Pampanga Valley, green and lovely in the summer rains that marched across the land in crystal walls. There was always a cloud resting on top of Mount Arayat, which rises majestically alone from the flat plain and is locally reputed to be the true place where Noah landed the ark. They show you the great white gash near the top where the anchor dropped. *Es verdad? No?*

It was also known that the rains came when Mount Arayat's cloud cap was matched far to the west by a like cap on Mount Pinatubo, the giant mountain that watches the China Sea, past the ranges. Manuel pointed. "Look, *mi coronel*," he said. "This night it will rain very much."

Bill looked at the signs speculatively, and agreed. His men's boots were rotting in the wet, their clothes were cut to ribbons by the stiff knives of the cogon grass of the draws and gullies. There was a shoe factory down near Caloocan, and the Filipinos had told him that there were great piles of shoes being made there for the conquering Japanese army. Also, there was a dump of arms and ammunition. Bill grinned. Two forced marches, maybe three—

No use in taking the horses. There were strong Jap outposts all down the line, and the horses were

thin and tired. He looked over the men, wiry little Sergeant Rodriguez, tough old Sergeant Nao, the twenty or so Americans from Fort Santiago, what was left of his own *hombres* from Stotsenberg. He chose men, and outlined his plan.

"Any Baluga sign?" he asked Manuel.

Manuel shrugged. "Two *cigarillos*," he said, and held out a slim brown hand.

Bill gravely reached in his breast pocket for the two cigarettes. The Balugas adore cigarettes. For the small bribe Manuel was tucking back of one ear, the Balugas would do a little preliminary scouting.

Bill squatted, native fashion, down on his heels, and waited.

Tactically, his position was good. He was under the overhang of a cliff, and couldn't be observed from above. He had a picket line for what horses were left—the ones which hadn't been eaten—and a little forage. The Filipinos drifted through the outposts at night to give him information.

From what grapevined through from Manila, the Japs had gone juramentado once too often. The Filipinos fear the mad, but they hate the bestial. And there was too much ersatz money down there—and nothing to buy with it. The people were going hungry. They hadn't been hungry when the Americans had occupied the land, with every kid-loving *soldado* shelling out chocolate bars and pesetas and gimme-a-nickel, mister.

Bill considered his position. It wasn't good. But a little activity in the rear would do no harm. That ammunition dump in Caloocan—

"Martinez, look—"

Martinez leaped up from the drip of a dao tree and said, "How do you say, sir?"

Bill gave him that grin with the one gold tooth, a souvenir of a college fracas. He scrawled in the wet dirt with a stick. "We can do this—"

Martinez considered, and gave him a happy smile. "Is a good idea, sir."

THEY weren't on maneuvers now. Bill had been in one war before, and he knew the stink of battle area and the consequences of timed fire. He also knew what happened to his men if they were intercepted by the enemy. He had seen it happen.

Still, an ammunition dump—

He had been a stocky little guy, but he was skin and bones now. The rains were on, and the malaria was due, and they had no more quinine, almost no more ammunition. As long as there was a chance, they had to take it.

He glanced over at movement and watched Tiago, *Sus indicus*, the Filipino pig, come out of a thicket with a *camote* in his mouth, a raw *camote*. Tiago put it down on the ground, snuffled at it and went away contemptuously. He was a very arrogant pig.

"He's been raiding and foraging," Bill said to Sergeant Martinez, "—like we're about to do. We'll have to leave Manuel and his pig behind tonight."

The sergeant ruminated. "One time soon, that pig could be very good, sir. If Manuel would allow us."

Manuel came up the trail then, wearing a serious expression.

He said, "The Balugas say there are no Japs on the Bamban River tonight, if we could cross it. There are some in Sampangbato and some at the Cavalry Trail."

Bill nodded. Cross the Bamban in spate, in full flood? Well, it could be done at the ford. He said, "Forced march, Martinez, cross country, taking advantage of cover. Send De Leon down to warn the barrios to muzzle their dogs—we don't want any barking tonight. Tell them to send the word ahead." He went on, outlining the route.

No quinine. No atabrine to quiet the shivers and fire of malaria. He and his men had been living off the country, on fire-crazed carabaos and on food the friendly taos brought them from the barrios by night, living on the news from the grapevine. *MacArthur is in Hollandia. The Americans are coming back. We will be free again.*

He went over the map in the mud again, tracing a new start, the ford at the Bamban. They'd have to skip Angeles and San Fernando. The sakdalistas there were playing with the Japs.

He glanced around. The cooking fires were going around the giant dao tree, a tree that would sieve the smoke thinly into damp air, and pieces of a deer were being barbecued over the tiny fires. Martinez had quietly passed the word around. The men would travel on full (Continued on page 72)



With sharp hoofs Tiago lunged seventy pounds of fighting pig at the back of the enemy's knees

HORROR IN THE NURSERY

Dr. Fredric Wertham, who is quoted extensively in this article, is one of America's leading psychiatrists, who has spent many years studying the causes of crime among young people. He was formerly the chief resident psychiatrist at Johns Hopkins University, and in addition to his present position with the New York Department of Hospitals, he is director of the psychiatric service at Queens General Hospital. His most technical book, *The Brain as an Organ*, is used in medical schools throughout the world. He is also the author of *Dark Legend: A Study in Murder*.



Comic books are an important factor in juvenile crime, says Dr. Wertham, and cites a case wherein a boy and a girl jabbed another boy with a fountain pen "like a hypodermic." Professional models here re-enact scene

There are books of well-known comics which make life better by making it merrier. There are others which make it clear, even to the dullest mind, that crime never pays. With such there is no quarrel. The books deplored here are those which attempt to make violence, sadism and crime attractive, which ignore common morals, which appeal chiefly to the worst in human nature

IN THE basement of St. Philip's Episcopal Church parish house in uptown New York an eleven-year-old boy who had been charged with deliberately breaking windows was talking to a psychiatrist. He was telling about the comic books he had read and how he and his friends liked to act out the stories.

"My sister always likes to play the handsome man," he said. "I like to play the crook or the cop. She lots of times plays an actress getting captured. We used to make her walk along the street, then we used to come and take her into the playroom and tie her up. And then we go sit at a table and make plans how to get rid of her. In the meantime she is trying to escape."

The word-picture the boy was drawing is familiar to anyone who has ever cracked the covers of one of the estimated 60,000,000 comic books a month that splash magazine racks all over the country with patches of red. And the pattern in childish thinking it exposed was too familiar for comfort to the psychiatrist who was listening. Dr. Fredric Wertham, director and founder of the Lafargue Clinic operated in that basement, later said:

"The comic books, in intent and effect, are demoralizing the morals of youth. They are sexually aggressive in an abnormal way. They make violence alluring and cruelty heroic. They are not educational but stultifying.

"If those responsible refuse to clean up the comic-book market—and to all appearances most of them do," Dr. Wertham continued, "the time has come to legislate these books off the newsstands and out of the candy stores."

Actually, he adds, proper enforcement of the present penal laws of most states could accomplish this.

With eleven other psychiatrists and social workers, Dr. Wertham, senior psychiatrist for the New York Department of Hospitals and authority on the causes of crime among children, has spent two years studying the effects of comic books on youngsters. His findings, published here for the first time, constitute a warning to the parents of the nine out of ten American homes into which the comic books eventually find their way. He got into the fight, Dr. Wertham said, "not as a psychiatrist, but as a voice for the thousands of troubled parents who,

like myself, are concerned primarily with their children's welfare."

The purpose of the study was to find "not what harm comic books do," Dr. Wertham said, "but objectively what effect they have on children. So far we have determined that the effect is definitely and completely harmful."

The Criminal Law Section of the American Bar Association, which made a survey of publications for children, supports this judgment. Arthur J. Freund, chairman, reported. "While juvenile crime is on the increase in almost every locality in this country, the surprising circumstance is that the rate is not higher. However, the effects of the weakening of the moral codes and ethical concepts cannot be measured with any accuracy by crime rates or statistics. With almost every child and adolescent bombarded many times daily with the jargon of the criminal and the horrors and depraved methods of his activity, we should rejoice that we have as much normal and rational child behavior as we do."

The harm the comic books do, Dr. Wertham points out, is not confined to delinquent children. The Lafargue

Clinic also studied a "control" group of nondelinquent youngsters which included rich and intelligent children both adolescent and preadolescent. The reactions of the first generation of adults brought up on comic books were also considered.

"We do not maintain that comic books automatically cause delinquency in every child reader," Dr. Wertham explains. "But we found that comic-book reading was a distinct influencing factor in the case of every single delinquent or disturbed child we studied. And that factor must be curbed as it steadily increases."

James B. Nolan, New York's deputy police commissioner in charge of the Juvenile Aid Bureau, which handles over 27,000 youngsters a year, declared: "Experienced police officers and others who study and work with the problem of juvenile delinquency are well aware of the fact that the anti-social acts of the juvenile delinquents of today are in many instances more serious and even of a more violent nature than those committed by youth in the past."

And the reading of comic books, Dr. Wertham adds, is an important

Collier's for March 27, 1948



Telling how comic books affect his play, a boy described the scene here depicted by professional models: "My sister plays an actress getting kidnapped. We . . . tie her up . . . then sit at a table and make plans how to get rid of her"

factor in this increase. "Perhaps parents think we are exaggerating," Dr. Wertham said. "Well, when I say it is violence when one of our young boy patients pokes a girl with a sharp pencil, am I exaggerating because he didn't use a knife or a gun, as they do in the comic books? Or if I call it violence when children break into the neighborhood candy store, am I exaggerating simply because they don't use armored cars and space ships for their exploits? The comic books themselves are evidence that there is no exaggeration in our thesis."

He pointed to some children's crimes which made headlines last year. There was the case of a twelve-year-old who killed a ten-year-old because "he called me a sissy." There were the Long Island brother and sister, eleven and eight, who beat up a seven-year-old "to see what it felt like to kill." During the beating they stabbed the lad with a fountain pen and tried to squirt ink into the wound, "like giving him a hypodermic."

There has been, Dr. Wertham found in court records, an outbreak of boys violating girls—burning them with cigarettes, molesting them, using them for sadistic sexual experiments. "Yet we condemn the children," he remarked, "and condone the source of their ideas."

In New York City recently Francis Muskavitch, who at sixteen killed a storekeeper in a holdup, was sent to a reformatory for life. In pronouncing

sentence Judge James M. Barrett declared, "This court will not tolerate armed robbery."

To this Dr. Wertham replies. "Judges and district attorneys and others nevertheless tolerate the invitation and inspiration to armed robbery offered in millions of comic books. It is obviously easier to sentence a child to life imprisonment than to curb a hundred-million-dollar business."

Like a Page from the Comics

Consider the case of Samuel Williams, nineteen, on trial for clubbing fifteen-year-old Selma Graff to death. Charging the jury, Judge Louis Goldstein called the murder "one of the most brutal crimes in my experience."

"In the experience of millions of youthful comic-book readers," Dr. Wertham retorts, "it's an everyday occurrence. The judge's naïveté is shocking, as any child will agree."

Go up to a newsstand, Dr. Wertham suggests. Take your pick of ten-cent terror. Try one with a nicely murderous cover design. It is made even more alluring by a "For Adults Only" label on the cover—a sign few ten-year-olds can resist. You'll find at least thirty-seven killings and corpses and more than fifteen pools of blood in the first story alone. Lafargue researchers brush this off as "typical." "There is also," one investigator noted, "plenty of kicking and punch-

ing, and wonderfully chesty girls."

It isn't accidental, researchers claim, that all comic-book women are high-chested, full-hipped and given to appearing in any place at any time in abbreviated sarongs or French bathing suits. "There is a deliberate attempt," Dr. Wertham points out, "to emphasize sexual characteristics. Any normal kid is bound to be stimulated by the gorgeous gals. But the destructive thing is that such stimulation is abnormal and unhealthy because the sex desires are mixed with violence."

The comic books' constant emphasis on sexual characteristics, studies have shown, can lead to erotic fixations of all kinds. "For boys," a Lafargue psychiatrist warned, "the results are a perverted ideal of feminine allure. Consider, too, the interest aroused in flagellation—beating someone for pleasure. What does a youngster glean from this bit of dialogue, as a Chinese villain threatens our half-nude heroine with 'I know that you shall love me and be loyal after you have taken a dozen or so lashes across your beautiful back'?"

"For girls the results are frequently a feeling of inferiority and insufficiency, simply because the adolescent girl does not have the full bosom and rounded hips of the comic book. Even more dangerous is the adolescent girl's fear of sex and her sometimes resultant frigidity."

Lafargue Clinic members hold that girls get the idea that normal sex

relations are a sadistic-masochistic mixture of pleasure and violence, something to which they become afraid to yield, attractive though it may seem. Boys further get the impression that violence is a part of such relations.

A twelve-year-old boy at the clinic said he enjoyed the comic books because he admired "tough guys."

"What's a tough guy?" the investigator asked.

"A tough guy," the youngster explained, "is a man who slaps a girl."

Dr. Wertham is impatient with the psychiatrists and educators who serve as consultants to comic-book companies. One said in a recent radio forum, "Comics provide desirable emotional releases for children who are thwarted and frustrated by the everyday pressures of life around them. This release comes in part through their ability vicariously to experience the deeds of valor that are the everyday activities of the various supernatural characters and vicariously purge themselves of tendencies toward aggression."

Psychiatric Prima Donnas

This attitude, says Dr. Wertham, is "neither according to Freud nor according to Hoyle. One must distinguish between those psychiatrists who actually work with children in clinics and the psycho-prima donnas who sit on committees and decide the fate of children from a distance. The fact that some child psychiatrists endorse comic books does not prove the healthy state of the comic books. It only proves the unhealthy state of child psychiatry."

Dr. Wertham admits that humans have aggressive impulses, but young or old, they do not get emotional release or lose these impulses through vicarious participation in violence. As far as the individual child is concerned, constant perusal of pictures depicting vice, sadistic abuse and easy death is far more likely to lead to curiosity and imitation than to the release of aggressive impulses.

The Bar Association agrees: "While children do need a certain amount of adventure in their entertainment," Arthur J. Freund states, "there must be a point beyond which the law of diminishing returns begins to operate. We think that current practices . . . have long demonstrated that rule and we do not hold with the minority of experts who defend these media."

Furthermore, children do not necessarily identify themselves with the "good guys" rather than the bad, the Lafargue researchers found. A twelve-year-old boy who had trouble reading, was nervous, wet his bed, played hooky, and stole to buy comic books, reported, "Every time somebody gets hurt or shot I could feel it in the place where the person gets hurt or shot at. My mother says she feels how the other person suffers. I feel it too. I feel like I have something heavy in my hand and I pull it and the gun jacks when I shoot it. When I look at the comic pictures I feel both at the same time, that it is me shooting the gun and I can actually feel how the person feels when he gets shot."

It is a fallacy, Dr. Wertham believes, to insist that children know that comic books present a world of make-believe. He challenges anyone to find a make-believe world in the summary made by an eight-year-old clinic patient.

"The two I like best," this boy
(Continued on page 95)

"It's nothing, Officer," she said.

The Story:

Senator JAMES HUNTOON, shrewd Party boss, in a plot to secure the pledged votes held by MIRANDA BRUCE, attractive widow who was a candidate for the Presidential nomination, promised to support her for Vice-President as running mate to his candidate for President, handsome ALEXANDER HARRISON, who hated women in politics. Miranda refused because she could not accept Harrison's political views. Her refusal neatly fitted in with Huntoon's secret plan to cast aside the independent Harrison and support JONATHAN BECK, a docile candidate who stood for home and Mother.

ARTHUR URN, astute young reporter who was falling in love with Mrs. Bruce's redheaded secretary, MARY SMITH, learned of Huntoon's duplicity, and cleverly led Harrison into thinking that if he were double-crossed out of the Presidency he could win revenge by putting a woman on the ticket.

When Beck was nominated and Harrison discovered he had really been double-crossed, he was furious. Seeking revenge on Huntoon, he nominated Miranda for the Vice-Presidency, positive that with a woman as his running mate, Beck would be defeated. But Beck and Miranda were elected.

A few weeks after the inauguration, Huntoon asked Miranda to sign an agreement promising to resign if anything happened to President Beck. She refused. That afternoon, in a closed Cabinet meeting, President Beck, who talked continually of home and Mom, suddenly called for his "bottle," then broke into tears. He was rushed into bed, while the Cabinet members swore to keep the collapse secret from Miranda.

That night the doctor looks in on the sleeping President and finds him sucking his thumb.

III

ARTHUR URN skidded across the mat on the back of his neck, like a bowling ball.

"Try again, please!" urged Professor Uchi. "Not so srow with right arm."

The reporter was sore—and perhaps the ringing telephone distracted Uchi's attention. Anyhow, this time Urn clicked and the judo instructor hit the floor, rolled over a couple of times and bounced smiling to his feet. "That's so better, Mist' Urn," he announced proudly. "Now I take terephone carr . . . For you, prease," he added. "Your office."

"Hullo, Barney," said Urn. "Why break up my homework?"

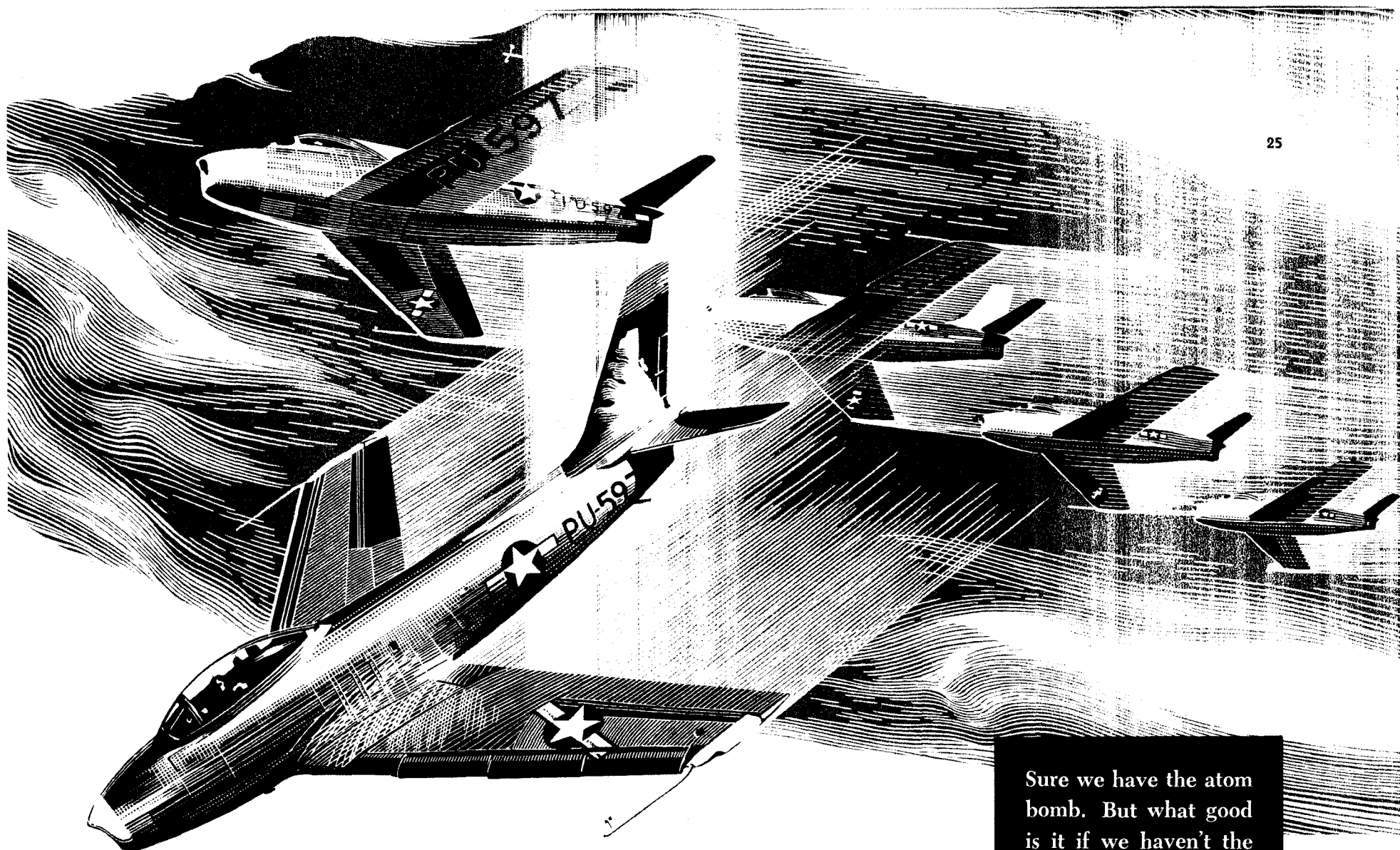
"Special White House press conference, Art. Been trying all over town to get you. Eleven o'clock. 'By."

Urn glanced at the wall clock in the gymnasium. It was half past ten. He could make it if he passed up the massage. There'd probably be a statement on the President's health. The Stock Market had sold off and that always meant action from the Beck Administration. . . .

In the meantime, a sober little trio was gathered in the Lincoln Study, waiting for Dr. Eisenstein's report. The famous psychiatrist had taken detailed notes of the President's recent behavior, including his conduct at the fatal Cabinet meeting. He had conferred at some length with Dr. Ayer, and had then gone to the President's bedroom, where he and his assistant had been closeted with the patient for nearly an hour. Huntoon, Harrison and Nearing were waiting for the verdict. It had been definitely agreed that, during the President's illness, Beck's executive duties should

(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN



POWER AND GLORY ON WINGS

BY W. B. COURTNEY

Sure we have the atom bomb. But what good is it if we haven't the Air Power to go with it? Mr. Courtney, recognized authority on military aviation, gives you, in this article, the definition of true Air Power

THE jitters are not a new ailment. They have been a common personal experience ever since Adam woke up and got an eyeful of what had been made from one of his ribs. They have been a common public experience ever since groups of men began to differ in size, ideas—and mobility. But never before within the memory of men or books have there been so many butterflies in so many stomachs in so many lands.

Most of the fluttering is about a war that has not yet happened—between the United States and Russia, the *only* two big modern powers that have never had a formal shootin' match against each other. And maybe never will; for the selfsame reason that *causes* the present international jitters! It's a wacky state of affairs, yet it has a very simple explanation. It is entirely due to the most unique and defiant of humanity's many victories in the long campaign of civilized progress that started when the first human foot felt the itch of the first horizon:

Men fly. But—

Man was not born to fly!

We are earth creatures. With our own physical means we can walk and run and climb over mountain barriers. We can even learn to swim with our own limbs. Flying, however, with our own physical equipment is utterly impossible.

Man outwitted this handicap and won flight chiefly by virtue of his inner means—soul, courage, brains, imagination. Devising of mechanical locomotion to increase his speed over land and water had still left him in a natural zone. But with flight he broke into a zone for which Nature hasn't fitted an inch of him, from ankle to sinus; nor life provided any rules and traditions to guide him. A zone that exalts and ennobles all the old basic requirements for national greatness; yet calls for gadgetry on a cosmic scale! A zone of wholly new power.

Air Power! The third major power step from the human muscle.

On a globe whose strategic charts had at long last reached stalemate with the old powers of land and sea, Air Power suddenly rearms both international gangsterism and international conscience with equal immensity. It writes on the walls of every capitol and every private home alike this fateful prospect:

That the aggregate moral strength and material force in which a nation can *leave the earth* will henceforth determine its standing *on the earth!*

World diplomacy's main problem today is the introduction by mechanical flight of *three-dimensional movement* into the old balance wheels of power and statesmanship. It brushes old securities of geography and fortified borders, of guns and ships and

hordes of men, into the dustbin. It unlocks secrets of the Marshall Plan, the Soviet Union's Peace Conference pigheadedness, the chronic molting of the dove of peace. And the principal reason it causes wholesale jitters is that nobody from Professor Einstein to Generalissimo Stalin can yet be quite sure just what complete and true Air Power is or will be, or where it will plop us.

Or, sternest question of all, which nation is most likely to succeed in creating it *first*? There won't be any *second*.

Getting the atom bomb first could be the worst thing that happened to America's chances of getting true Air Power first. For, possession of the atom bomb has lulled us like a mental candy-sucker, and glued more thumbs on legislative hands.

Suppose Russia had got the atom bomb first, and only Russia had it now? Would there be quibbling in Congress over the slightest, or costliest, matter concerned with the swift building of Air Power? Holding back of funds needed for a bristling stock pile of critical and strategic raw materials, because sectional mining-interest toes are lightly trod upon? Lack of vigilant official control of our national resources, still being depleted by private exploiters? Failure to inject backbone into our decaying aviation industry?

Would average American citizens smugly leave unread the numerous examples on their bookshelves of fat-cat nations being pushovers for hard-boiled up-and-coming ones? As—not to go too far back—King Philip's gold and silver gorged Spain for the hungry sea toughies of England's small isle; young Franz Josef's corpulent Austrian empire, raking in land revenues and waltzing to Johann Strauss, knocked down and dragged into the fatal orbit of Germany by Iron Man Bismarck in 1866; the Russia of the contented Romanov cows chewed by the rabbit Japs in 1904.

Paste this military and scientific truth in mighty big letters on your American standard of living:

Possession of the atom bomb, or any other atomic cutie, will never be as important as possession of the best and fastest and latest air means to lug 'em over and plunk 'em down!

Another drawback to American Air Power is our great delusion that the atom bomb is a restraint upon war-makers because "It's so awful!"

The coming to any form of power of new weapons, each more terrible than the last, never prevented wars; rather, they have always spurred ambitious despots—terror itself being a form of weapon. From the stone hatchet to dynamite the inventions of men of peace to aid fellow men hunt

(Continued on page 61)

DRAWING BY RONALD McLEOD

PAPA WAS A SIMPLE MAN

BY HENRY STEIG



Turk and Dibbo were handy helpers. They could, with equal skill, rub down a walnut panel—or rub out a competitor

WHAT'S wrong, Dan, anything serious?" my mother asked my father one evening, thirty years ago, when he came home from work to our tenement in the Bronx. She knew that something was troubling him, and so did my brothers and I, as soon as he came in the door; he always wore his emotions on the outside.

"What's wrong is that this partnership thing doesn't look very promising any more," Papa said. He had been supporting us by working for wages as a house painter until a couple of months earlier, when he had gone into the contracting business with another painter, named Gordon, each contributing half a shoestring.

"But didn't Gordon say he had a lot of swell work lined up?" Mama asked.

"That's what he *said*. But all we've been getting are cheap, one-coat jobs, and not enough of those. Furthermore, Gordon's hard to deal with. He's so unreasonable, I'm beginning to think he's cracked. He's supposed to be the contact man but he keeps interfering in my department, the actual managing of the work itself. Always trying to tell me how to run a job, as if I didn't know a hundred times as much as he does about it! He just keeps getting in my hair, the lunatic. And besides, I don't get any pleasure out of the low-grade work we're doing."

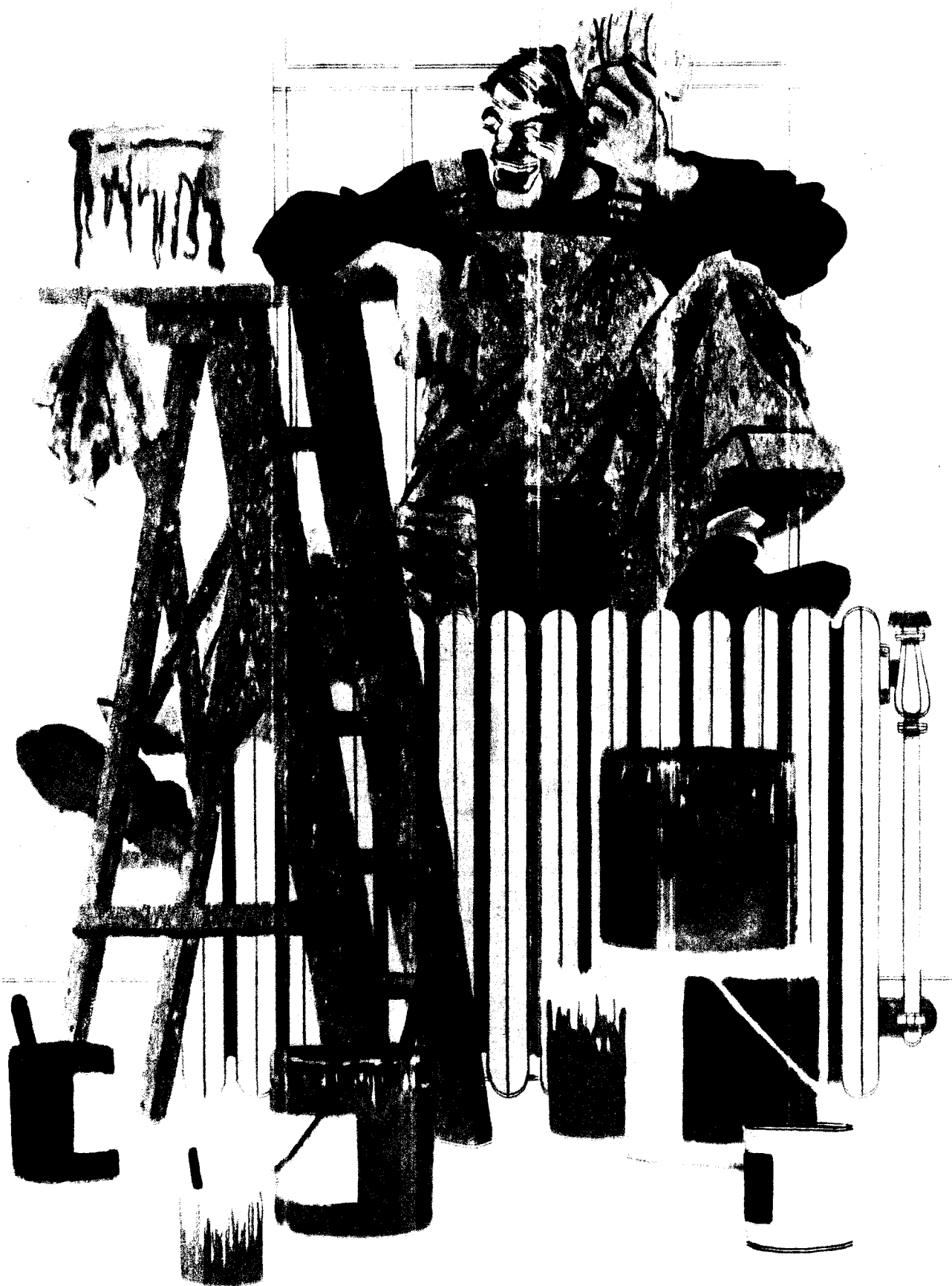
My father was exceptionally skilled at the many kinds of decorative painting stylish at that time in the better apartment houses and had worked, often as foreman, for some of the biggest contractors in the trade. But because house painting was a seasonal occupation—nothing much doing between a rush of work in the spring and another in the fall—he had not been getting rich at it. His yearly income could hardly provide a decent standard of living when there were four sons in the family. That was why he had finally decided to try contracting, in spite of a fear that he wasn't really a businessman.

About a year before, he had had a good opportunity to go into business.

At that time, he was working as a foreman in a swanky apartment house on West End Avenue, managed by a man named Finney, who was associated with the Midtown Realty Corporation. Mr. Finney had been impressed by Papa's fancy work, involving the techniques of a specialist, and also by the way he managed men and materials. He got friendly with Papa and hinted that he would be glad to consider doing business with Papa as a contractor. But Papa let the proposition slide. "It's not for me," he said to Mama. "I'm a simple man and business is a tricky business. It scares me." When at last he did go into business, he didn't dare do it alone. As it was, forming the partner-

Collier's for March 27, 1948

Without another word, he smeared a juicy coat of varnish in front of the doorway so she couldn't come in



ship with Gordon seemed to Papa a momentous undertaking. And now he was already beginning to feel that it had been a mistake.

"I don't think Gordon is really crazy," Mama said. "Just eccentric."

"Call it whatever you like, Ella. It doesn't matter."

"Maybe you'll get used to it, Dan."

"God knows I'm trying," Papa said glumly.

A few days later, he came home in strange excitement to announce that he had discovered that Gordon was dishonest and had therefore dissolved the partnership. "We've been chipping in for materials, fifty-fifty, and there are certain standard discounts offered to the trade by the supply houses

which, by rights, he should have divided with me. Instead, he's been trying to pocket them all, himself! I might have got along with a lunatic, but never with a thief." As always, when Papa told us of one of his adventures in the outside world, he practically acted it out. He made the scene he'd had with Gordon so real for us that we felt we were reliving it with him. "At the end he flew into a rage and made all sorts of crazy threats," Papa laughed, "but he couldn't buffalo me."

"You hardly got into business, and now you're out of it again," Mama said. "What makes you so cheerful?"

"I'm going into business all by myself!"

"How did that happen?" Mama asked in amazement.

"Gordon got me so mad, I went right over to the Midtown Realty office to see Mr. Finney. The rush season's about to begin, and he's got several apartments he wants done, and he thinks I'm the man for him, and well—that's all. I hardly know how it happened myself."

Papa rented a basement shop on Ninth Avenue, stocked up with materials on credit, and began looking for competent journeymen. He was busy at the back of the shop, one morning, checking over some new supplies, when two men came in. He didn't like their looks and, as they quietly came toward him, he quietly

picked up a scaffolding hook. The men slowed down and then stopped, disconcerted at Papa's show of promised resistance.

"Maybe we kin talk dis over, Dibbo," one said to the other.

"All right, start talking it over," Papa said, nervously brandishing the hook.

The man who had not yet spoken shrugged and laughed. "I like you, Mr. Green," he said to Papa. "You got spunk."

"I'm flattered," said my father. "Now please explain your visit."

"Gordon says you're stealin' woik away from us, takin' duh bread out of our mouths."

"Oh, you work for Gordon," Papa said, recalling his former partner's threats. "He sent you here to frighten me, or do something worse, perhaps!"

"Now don't git excited," Dibbo said. He was a blond giant with a mashed nose. The other fellow, who, Papa presently learned, was known as "Turk," was dark and of average size, with a face like some seen on reward notices.

"Who wouldn't get excited?" said Papa. "The way you broke in here, so threateningly, on a peaceful man—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves!"

THEY seemed embarrassed. "Awright, awright, drop duh hook," Turk said. "We ain't gonna hoit you."

"Sit over there against the wall," Papa said. The men complied. Then Papa put down the hook and began lecturing Turk and Dibbo. He pointed out that he had the right to compete with Gordon if he wished, but that, actually, he wasn't competing. "I'm not taking anything away from you boys. Gordon just couldn't handle the kind of work I do. It's all strictly high-class."

"Like wood graining?" Turk asked.

"I suppose there'll be some of that. Why?"

"I can do anything in duh house-paintin' line, but imitation wood panelin' is my specialty."

"Me, I'm just a good all-around man," Dibbo volunteered.

"Matter of fact," Turk said, "woikin' for Gordon, our talents are bein' wasted."

Papa began to feel a sympathy for Turk and Dibbo. If they were good craftsmen, they didn't have to be gorillas. The ruffianism, he decided, was probably due to an unwholesome upbringing and might be nothing more than a pose. Kept busy at useful work, they were bound to behave themselves. "What does Gordon pay you?" he asked them.

Dibbo said, "Five bucks a day." That was then the prevailing wage.

"Happens I can use a couple of good men," Papa said. "The lowest I pay is six dollars a day, and if a man isn't worth it, he isn't worth a dime to me. Things have to be done right or I can lose my shirt."

"Tintin', glazin', gildin'—whatever it is, you kin depend on us," Turk said eagerly. "We're through wit' Gordon right now. Let's shake on it, Mr. Green."

Papa shook hands with them, (Continued on page 76)

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HARD MONEY

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

IT WAS one of those blistering fall days on the Elder-McIlroy placer claim. Crickets buzzed along the rimrock and a lone buzzard wheeled above the painted desert. Dust pillars stood motionless down there, supporting the brazen sky.

Along about midafternoon, Bill Elder broke. It wasn't the heat as much as the monotony of it. Life was like the desert, shimmering and motionless. Something piled up inside a man until he finally cracked and a joyous inner voice whispered: "This is the hour."

Bill straightened up and stuck the shovel upright in the gravel bank and said to Joel McIlroy, "Joel, what the hell?"

Joel straightened up, too, and looked at Bill. He knew what it meant; they'd been partners nineteen years. So Joel just sighed and wiped the sweat from his shaggy eyebrows. "I'll not be arguing with you," he said. "I've only got seven dollars."

"Up in the tobacco can on the shelf?" said Bill, tightening his belt.

"Yes," said Joel. "And ye'll be paying it back, laddie, when you're over your spree."

"It isn't that I crave to get filthy drunk, Joel. It's just that you can't help but think: Where's our percentage? We work on this chin-whisker claim, month in and month out—"

"The cleanup averages three dollars a day," said Joel.

"Which is two jumps and a squat ahead of starvation," said Bill. "Enough for each winter and a spring grubstake. It's hard money, Joel."

"There's none easy," said Joel. "That you'll never learn. Your shovel will be waiting right here where you left it."

So Bill went down to the cabin and took the seven dollars out of the can and went down to Canyon City. When he got there he was both hungry and thirsty, but when he went by a store window and saw how shaggy he was, he turned into a barbershop and said, "Hack 'er off." While the barber was clipping his hair a string of sleek horses went by, lean as snakes.

28

He hit pay dirt, won the next five straight and was \$480 to the good

Bill asked how come and the barber told him there was horse racing down below. All the blooded sports would be there. "That's me," Bill said. "I can take on a load of victuals and vice later."

He went out to the fairgrounds and in the first line-up a strawberry roan caught his eye. This roan had a Roman nose, just like old Joel McIlroy. It was a hunch, so Bill bet five dollars on the nose, and the roan came in, paying seventeen to one. He bet again, and lost. Then he hit pay dirt, won the next five straight, and was four hundred and eighty dollars to the good.

Canyon City was too small for him now. It was Frisco for Bill Elder, no less. He bought a store outfit and a black tie, cached his jeans and hickory shirt in a dry wash outside of town and caught the night stage for Portland.

IN THOSE days—the early '70s—the only way south was by boat. He got off at the dock in Frisco and started uptown, his tongue rasping against his lips, when he saw a sign that said: COMSTOCK EXCHANGE. There was a big board on the wall inside, and men yelling. Boys dashed up with messages which they wrote on the board; and everybody yelled again.

And here, squalling with the best of them, was old Hymie Henry, who'd run a faro bank over on the Humboldt in the early days. Hymie was fat and prosperous, with a sparkler on his finger the size of a pigeon's egg. Bill asked what this free-for-all was. "It's the Comstock," said Hymie. "The big speculators are moving in. Stay away from it, friend. It's a blooded game."

"Ha!" said Bill. "Where do we-all buy chips?"

"If you must get your feet wet," said Hymie, "you call your shot and put five per cent on the line."

"Give it a name," Bill pleaded. "I'm a stranger here."

Hymie looked around him and spoke from the corner of his mouth. "Silver City. The big boys are riding it—Flood, Lucky Baldwin, Mackay."

"That," Bill said, "reminds me of old Joel McIlroy. I'll buy in for four hundred."

"You're a gambler," said Hymie. "Or should I say a little crazy?"

Silver City was going at 40. On this five per cent business Bill bought two hundred chips, joined the Silver City crowd and started yelling. Around midnight Silver City reached 59 and Hymie whispered, "Drag!"

But Bill said, "I'm riding it," and he went out and got a room in a hotel near by and ate a beefsteak in a Chinese restaurant and came back.

At noon next day Hymie was practically in tears. Silver City was 106, but Bill wouldn't cash in. "You're crazy!" Hymie screamed. "Get away from me!" Flood dropped out at 133 and Lucky Baldwin at 149. When Mackay cashed in at 157 Bill followed suit and was surprised and delighted when they paid him off in greenbacks, to the tune of twenty-three thousand dollars.

"How long has this been going on?" he asked Hymie.

"Listen," said Hymie. "I'm in the brokerage business uptown. I need a crazy partner like you."

So Bill moved into Hymie's office and into a suite at the Palace; and by

Christmas he was riding in a carriage with Flood and hobnobbing with Lucky Baldwin. There was only one of the big boys he didn't meet: some guy named Stanford, who was building a railroad.

There was a joker in this layout: The brokerage business called for a genteel front; there could be no sprees. One day in early spring Bill turned around in his swivel chair and looked down toward the Bay and the Golden Gate. It was a beautiful picture but it was also like a painted desert. He said to Hymie, "Listen, Hymie. Where's our percentage?"

"In the bank," said Hymie. "As of today, three quarters of a million."

"We'll have it out," said Bill. "We'll give it a ride."

"You're crazy!" Hymie screamed.

They gave it a ride, spreading it thinly across the board; and when the Comstock crashed across the board, some of the blooded sports lost millions. They fished a few of them out of the Bay.

When creditors moved in and took the furniture, Bill and Hymie went out and stood on the street corner and shivered. One of those heavy spring fogs had moved in from the sea. "Well?" said Hymie. "What do we eat on?"

"What about your diamond?"

Hymie shook his head and his voice shook. "It's glass."

"Never mind," Bill said. "I dragged seven dollars. It was a hunch. Let's get drunk."

"We start on beer," said Hymie.

But Hymie slipped something into the beer and when Bill woke up cold and sick, he was lying in the scuppers of a tramp schooner, heading north, and a red-handed bosun with a bucket was sluicing him with sea water.

He was still sick when he jumped ship at Portland and headed inland with a pack train bound for Canyon City. By the time he reached the dry wash outside of town he felt better. He found his old clothes where he had cached them, made a bonfire of his salt-stained broadcloth, and headed for the claim.

JOEL MCILROY saw him coming but only grunted by way of greeting and kept on shoveling. Bill looked at him, and at the cut and the water sparkling in the Long Tom, and he felt fine.

"Do you know where I've been, Joel? Listen—"

"Your sinful trails mean nothing to me," said Joel. "You've spent that seven dollars, no doubt?"

"All of it," Bill admitted. "But I'll pay 'er back, Joel."

"That you will," said Joel. "Every sweating cent of it, laddie . . . There's your shovel yonder."

The sun beat on Bill's back, warming him to the marrow. He sweated and grinned. The shovel blade had rusted but the clean gravel would soon make it shine again. There was something about the desert that warmed a man's heart: the crickets singing in the rimrock and a lone buzzard wheeling out there against the sky. It was good to have your spree over and done with, and be back again, digging it out of the ground. Like old Joel here. Like that guy, Stanford, building his railroad.

There was no use admitting all this to Joel. Joel wouldn't understand that it had been cheap at the price. Joel would say—which was fact, of course, any way you looked at it—that Bill's spree had cost him all of seven dollars, a sinful waste of good, hard money.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

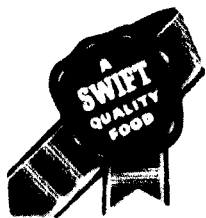
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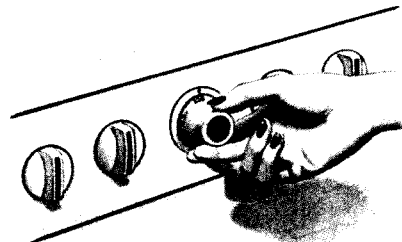
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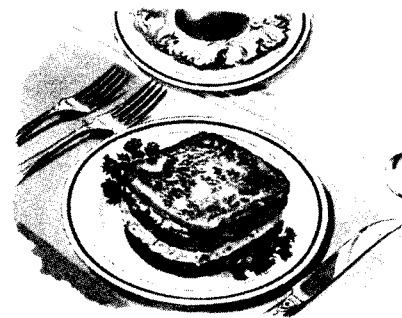
MAKE THE MOST OF A LEG OF LAMB



LOW TEMPERATURE ROASTING (uncovered at 325° F.) can save enough meat for an extra meal. A 4 lb. roast shrinks about 1½ lbs. in hot oven, but only ¾ lb. in a slow oven! Lamb stays juicier, and much more flavorful, too.



LAMB EN BROCHETTE . . . savory meat dish from leftover lamb. Alternate cubes of lamb with mushroom caps and small cooked onions on skewers. Brown in hot fat till thoroughly heated. Serve on a mound of fluffy boiled rice with hot lamb gravy or any desired sauce.



FRENCH TOASTWICHES: Grind the last remnants of roast lamb. Add chopped, browned onion; grated raw carrot; chili sauce; and chopped pickle or green pepper. Spread between slices of day-old bread. Dip sandwich in seasoned mixture of milk and egg, slightly beaten. Pan-brown both sides in a little hot fat.



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MADAM PRESIDENT

Continued from page 24

be confined to signing the necessary papers and the three had agreed that they would constitute a committee to determine which papers were necessary. The public was to be told that the President was tired and needed a rest, but that he was keeping in close touch with conditions and would return to work shortly.

"Well, gentlemen, I have bad news for you." It was Eisenstein—a tall, erect man with iron-gray hair and cool, blue eyes. "The President," he said, "is suffering from an acute case of regression."

"Put it in English, please," Nearing urged him heavily. "Is it fatal?"

"Not at all, Mr. Secretary," the psychiatrist assured him. "He will probably live for a very long time. This is mental. He is—how shall I put it?—he is trying to recapture a sense of childlike security. For all practical purposes, at present he is a child—a baby, that is. Sometimes they even pretend that they haven't been born yet but he's more like a year-old baby. It's not uncommon in men of his age, though usually there are warning signs."

Huntoon looked up sharply. "Are you trying to tell us that the President is insane, Doctor?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't care to put it that way, Senator," said Eisenstein. "Often these cases are simply an elaborate form of escapism. They can be cured. Electric-shock treatment is said to be beneficial in a number of cases. Standard practice is to humor them, give them the things that symbolize security to a small child: a Teddy bear, say, or just being tucked in bed. Then they start rebuilding and, with steady treatment, get back in sound shape."

"How long is this attack likely to last, Doctor?" This was Harrison.

"Hard to say," the specialist admitted. "I think you could count on a pretty fair recovery in two or three years, provided nothing happened to place further stress on him."

"Can he sign his name?" Huntoon demanded.

Eisenstein controlled his professional impatience. "A one-year-old baby can't sign any name," he said, "and the President is for all practical purposes a year-

old child. No, that won't come until later in his cure, after he learns to read and write again."

"Not a word of this must reach the public," Huntoon warned. "The country—"

"I'm a physician, Senator," the doctor replied stiffly. "I am not in the habit of revealing professional matters. However, I suggest that you get another opinion."

"Thank you, Doctor," the boss said. "Your opinion is all we need, even though there were time for further consultation. Would you mind making the necessary arrangements to have him moved soon and as quietly as possible to where he can get the necessary treatment. Naturally, expense is no object compared to complete secrecy."

AFTER Eisenstein had withdrawn, Huntoon went to the telephone and called the White House press secretary. "Is that you, Charlie?" he asked. "Huntoon speaking. You'll have to cancel the press conference and kill that release—Yes, kill it. Send out a call for a special Cabinet meeting this afternoon . . . Oh yes, and by the way, see if you can find a copy of the Constitution and send it up here. We're in the Lincoln Study."

"Gawd help us when the Opposition gets this," Nearing rumbled. "Poor old Johnny Beck started back to the horse and buggy and ended in the baby buggy. Who'd of thought he'd go nuts on us like that, all of a sudden?"

"He's not insane, Bill," Huntoon snapped. "Never use that word. He's had a serious nervous breakdown. Overwork. Worry about world peace, the country, the Party. The awful strain of the Presidency. That's the line and we'll have to stick to it."

"He can't sign his name," Harrison remarked thoughtfully. "That means he can't even resign. Looks like the Founding Fathers slipped up in not saying what to do when a President goes regressive."

"Regressive!" Nearing snorted. "An it sounds sort of respectable, like progressive, and all it means is going for Teddy bears and kiddy cars and—"

"Enough of that, Bill!" The boss wa-

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



"We'll accept three hundred, but Butch wants two bucks extra—he had to wash and dry it"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for March 27, 1946



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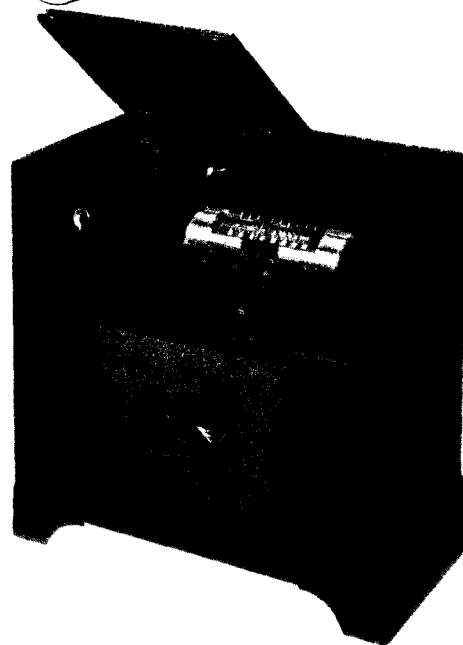
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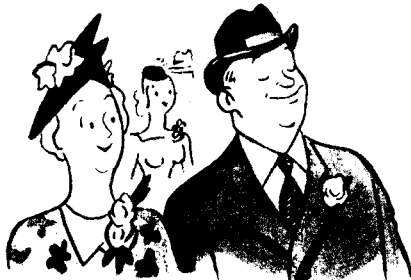
RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



"ESSIE"

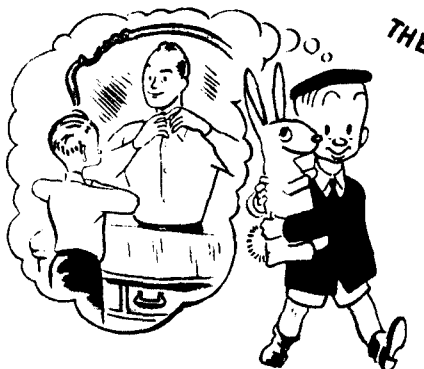
"Maybe you could iron it faster, Boss—but I've got to stop and admire each Essley Shirt!"



DAD'S DELIGHTED with the full, free cut of Essley Shirts—the subtle way they flatter shoulders and chest. And Mom's delighted with their laundering ease.



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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

cold as a glacier. "There is something about it in the Constitution, I think. They ought to keep a copy of it in every room. Oh! Here we are. Thanks, Mike," he added to the Secret Service man who handed in a battered copy of the World Almanac.

The three statesmen pored over the closely printed pages until they located the fatal paragraph. "Here it is," said Huntoon. "Article II, Paragraph 6. 'In case of the removal of the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or—get this!—inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President . . . That does it.'"

"The skunks!" Nearing muttered. "Who'd of thought they'd put a cock-eyed thing like that in the Constitution?"

"And that means," Huntoon snapped, "that Mrs. Bruce is President of the United States."

"Can't we cover it up, Jim?" the Secretary of the Treasury asked plaintively. "We've covered up worse things than that, and in the White House, too. Beck's signature's lying around somewhere. We could photostat it."

"Out of the question, Bill," Huntoon decided. "It's dishonorable. Sooner or later the facts would leak out and then we'd all go to jail, and the Party would go back to the doghouse."

"I've got it," Harrison announced. "We'll just call her in and tell her the whole story. Then we'll ask her to resign for the good of the country. This is a national crisis. She's patriotic and ought to see the point."

"Damned if I ever knew a woman who could see one," Nearing objected. "This Bruce witch doesn't handle easy."

"If she refuses," the Secretary of State replied, "we'll all resign. The whole damn Cabinet. That will bring her to her senses."

"How about it, Jim?" asked the Secretary of the Treasury. "Think that will work?"

"It's got to work," the boss said. "And we've got to stick together and make it work. It's that or—" He shrugged his well-tailored shoulders.

When Miranda reached the executive offices, she found the full Cabinet waiting, unhappily.

"How's the President?" she asked. "Is he—?"

Harrison shook his head. "The President is in good physical health, Mrs. Bruce," he told her. "But he's had a serious nervous breakdown."

Miranda gasped. "Oh, the poor old

thing!" she exclaimed. "A nervous breakdown is no fun. He'll soon be all right again, won't he? I mean, people do recover from nervous attacks all the time."

"With good care and modern treatment," the Secretary of State assured her, "he should recover in two or three years, the doctors say. In the meantime he is incapable of performing his duties. This is a very serious situation, Mr. Bruce. That is why we asked you to come here."

"Oh!" Her eyes traveled around the circle of elderly men: Harrison bronze and hawklike, Nearing blotched and puffy, Clyde Morrow like an educated weasel, and the others—old, fat, bald and bulging.

She turned back to the Secretary of State. "Then that means that I am the President," she said seriously. "That the Constitution, isn't it? You must help me. I've so much to learn about this job, I'll need you all."

CLYDE MORROW quietly nudged the Secretary of the Treasury under the table. This was it. She was on the run already.

"We are asking you to help us, Mr. Bruce," Harrison replied. "We want you to resign as Vice-President right away and leave the office vacant. We are agreed that this would serve the country's best interests."

She glanced around the table. "Do you all feel the same way?" she asked.

A murmur of assent informed her that they did.

"In other words, gentlemen," she observed, "you think that you are wiser than the Constitution and than the people who elected me to my position. Is that it?"

"We aren't arguing constitutional law Mrs. Bruce," the Attorney General told her. "It's all on your side. We're trying to think what's best for the country."

"Why, Mr. Morrow," she retorted, "Who gave the Cabinet that right? Were any of you elected? No, you were appointed by a man who has just suffered a nervous breakdown. I don't wish to seem unpleasant, but your position is much more tenuous than mine. No, Mr. Secretary," she said, turning to Harrison, "I intend to follow the Constitution. Will you have somebody bring me a Bible so that I can take the oath of office?"

Harrison did not move. "I don't think you quite understand your position, ma'am," he said bluntly. "We have asked



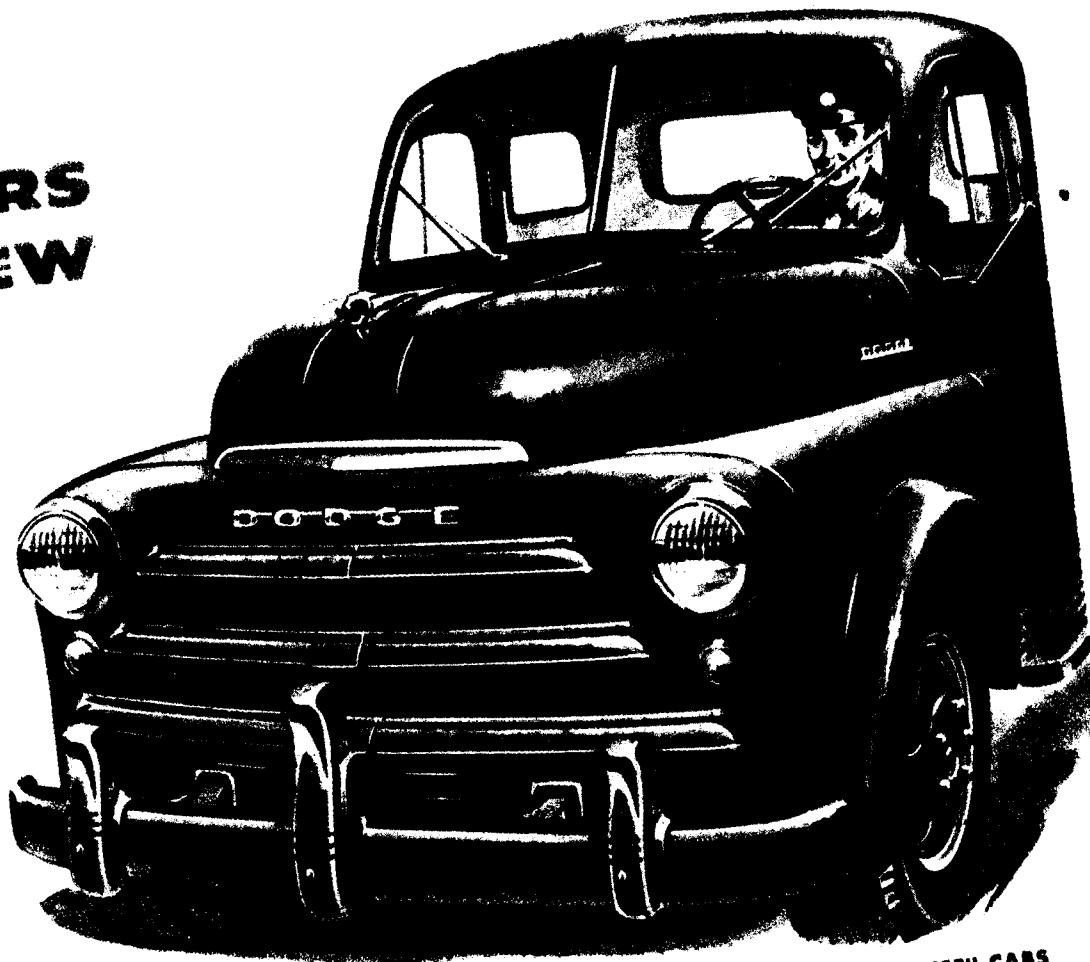
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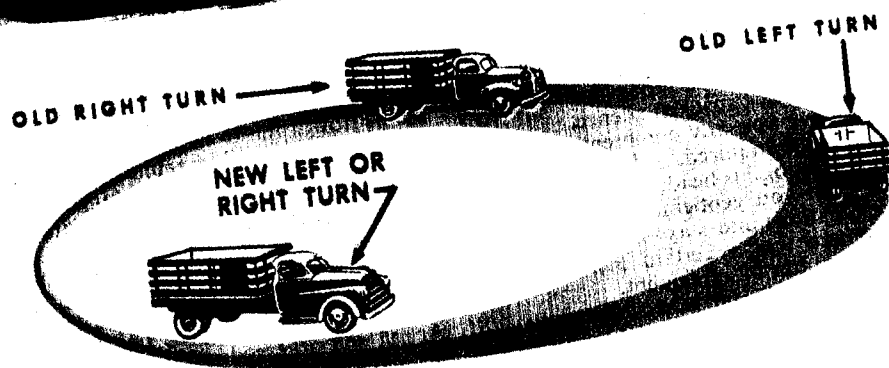
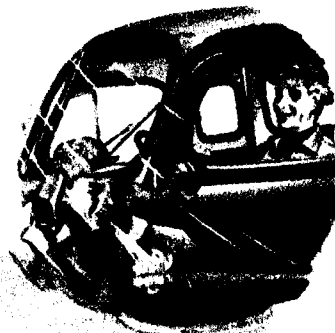
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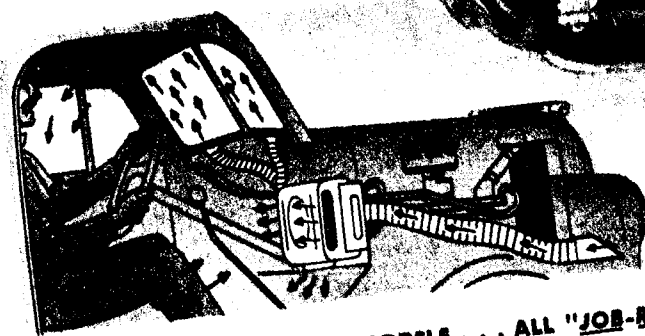
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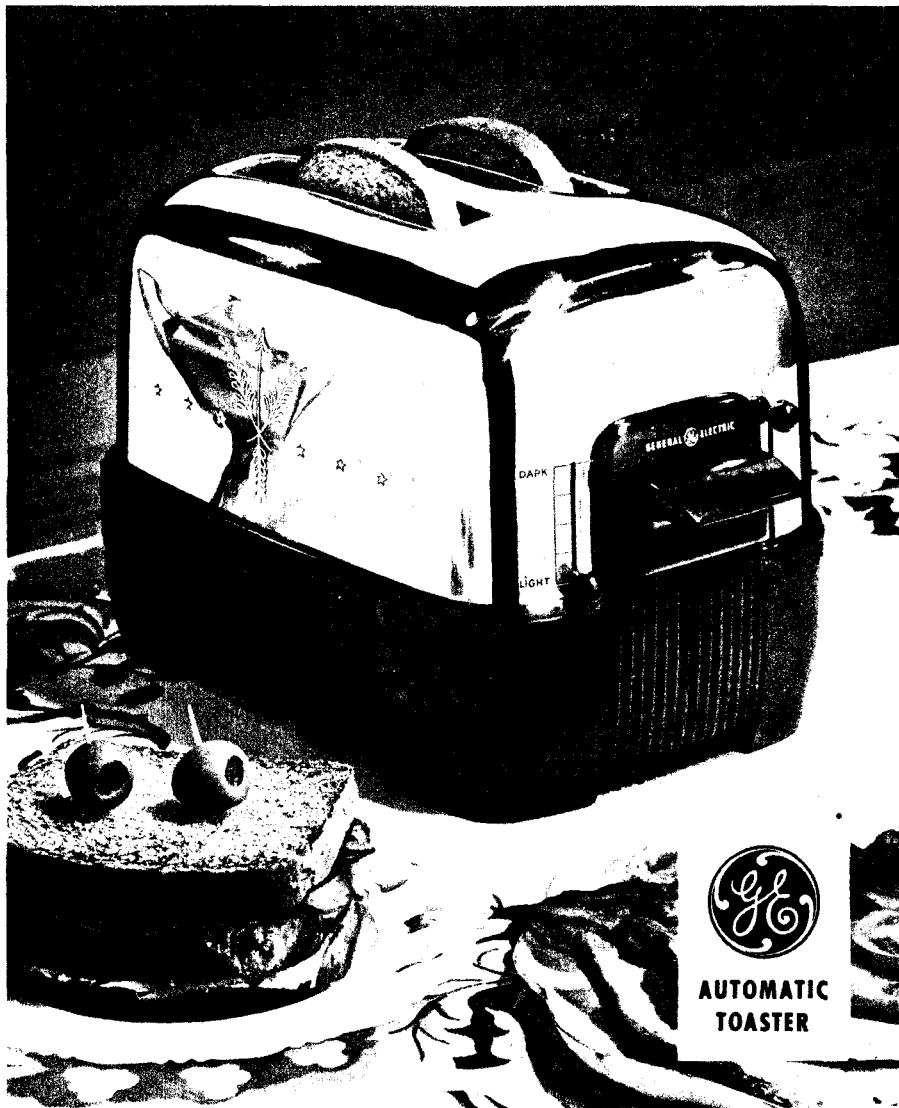


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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

you to resign—for the good of the country."

"And who will become President if I do resign?" she demanded. "You will. And only because you made it the price of your loyalty to the Party to have the law changed. The way things were before that, the Speaker of the House and then the president pro tem of the Senate would precede the Secretary of State in inheriting the White House. You are asking me to give you the job the Party refused to give you. Why? Because you're a man. That's the only reason, and you think you have the right to ask it simply because I'm a woman."

"Be that as it may, Mrs. Bruce," Harrison answered. "The country won't stand for having a woman President."

"They voted for me," she objected, "and it wasn't as though the opposition didn't make that point. If you won't send for a Bible, I'll get one for myself."

NEARING rumbled to the rescue. "Hold on! Wait a minute! It isn't as simple as all that, Mrs. Bruce. Now, I guess we've been sort of tactless but this is kind of a crisis, if you get me, and there just wasn't time to put things nicely. But what we have to say is this, Mrs. Bruce. Either you resign, like we ask, or we resign—all of us—in protest. Then how will you run the government?"

Miranda sat down and laughed. "All right," she said. "Go right ahead and resign. I'll accept your resignations. I'll fill every Cabinet post with women. There are plenty of them competent to do the work. They're running businesses, hotels, department stores. They ought to be able to run a government bureau."

Nearing sighed. "The Senate won't confirm them," he told her.

"What if they don't?" she countered. "Then I'll set up a Cabinet of experts, outside of politics, picking good men from both parties. The Senate won't refuse *that* and the people will like it. Why! I might even pick some G.I.s—war heroes, the guys who slugged it out so that we could sit here today."

There was stricken silence.

"Have you any comment, Mr. Harrison?" she inquired.

He shook his head.

"Will you gentlemen reconsider your resignations and stay—for the present?"

There was a certain alertness about their mutter of agreement.

"I won't!" Harrison stated flatly. "If you others are going to let yourselves be bluffed out of what's best for the country, I won't. My resignation stands, Mrs. Bruce."

Miranda looked appraisingly at the tall Westerner. He looked exactly like a sulky little boy who has been told he must stay home and tend the baby instead of playing baseball.

"Before you make up your mind," she said, "if the Secretary of State resigns, you all resign. If he stays, you stay—for the present. That's final."

Nearing turned to Harrison. "You'd better stick, A.H.," he urged, "for the good of the Party, that is."

"That's right," the Attorney General agreed. "We'd better stick together. We can't let the country down at a time like this. They need us."

Harrison glared at the circle of faces. "It's blackmail," he snapped, "sheer blackmail. I think Mrs. Bruce would do well to find a Secretary of State who . . . I'll stick around."

"The President," remarked Miranda, "wants a strong man as Secretary of State, regardless of whether he dislikes her. She'll do that for the country and will expect him to do the same. And now," she added, "will *somebody* bring me a copy of the Bible, if there's such a thing in the White House?"

"No," objected the Secretary of the Treasury. "We'll have this one in the East Room and get old Judge Cadwallader to administer the oath. Private and informal, but with dignity. Nobody around but us and maybe the newsreels and radio boys."

"Is that your opinion, gentlemen?" she asked.

"Sure is," agreed Clyde Morrow. "We might as well do it right and make history, so long as we have to do it."

"Very well," Miranda replied. "On this point, I shall be guided by my Cabinet, except that I'd like to have the publicity arrangements handled by my press secretary, Mr. Urn. I owe it to him."

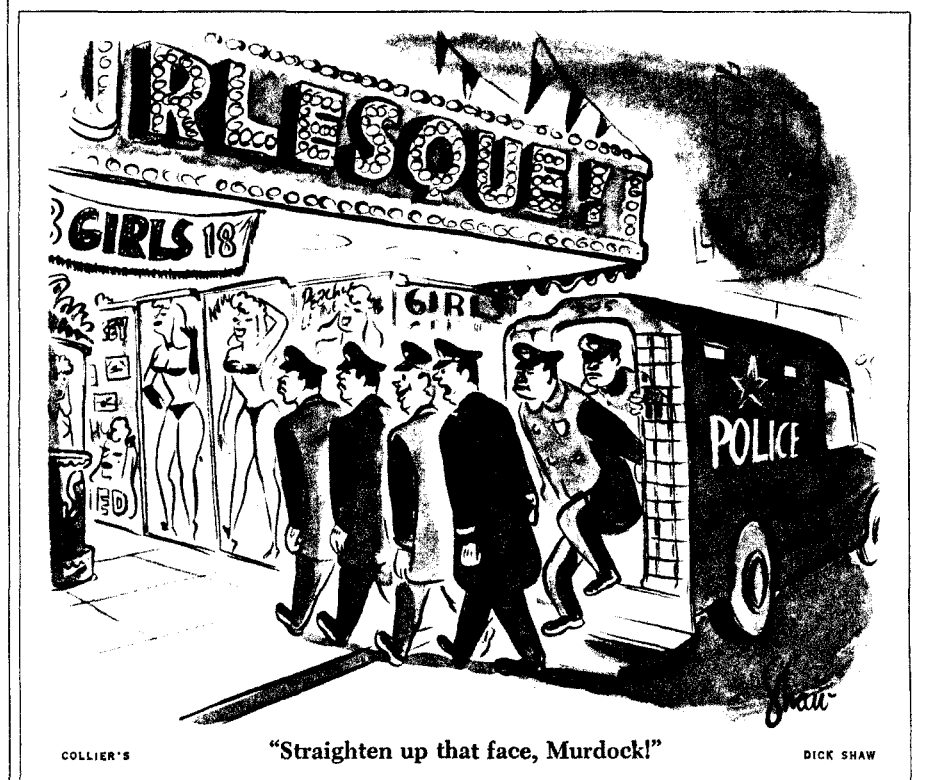
WELL, Emma, old kid, how does it feel to be a White House aide?" asked Arthur Urn.

Lieutenant Corradio laughed and asked how it felt to him.

"Shucks, sugar," he replied, "now that I'm White House press secretary I'm incapable of feeling anything. Imagine me conducting press conferences!"

Emma leaned on her elbow and studied the ex-reporter through lowered eyelashes.

"You're not fooling me one little bit, Artie," she observed. "You're just lousy in love with that little redhead. Say, where did you get that big bruise, anyhow?" she added curiously. "Give, Artie. Was it the girl friend? After all," she



"Straighten up that face, Murdock!"



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PM the Perfect Mixer gives another great performance . . .
a moving picture of Particular Mildness and taste in technicolor!"
"Aye, Michael, that's a mellow vision . . . and now let's hurry along . . .
people will be calling for a personal appearance!"*

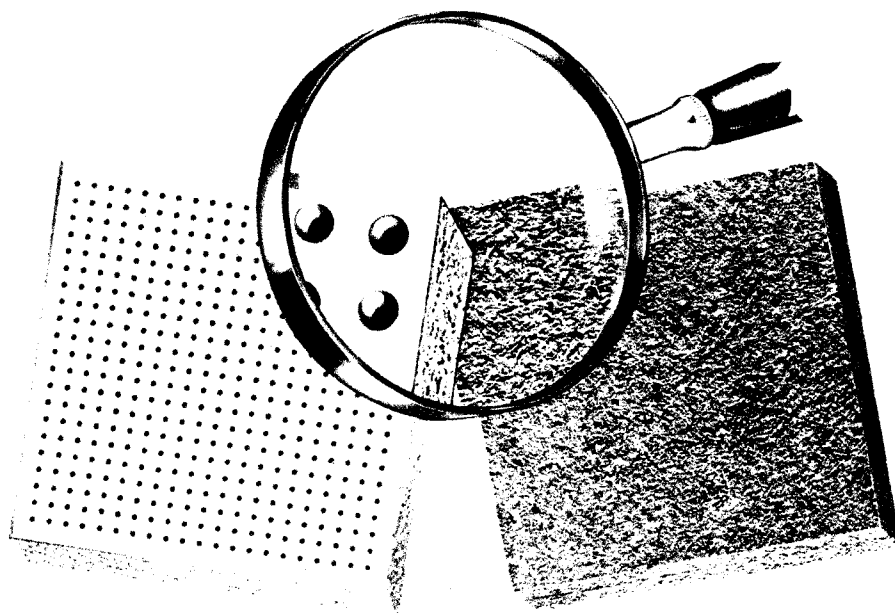


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added, "we Pacific veterans ought to stick together."

"Nothing romantic about it," he countered. "That was in the gym. I think I'm catching onto this judo business. It's a matter of timing, but this Uchi's fast. He's beginning to say I'll learn eventually."

She gave him a friendly kiss. "More power to you. Like I say, Artie, it's no go with us. You're for Mary and if she had an ounce of sense in that deep-freeze locker she calls her heart she'd give you a break. No, honey, don't pretend with me. I *know*. We're still friends and now you run along home like a good little boy or the management will be renting these rooms."

Urn laughed. "Emma," he announced, "you're a good kid and I hope you make admiral."

"Thanks, Artie," she said. "Now clear out, and take care of yourself."

SLEEP was the last thought in Mary Smith's mind as she tossed and turned in the Ulysses S. Grant model four-poster on the third floor of the White House. She was feeling all right, she guessed. Why, she hadn't turned a hair when that dumb fool of an Arthur had gone soft on Emma Corradio. She wished that Miranda hadn't taken him on as press secretary. That meant that they'd have to see each other quite often. She didn't like Arthur Urn. She didn't want to see him ever again. She didn't . . .

In other words spring had come to Washington, including the White House. Not as spring comes in Paris or even London, tiptoeing in with tears and laughter, but rather as a heavy bomber makes a crash landing. That is to say, there was a high northwest wind that uprooted seven trees in Potomac Park, a few snow flurries and an ice storm that caused fourteen traffic accidents, three of them fatal. Then it went balmy.

Worse still, spring came on Sunday—which made it nice for the working classes—and there was no special reason why Mary Smith should legitimately reject Urn's invitation to take a trip to the zoo early in the morning before the crowds arrived. To her surprise, she even detected a note of eagerness in her voice as she said, "That sounds like fun. I'll ask Miranda if I can borrow the Sacred Calf."

The Sacred Calf—a pre-Pearl Harbor Ford that was the apple of the President's eye—was duly granted and Mary found herself taking special and humiliating pains with her getup. She wore the new dark green silk she had bought for

Easter and an insane little apple-greener hat that went with her hair the way hair is supposed to go with eggs. And it was shortly after nine when Mary tapped on the President's door.

"I'm going now, Miranda," she said. "Come in and let me see you," the President urged. "H'm!" she added appreciatively. "You look lovely. Are you taking him to church?" and smiled as the bright color mounted in her secretary's cheeks.

"Just to the zoo," Mary replied. "When will you need me back here?"

"No hurry, dear. If I need a stenographer I'll call on the White House pool. Have a good time and tell Arthur to take good care of you."

Later, this parting remark struck Mary as being rather tragic.

Urn appeared rather depressed when Mary showed up, twenty minutes late, by the front entrance to his hotel. He told her to move over, took the wheel and tool off out Connecticut Avenue.

He was approaching a crisis in his life, he knew, and Mary knew it too. They turned off into the zoo grounds and toured around until he found a secluded space to park the car. There was a little glade he had marked down a couple of weeks ago as an appropriate setting for this important occasion.

"Let's take a bit of a walk, Smith," he ordered. "The animals will wait and it's nicer here without the people."

Mary was surprised to find a certain difficulty in breathing, while a strange and not unpleasant weakness at the knees struck her as being absolutely ridiculous.

She nodded and fell into step beside him as he led the way through the smoke of the dogwood and the flaming shadbushes to a little opening in the woods. The sky was cool and blue overhead and a faint wind stirred the half-unfolded young green of the leaves. He turned to her and stretched out both hands purposefully. She looked up at him, her eyes dark and her lips—

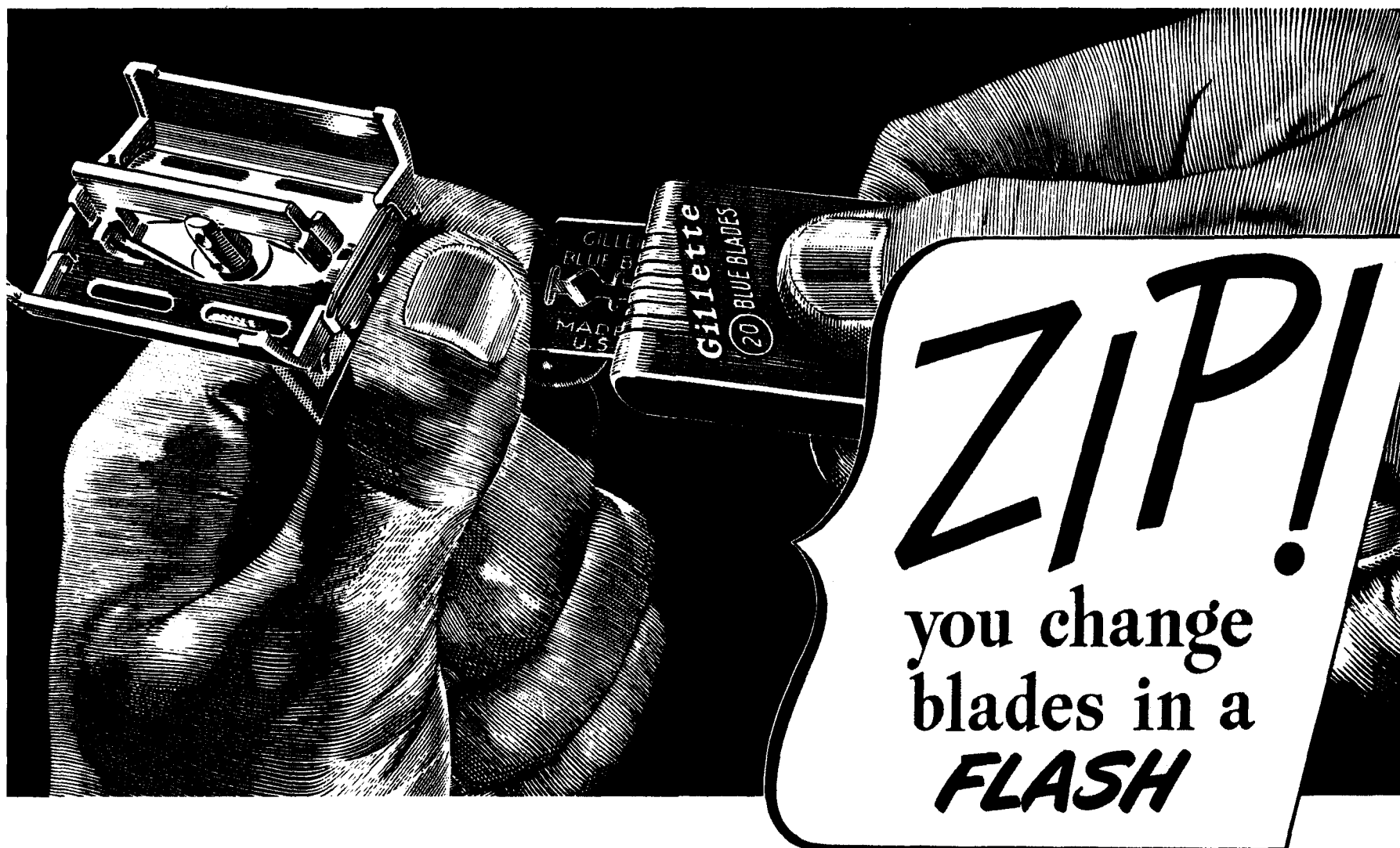
Urn, one-track-minded as he had become on the subject of the superathletic Mary Smith, realized that something was wrong with the picture—but by then it was too late.

Smith stood, irresolute and panic-stricken at the approaching caress which would end for all time her singleness of heart and her carefree life. She barely saw Urn and her hands groped toward his, by instinct, as her traitor legs wobbled beneath her helpless torso. She raised her face, trembling.

And then she felt her right hand



Collier's for March 27, 1948



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**Puts 20 Gillette Blue Blades
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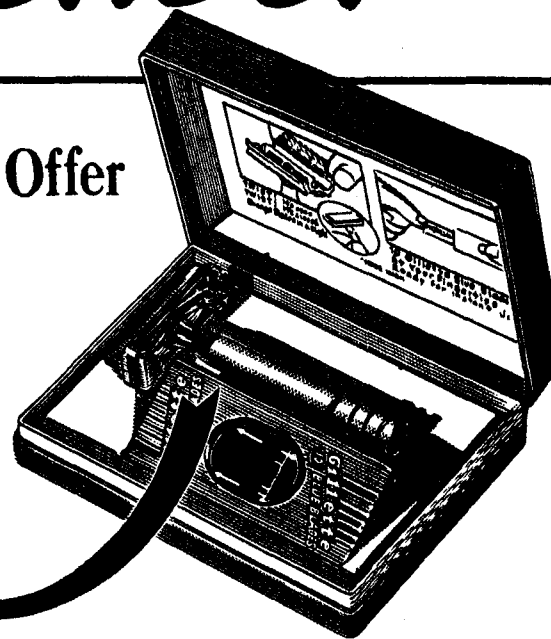
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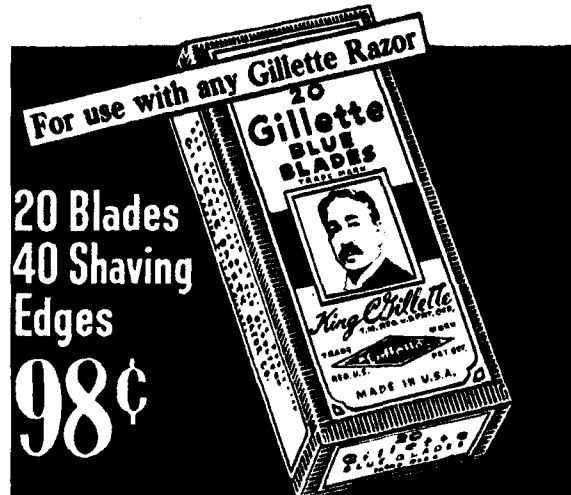
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grasped and pulled down in a familiar manner. A hard tweed-clad shoulder struck her hard in the solar plexus. Her legs left the ground and pin-wheeled forward in a swirl of green skirt and she landed with a solid plunk on a nice level patch of green turf, which promptly spouted water and mud.

In spite of his horrified realization that this was not the moment for professional pride, Urn reflected that never in Professor Uchi's studio had there been a more classic example of elementary judo. A silly smile spread over his face as he approached Mary.

"Are you hurt, Smith?" he asked.

She was not hurt. She was very angry. Of that he had no doubt, judging by the stinging slap she gave him as he bent over her.

"You clumsy brute!" she shouted at him. "What do you think you're doing?"

THAT was it. What *did* he think he was doing? He looked at her like a stricken ox. There was the large streak of mud on her skirt, the torn seam at the shoulder of her jacket, the crushed apple-green hat still lying in the mud, and hair so red and flaming that he could only think of the Burning Bush. Then he became utterly incapable of any thought at all—he did not even notice that she had slapped his face again, hard.

"You damn' fool!" she sobbed. "You fool!"

There was a series of official crashes in the bushes and a park policeman appeared, red-faced and efficient.

"What's going on here?" he demanded. "This man molesting you, miss?"

She recovered enough composure to confront this interruption. Tears of rage were trickling down her face and she was too angry to talk.

"Want to make a charge?" the policeman continued eagerly.

She shook her head. "It's... it's nothing, Officer," she said, thinking of Miranda. "I slipped and fell—and—"

"She did not!" An odious child appeared from nowhere. "I seen him hit her," the child prated. "First he knocked her down an' then they started to fight."

Urn turned dazedly in the direction of this new attack.

"So," the policeman announced with satisfaction. "Criminal assault, eh?"

"No!" Mary was emphatic. "Nothing of the kind. This gentleman and I were walking, and I slipped and fell."

"She's lying," the child declared with the air of an expert witness. "I seen him hit her and then she fell down."

Arthur took command of the situation. "It's really all right, Officer," he assured the policeman. "It's all a misunderstanding. This young lady and I are engaged to—"

"We are not!" Mary snapped. "But it was an accident. I make no charge."

The officer removed his notebook and penciled a few hen tracks. "Okay, lady," he said doubtfully. "In case you change your mind, I'm Officer Raspberry of the park police."

"He did too hit her!" the child shrilled.

"You get out of here!" the officer ordered fiercely, "or I'll run you in, kid. What you doing alone in the park this hour? Run away from home, eh? Well, you come on back to the station house—"

Urn waited until the perspiring captor and the wailing captive had disappeared through the dogwood.

"I'm sorry, Smith—" he began.

"You're sorry!"

He recoiled from the contempt in her voice—contempt compressed like a bouillon cube that would flavor the whole of his life, past, present and future.

"Give me the keys to the car!" she ordered.

He obeyed.

"Now," she told him. "You wait here until I'm well out of sight. I don't want

to be seen with you and I never want to see you again."

"But, Mary—" His voice died before the blaze in those blue eyes. He sighed. "I could kill myself," he said.

She had an answer for that. "Go ahead," she said.

He watched disconsolately as she strode through the bushes and disappeared in the direction of the car. The day seemed suddenly cold, the bright sunshine an unreal stage effect and the people, happily scattering comic sections and sports pages on the grass, so many puppets brought there to mock him.

Then he snapped his fingers as it hit him. Of course she had been angry! Ass that he was! Double-dashed, deleted, expurgated this of that! It was all clear at last. She loved him. Or she had loved him. She had looked like a girl who expects to be kissed. That was it. There had been a softness in her eyes and her lips had been parted and—Gosh! what an ass he was! What a moment to show off his judo and ruin her Easter dress. Well, if she had loved him enough to want him to kiss her, he couldn't have two strikes on him forever. Otherwise, why would she have slapped his face when she knew how to break his neck scientifically? If that busybody of a cop hadn't come barging in and that excrescence of a child hadn't popped up, he might yet have straightened things out. Back to the salt mines, Arthur, he observed, and then buy her the biggest bunch of orchids you can find.

He felt better. Sure it would be okay. Perhaps orchids wouldn't be Mary's style. How about violets or gardenias? He'd see her first thing in the morning, give her a big bunch and tell her he was sorry. By then, she would see how funny it was—he hoped.

THE President's eyes were dancing as she confronted her political secretary the next morning.

"Frank," she told Mulcahy, "I expect we'll have to get along without Mary for a few days."

"And what's the matter with her?" he inquired.

"She's eloped with Arthur Urn," Miranda declared. "She went out with him yesterday morning with an engagement look in her eye, and came back about an hour and a half later, packed her suitcase and walked out. At least, that's what that Secret Service girl, Myrtle, told me."

"It's not with Arthur Urn that she's eloped, Madam President," Mulcahy observed. "Sure I saw him just now on my way in and him with a bunch of violets you could choke a horse with."

"Perhaps she—" Miranda began, when the door leading to Mary's office opened and the press secretary appeared apprehensively.

"Is Mary with you?" he asked abruptly.

"Don't you know where she is?" the President said.

Urn shook his head. "All I know is that she left me in the park yesterday morning and—she—I—"

Mulcahy withdrew with that rare Hibernian tact that had originally recommended him to Mrs. Bruce.

"What happened, Arthur?" the President asked kindly. "Did she turn you down? I thought—"

"If I had the sense God gave a senator," Urn exploded, "we'd be married by now. I just made a fool of myself. She got angry. I thought if I came in this morning and apologized—"

"Then she's gone," Miranda announced. "Oh, dear! I hope she doesn't do anything foolish. She's so headstrong."

"I'll find her," Urn declared, "and beat some sense into—well, anyhow, I'll find her."

"Keep me informed, Arthur. No, don't

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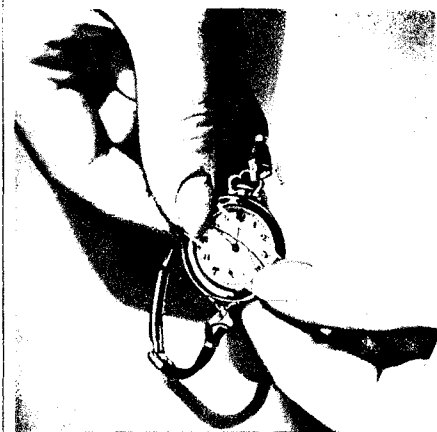
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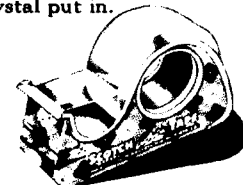
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stick around here. Bill Bascom can take care of the press releases, and Frank can find me a girl from the pool for dictation. Just forget about me, and find Mary."

Urn blushed violently. "You're a honey, Madam President," he said. "I'll come back with my girl or—well, I'll find her. Okay if I use the Secret Service to help?"

"Of course, dear," the President told him. "Now you go after Mary. Frank and I will hold the fort. We've rather a busy day ahead of us. That will help keep me from worrying. Darn it! There's the buzzer now for my first appointment. Still the Joint Chiefs of Staff."

GENERAL HEPPLEHAUSER was saying, "You see, Madam President, close-order drill may seem obsolete to the laywoman but it is one of the ways the Army inculcates the habit of immediate, unquestioning obedience."

"But, General," the President objected, "I still think that you ought to include an estimate for propaganda in your appropriation. The Russians have it, and so have the British. Why shouldn't—" the desk buzzer punctuated her question. "Excuse me, General. Yes?"

"Arthur Urn, Madam President . . . the Secret Service says the Sacred Calf is back in the garage and that Mary took an early-afternoon train for New York. Over."

"Roger!" said Miranda. "You tell the Secret Service to give complete co-operation. No publicity. What's that? No, don't let them circulate her description on the radio. Tell them to see if they can't find where she's staying in New York . . . No, don't worry! She's probably gone there for a few days. She'll be all right."

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," the President apologized. "I don't mean to seem so inattentive. It's just that my secretary's gone on leave and— Now we were saying that propaganda . . ."

The desk phone buzzed again. She shrugged her shoulders. "Think over the propaganda angle," she urged, "and report to me tomorrow. I still think we ought to try it. I don't agree that it's un-American, General, to state our case to the world, and I refuse to believe . . . Yes? . . . Yes, Arthur . . . All right. Take the plane to New York. See what you can learn there. And don't worry."

As the Joint Chiefs left her office, Miranda buzzed for Mulcahy.

"Arthur's left for New York," she told him. "Flying up. Please tell the Secret Service to co-operate with him."

He's trying to find Mary and bring her back. Who's next on the program?"

"The next one," her political secretary observed, "is none other than Chief Stormy Weather of the Oglalas. The chief wants to see the Great White Mother."

Miranda made a face. "Just so that I don't have to be photographed wearing feathers or holding a tribal salmon. Send him in and get it over with. I have the British ambassador coming at ten, and him I must see."

Mulcahy crossed the oval study with its pictures of famous women and opened the door.

"This way, Chief," he announced. The President looked up. "Minnie!" she exclaimed. "Darling!"

"Hi!" the chief replied. "Why, Minnie Oglala," the President continued. "We always thought it was just a joke about you being an Indian princess at Vassar. What have you been doing? What brings you here?"

The tall Indian girl laughed. "I come for my tribe," she said. "The government still owes us money under our treaty. What have I been doing? Papposes—four—all boys. The Great White Mother needed a visit."

"Oh, Minnie, it is good to see you. Just take those feathers off and . . . Do you still know typing and shorthand?"

Chief Stormy Weather nodded.

"Wonderful! You stay with me for a few days, until Mary gets back. Really, you ought to be President instead of me. You've had some training."

"Not eligible," said Minnie. "I'm a Red. Of course I'll stay, as long as you like."

Miranda nodded. "Wonderful! Darn it, Minnie, you've got to go now. The British ambassador's due and it's part of my job to see him. You tell Frank Mulcahy, the one outside who looks like a large rabbit, that you're staying with me and he'll tell the housekeeper to make the arrangements."

"His Excellency David Fyffe-Percy, His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the United States," Mulcahy announced.

Fyffe-Percy was six feet two of beautiful Scottish manhood, who had prepared for a difficult diplomatic post by climbing in the Himalayas, shooting three lions and one rhino in East Africa, and being a cousin by marriage to the current Prime Minister. He also, although this was less well advertised in the American papers, had spent a lifetime in the British Diplomatic Service.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said politely.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Ambassa-

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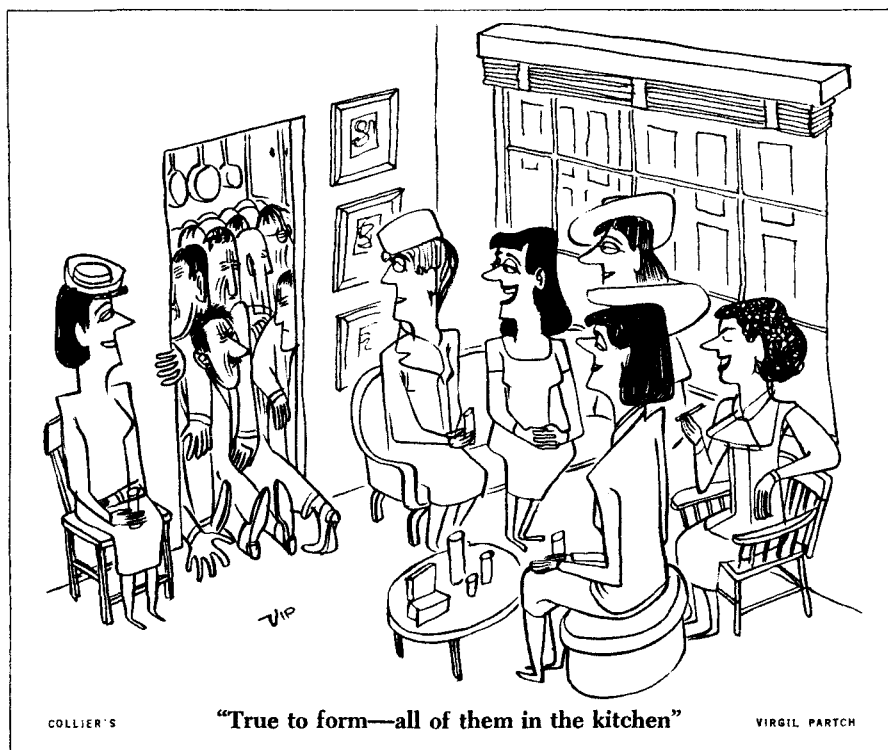
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dor," she urged him. "I'm so glad to see you again after all this wilderness of official duties. And how is your pretty wife?"

"Ah—" Fyffe-Percy began, when the desk telephone buzzed.

"Madam President . . . Chief Flynn, Secret Service, Special Detail. Fugitive reported in New York City, cashed a check for \$200 at the Vassar Club, but left no address. Shall I authorize arrest?"

"Good heavens, no!" the President protested. "Don't you understand, Mr. Flynn? She's done *nothing*. It's simply that Mr. Urn must find her as soon as possible. Now don't quote the law to me, this is part of the job. No, you help Mr. Urn find her and let me know. And, remember, no publicity. . . . Sorry, Mr. Ambassador," she added, "these interruptions—"

"Quite all right," Fyffe-Percy assured her. "What I am to discuss with you is a purely extraofficial matter that we were discussing the other day. I sent word to Their Majesties that you hoped it would be possible for Princess Margaret Rose to pay you a visit at the White House this June. The government has agreed that it would be a most excellent arrangement, to let her see something of America, and I am to say that they are all extremely gratified by your suggestion. Part of the time, if you thought best, the princess could stay with my wife and me at the embassy."

Miranda smiled. "Wonderful! I'll be delighted to have her. She's such a pretty child, by her pictures. I could give a dinner and a little dance for her, of course, and she wouldn't be tied to protocol. However," she added, "I am not sure that I'm the best person to have charge of a young girl. My private secretary, who stays with me and is a very pretty girl, has just run away from the White House and we're all losing our wits trying to find her— There!"

THE desk telephone buzzed. "Madam President? This is the F.B.I. In a moment the director will speak to you . . . Madam President, the director . . ."

"Yes?" she inquired.

"Just heard of the Smith girl's disappearance," boomed the director. "We'll get her back for you, don't worry. We have a good record with kidnapers."

"But she hasn't been kidnaped," the President began, when there was a click on the line. "Sorry," the F.B.I. switchboard girl said, "the director's line does not answer. Will you leave your name?"

"I am always happy to think that it was an American who invented the tele-

phone," Fyffe-Percy observed. "Indispensable convenience."

The President smiled at him appreciatively. "There's nothing wrong with the telephone," she said, "it's only the people who use it. No, coming back to the princess. Please tell Their Majesties that I am delighted that she can come. Naturally, I must discuss details with the Secretary of State, who will handle the formal invitation for me. Early June is best in Washington, as you know, but she'll be welcome at any time."

After the ambassador departed, the President pushed the button that linked her desk telephone to that of the Secretary of State.

"Mr. Secretary?" she asked. "Are you busy?"

"I'm about to have a talk with the French ambassador. I'll be free as soon as he leaves."

"Oh, good. Come as soon as you can. Fyffe-Percy just left and . . . Yes, whenever it is convenient . . . I'm about to interview a delegation of coal miners' wives. Yes, eleven o'clock will be splendid."

She turned back to her desk and dived into the pile of state papers awaiting her signature—pausing only for the miners' wives—and had worked her way down to the Bill to Authorize the Construction of a Dam on Eagle Creek, Montana, and for Other Purposes, when the Secretary of State was announced.

"You see, Alex," she explained, "I'd love to have the princess. She's a charming girl by all accounts, but I think you'd better make the final decision. There might be political reactions about it and I'd hate to subject her to embarrassment."

The tall, rangy Westerner looked at her shrewdly. "Madam President," he began.

"Oh, heavens, Alex," she urged him. "Please call me Miranda, at least when we're alone like this."

"All right, Miranda, then. I'd say yes to the British right away. Not even the Opposition would claim you'd sold out to the British, they'd be falling over each other so hard to get invited to meet her."

She laughed. "Democracy! I might sell out to Fyffe-Percy, if he wasn't married already. Heavens! Alex, what a handsome thing he is!"

The telephone buzzed.

"This is Arthur Urn speaking from La Guardia Airport. The Secret Service say they think they've found her, at least, they say they're sure within three blocks. Somewhere up in the East Fifties . . ."

"Just a minute, Arthur," the President

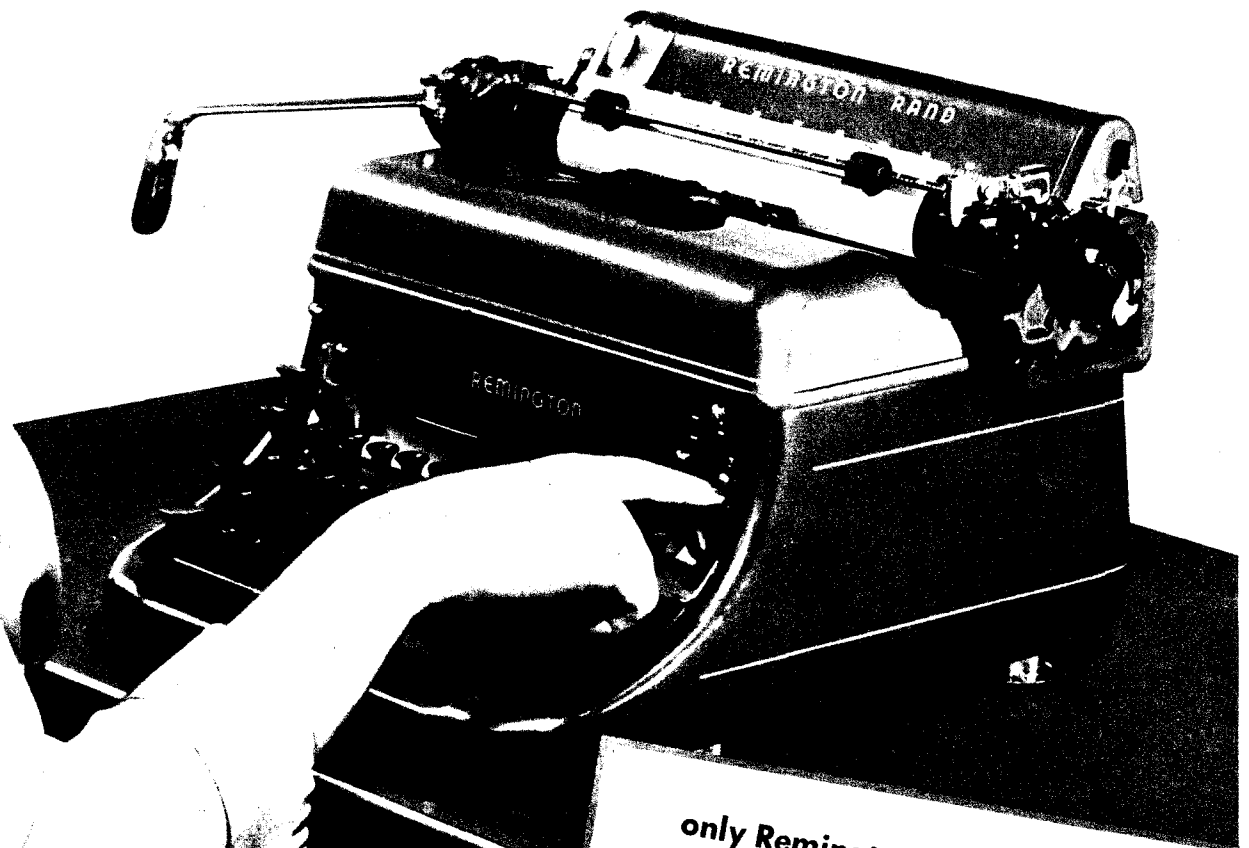


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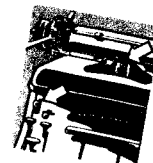
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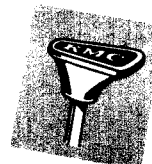
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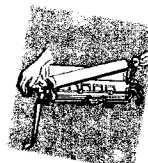
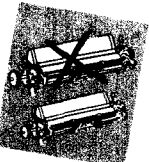


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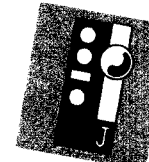
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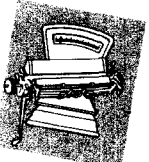


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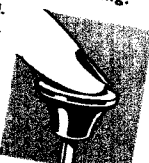


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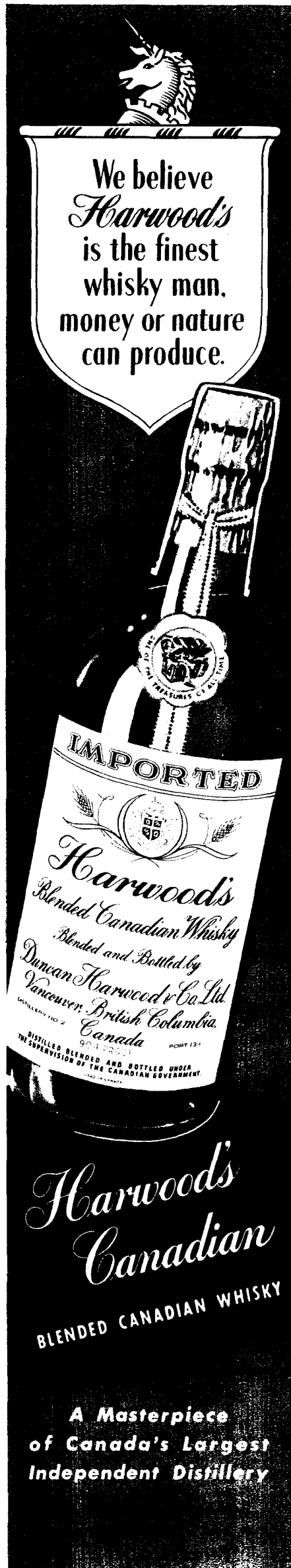
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warned him. "Look out for the F.B.I. They think there might be a kidnaping angle to it."

"God help the kidnapers, then," he replied. "The regulars still have an idea that we're after counterfeiters. They call her 'the suspect.'"

"Oh, dear!" The President turned to the Secretary of State. "I simply can't get anything done, with this telephone. Why don't you come in to dinner tonight? There will be nobody there except me and the Chief of the Oglalas—and Minnie will leave us alone for a good talk. She wants some money the government owes her tribe. And anyhow, I want to ask you about the defense estimates—"

The telephone buzzed again.

"F.B.I. director's office . . . Kidnapers believed to have headquarters East Fifties, New York City. Extra agents already assigned now combing district for Smith. That is all."

"Oh, dear," the President observed, "and all she did was to go to New York for a few days."

The Secretary laughed. "What's she done, anyway?"

"She just happened to fall in love," she told him, "and—"

The telephone rang.

"Urn speaking, Madam President. By radiotelephone from official F.B.I. automobile. Am on way to Ritz-Carlton hide-out for rendezvous with Secret Service and F.B.I. Both co-operating inexorably at taxpayers' expense."

"Roger!" she replied.

"The Secretary of the Treasury," Frank Mulcahy announced urbanely, "also by appointment."

SENATOR HUNTOON leaned back in the worn leather armchair that was the feature of his personal oasis under the dome of the Capitol and considered Judge Cadwallader.

"I give her until the first of May to realize what she's up against, Bernie," he announced. "By then we'll have her Human Rights bill amended to death—"

"Utterly unconstitutional," intoned the judge. "Motherhood's strictly a matter of state rights."

"Quite, Bernie," the boss agreed, "though we might slip it in under the Interstate Commerce clause. When we've killed her bill then we'll put it up to her again that she's got to resign."

"And if she refuses?"

Jim Huntoon laughed icily. "Then we introduce a constitutional amendment to bar women from the Presidency."

The judge pondered this one. "But that will take years for the states to ratify it," he objected. "Damn it! Jim, you don't expect her to run for re-election, do you?"

"The point is that the debate and the overwhelming majorities in both Houses for keeping women out of the Presidency will convince her that her position is hopeless. If she tries to stay on after that, we'll consider impeachment proceedings."

The door burst open and the Secretary of the Treasury inserted his bulk into the room.

"Hi, Jim! Howdy, Bernie." Nearing wheezed. "Got some hot news. It's 'Alex' and 'Miranda' now at the White House. 'S fact! Got tipped by the Secret Service. They keep me posted, naturally, on protecting the President. Well, it seems one of those S-girls they have guarding Madam President heard her call him Alex and ask him to call her Miranda."

Huntoon was startled. "You don't suppose he's going over to her side," he began.

"Not at all, Jim." It was Cadwallader. "I saw A.H. the other day and suggested that more—er—flies are attracted by honey than by vinegar. He's using a little tact to bring her around to our point of view, that's all."

"What's all this excitement about that red-haired secretary of hers, Bill?" the boss asked.

Nearing grinned knowingly. "It wouldn't be the first time a pretty girl had to leave this town in a hurry, so's to be all alone for a bit," he chortled. "No, I got that from the Secret Service, too. Seems this Smith girl's been sweet on that so-and-so Art Urn. Now he's told her to go peddle her papers and she's gone into hiding."

Senator Huntoon shook his head. "We can't use that one yet," he decided. "It's the first human thing I've heard about the man. If things don't work out we could do a little whispering on general principles, but let's keep it clean. It's Ma Bruce we're after and Ma Bruce is ma meat."

Nearing laughed appreciatively. "I tipped off the F.B.I. to start a big man hunt for the Smith girl. We don't want to lose sight of her if she's got the sort of trouble I think she has. I figured it might come in handy and the G-men haven't had a headline for a coon's age."

Huntoon granted Nearing a wintry smile. "Quick thinking, Jim," he conceded, "but your timing's bad. We want Ma Bruce out sooner than that and anyhow I like that little redhead. She's got plenty of spunk."

Nearing started to mumble something, when Huntoon turned to Judge Cadwallader.

"You're sure this Alex and Miranda business is nothing but a gag, Bernie?" he demanded. "It would play hell with our plans if—"

The judge nodded. "When a man gets to be Harrison's age and is still a confirmed bachelor that means he's going to stay that way about women. No, Jim, I gave him a little sound advice and he's acting on it. It will make things easier for us all around, when the time comes, if she likes and trusts him. All this trouble started because A.H. wouldn't play ball with her at the convention. It's taken months, but now he sees the point of playing up to her."

"Never saw a President who didn't like to be buttered," Nearing observed. "Did you, Jim?"

Huntoon laughed. "I was too young the last time the Party had the White House to know about that. But I guess you're right. Maybe this Alex and Miranda business will work."

THE butler had withdrawn, and Minnie Oglala had retired to her room to write a letter to her youngest papoose from the Big White Wigwam. Miranda sat across the table in the small family dining room looking at her Secretary of State. He, in turn, was looking at her. She was, as a matter of fact, well worth looking at in her square-necked black evening gown and her air of alert amusement.

"Tell me, Alex," she asked, "why are you afraid of women?"

He started slightly. "I'm not exactly afraid, Miranda. It's just that I've never had much to do with them. I've lived rough and had to make my way and by the time I struck oil and was on the way to being a big shot I hadn't time for them. That's not the same as being afraid."

She laughed. "The trouble with you, Alex, is that you've never met the right kind of girl. Now, answer me one question straight. Are you afraid of me?"

He raised his eyes and looked at her. "I was," he admitted, "but I don't think I am now."

"Good!" she murmured. "Then we are friends, Alex? I need friends."

"Friends!" he laughed briefly. "That's one of the first moves in the game, isn't it? Well, call it friends then. Anyhow, I'm with you."

"Thank you," she said simply. "I need all the help you can give me, Alex. You ought to have been President, I know, but now I am, so let's make the best of it."



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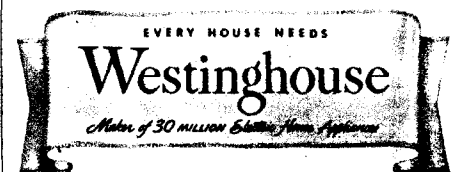
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Will you help me deal with Huntoon and Nearing and the Party leaders? They all act as though I were a shoplifter instead of being here quite lawfully."

"I'll take considerable pleasure in helping you with Huntoon and Nearing," he assured her. "I still owe them plenty for cheating me out of the nomination. Let's see if we can't make a little history ourselves."

"I wish you'd tell me how to deal with Congress. Huntoon runs the Senate—"

Harrison nodded. "He can make things nasty. But there won't be any real trouble so long as you watch your step. Now let's get back to this foreign situation."

The President considered him. He really was quite handsome and, in his dinner jacket, very distinguished. His black hair touched with gray at the temples and his long tanned face, now that he was smiling, made him somebody quite different from the sulky small boy she had met and outwitted at the convention and in the Cabinet.

"What's the trouble now?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Not to be technical, everybody hates everybody and especially hates us. Half the world is asking us for loans and the other half is sore at us because they've had loans. Our Army and Navy are strictly pre-atomic, and Congress thinks itself divinely appointed to tell the world how to behave itself. And I'm expected to make all this clear to the world through a State Department which thinks that there's nothing to diplomacy that can't be mastered by a Fifth Avenue-tailored suit, a Harvard degree and a rousing contempt for the working classes."

Miranda giggled. "Do you know, Alex," she said, "when I moved in here I found that President Beck had ordered the Red Room redecorated in yellow. He said he wanted no Communist corner in the White House."

"Can't say that yellow's much of an improvement, though somewhat more appropriate," he observed. "Now, then, this Princess Margaret Rose visit. What's your idea?"

"I'd like to have her visit me, of course, but not as a state visitor: more like a niece I've never met. I could give her a little dance, and—oh, if only Mary Smith were back, she'd know what to suggest. Maybe just an automobile tour or a trip to a dude ranch. They used to let the Prince of Wales have a good time, why not the princess? You see Fyffe-Percy, Alex, and tell him how I feel. If it's a state visit, I'll do whatever you think proper, but if they would trust me to take care of their daughter for a while—well, I'd love that!"

A SUDDEN sadness clouded her face, and Harrison remembered that Miranda's own baby had been a girl. He decided to change the subject.

"Speaking of Mary Smith, Miranda, what's happened. Is there any word of that female cyclone?"

She looked up, laughing. "Arthur Urn's looking for her in New York right now, with the help of the Secret Service, the F.B.I. and Naval Intelligence. Why they left out the Army and the police department I can't imagine. Isn't it a shame when a young man can't go courting without a posse?"

He leaned back in his chair and grinned. "From what I know of her temper," he observed, "I think he needs plenty of protection."

"Mary's temper is perfectly fiendish," the President agreed, "and what makes it worse is that she's very good at judo. Do you know, she broke his collarbone that time in Chicago, just because he tried to kiss her?"

The Secretary of State shuddered. "And I thought you wanted me to stop being afraid of women," he objected. "Heavens, what brutes you are! If that's the kind of girl Mary Smith is, the chances are Urn had better take along an ambulance."

She shook her head. "Not any longer," she assured him. "She's in love with him, poor thing!"

"Who's the poor thing?" he asked.

"Darn you, Alex. Mary, of course. I can't imagine what went wrong yester-



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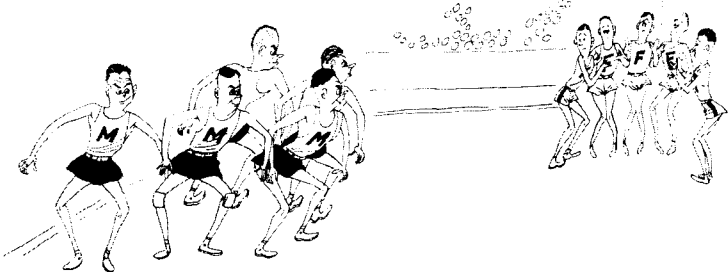
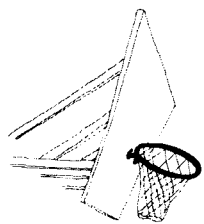
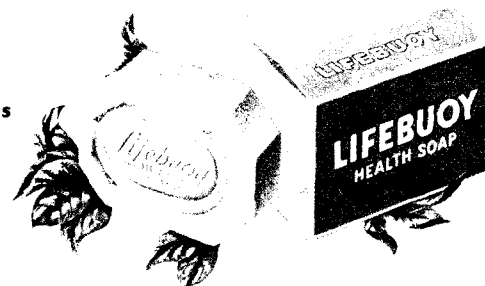
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day. Mary left without seeing me and Arthur—well, I didn't like to ask him, he was so upset. Anyhow, they'll be all right as soon as he finds her—What is it, Jurgene?"

The colored butler tiptoed in. "Begging yo' pahdon, Madam Pres'dent, but there's a telephone call for you from New Yo'k City."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Excuse me a minute, Alex. That will be Arthur. He promised to let me know as soon as he found her."

The Secretary of State rose as she left. "She's a mighty fine President, Jurge," he told the butler. "Twice the man most Presidents are."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Secretary. And she's a mighty fine lady, too. Knows how to treat the he'p, which is mo' than— Well, she's a mighty fine Lady President."

Miranda came back wearing a disturbed expression.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"No-o," she said. "At least I don't think it's very serious. He found her all right, but there was some kind of accident. They phoned from the hospital to say that he had recovered consciousness and was doing nicely. Oh, dear, do you suppose that Mary did it again? She's so impulsive."

He laughed. "The chances are she's sitting right beside his bed," he assured her, "reading that poem—how does it go? . . . 'For each girl kills the man she loves.'"

The President laughed. "Do you think they'll be all right?"

He nodded. "I'm sure of it, now that she's got him where he can't run away from her. Now, here's the way I see for taking on Huntuon and the organization. You and I, we've got to be careful not to tip our hand, and . . ."

THERE'S something about the White House, Urn thought as he lay convalescing, that tends to exaggerate normal things. A President has a headache, and three-headed calves are born and transcontinental express trains are derailed. A President has a stomach-ache, and there are hurricanes in the West Indies and at least one new volcano in Mexico. A President gets the hiccups and there are earthquakes in divers places and dead men walk in the streets and, all too often, are elected to Congress. And even when a Presidential press secretary falls in love, it cannot be as with others.

Here is the way it was:

When his special telephone taxi landed him at the Ritz-Carlton, from La Guardia Airport, the first man he saw was Johnny Evers of the New York Times.

"Washington bureau phoned you were coming here, Artie," Evers told him. "Give me a break, will you? What's this stuff about the President's secretary being kidnaped?"

"She has not been kidnaped, Johnny," Urn replied emphatically, only to receive a knowing nod and wink.

"It's okay to tell me, Artie," Evers urged. "I'm cleared with the F.B.I. I know you can't talk for publication yet but give me a break."

In his room at the Ritz, after he had shaken free from the undaunted Evers, Urn confronted Aloysius Donahue, New York agent in charge for the Secret Service, and Ellis Halburt, regional director for the F.B.I. Donahue was a long, melancholy, desiccated operative, while Halburt was chunky, aggressive and natty. The latter had the bathed-baby expression peculiar to the bureau, while the S-man was appropriately nondescript.

"Glad to have you with us, Mr. Urn," Halburt welcomed him. "We've thirty extra agents closing in on this gang. We've flown men in from Detroit and St. Louis to add to our regular force, so as not to run the risk of recognition. Everything will be well handled."

Donahue heaved a great Irish sigh.

"Our job is, of course, to be protecting the President," he announced, "and that goes for members of the President's household, Mr. Urn. While the bureau lads concentrate on the criminals, we'll be protecting Miss Smith and yourself. That's orders," he added with an air of regret.

Urn drew a deep breath. "There's some mistake," he told them. "Nobody's kidnaped Miss Smith. She simply came to New York without leaving her address and the President asked me to find her."

HALBURT smiled eagerly. "Of course, we understand. No publicity until after her release. Then a quiet bureau announcement giving credit to the New York police for co-operation. We're standing behind you all the way, Mr. Urn. We have agents with machine guns posted on every rooftop in the neighborhood and camouflaged prowlers with submachine guns are patrolling the district. You need have no worry. We haven't called for police assistance. The director is naturally so modest that he likes us to thank the police even when they don't lift a finger to help the bureau. We'll see this is handled efficiently."

"The Secret Service," Donahue announced, "has twenty operatives in the block where Miss Smith was last reported. They're trained men and women, ready to shoot if necessary. Do not be alarmed, Mr. Urn. Miss Smith will be perfectly safe."

Urn closed his eyes, shook his head vigorously, and opened them again. The men were still there. "But don't you understand," he demanded, "that there is no kidnaping, no danger? All I want is to find Miss Smith and ask her to return to Washington."

Halburt rose and snapped the strap of his shoulder holster.

"We understand," he said. "The director phoned me this morning to use full discretion. No, Mr. Urn, when you see Miss Smith, all you need do is to approach her, waving the orange handkerchief which we will supply, to warn our agents not to shoot. We'll keep you covered."

The White House press secretary shrugged his shoulders wearily. "Okay," he agreed, "give me your damned handkerchief, and for Heaven's sake, tell me where she is."

Donahue muscled in at this point. "The service," he announced, "is not saying where Miss Smith is, but we have reason to believe that if you are walking north on Fifth Avenue late this afternoon, say at six o'clock, you might see Miss Smith in front of Bonwit Teller's."

Halburt muttered something into his fedora-sized walkie-talkie and grinned aggressively.

"Here's your handkerchief, Mr. Urn," he announced, producing a five-inch square orange silk handkerchief. "Just hold that at shoulder level and wave it, and none of our men will touch you."

Urn turned to Donahue. "Is this necessary?" he asked. "Miss Smith has not been kidnaped. There's no need for these precautions. Can't you just let me see her naturally?"

Donahue shook his head. "We can't let this gang get away with this, Mr. Urn," he declared. "You just do like Mr. Halburt says and you'll be safe. We'll take care of Miss Smith."

As Urn left the hotel he was flashbulbed by Evers and a Times photographer.

"Thanks, Art," said Evers. "That will be in tomorrow's first edition. Has the F.B.I. got anything yet?"

"Listen, Johnny," Urn urged him. "There's nothing to this F.B.I. angle. The President's secretary took a powder. We know where she's staying, and I'm going to pick her up later this evening and take her back to Washington."

The Times reporter looked reproach-

*Have you the face of a
smart buyer?*



Norman
Rockwell

NOSE: Caution marks this chiseled nose. Its angular lines indicate a man who looks before he buys. Broad bridge shows he's convinced by *test*, not *talk*!

CHIN: Squareness says "show me!" Deep cleft marks one who feels pride when things live up to expectations. Apt to feel that pride after sampling the smooth body—the "Double-Rich" Kentucky Taste—of Cream of Kentucky!



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*Cream of
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Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 70%
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ful. "Arthur," he remarked, "in the old days before you went political you used to be an honest-to-God reporter. And here you are asking me to pass up a guaranteed front-page F.B.I. true-detective mystery for something as unromantic as the truth?"

Urn just shrugged his shoulders in defeat and turned away. As he crossed from Madison to Fifth and began his stroll north toward Bonwit Teller, he became aware of what amounted to a mass movement in the same direction. Who were G-men, who S-men and who bona fide pedestrians, he couldn't tell, but he seemed to be the center of a large group of humanity rolling uptown. He paused in front of Saks Fifth Avenue, turned and looked in the windows, and immediately fifteen other people were looking over his shoulder while tooting taxicabs protested an abrupt stoppage of traffic. He glanced at his wrist watch. It was close to six. So he accelerated his pace and was abreast of the department store at the moment designated by the Secret Service.

He looked around him. There was no sign of Mary. He shrugged his shoulders, walked to the next corner, turned and walked back, staring at the jointed dummies in the show window. Still no sign of Mary. He paused, lighted the last cigarette in his package and considered. He looked north again. Was it—?

He crumpled the orange handkerchief into a ball, threw it on the pavement and waved the empty cigarette package at shoulder level as he advanced.

SMITH was walking along, looking into the shop windows, and she did not notice him until he blocked her way. She looked up at him.

"You—" she began wanly.

"Mary," he said.

They looked at each other helplessly. Then he was inspired.

"I love you," he declared.

"What?"

He reached out and grasped her wrists. She looked up at him and then—

Pow! Urn felt a violent shock in his left shoulder.

"Mary!" he protested accusingly and then slid to the sidewalk. A dark pool began to spread on the concrete.

"I didn't!" she gasped, as she sank to her knees beside him. She looked up at the first man that approached them. "Get a first-aid kit from the store," she ordered. "He's been shot!"

Across the street F.B.I. Agent Muggins, exulted. "Got him!" he said. "That'll teach 'em!"

"Teach who?" It was Halburt. "Say, who do you think you just shot?"

Muggins smiled. "Don't care if it Stalin," he said. "Like the director say don't give the Red rats a chance or they gnaw down the Statue of Liberty."

His voice faltered as he noticed the thunderous expression on the face of the regional director.

"You've just shot the White House press secretary," Halburt snarled. "The director will be furious." He thought fast. "Muggins," he commanded, "give me your gun."

The terrified agent thrust it at him. "Gee, Chief," Muggins stammered. "I'm real sorry."

"Forget it!" Halburt said. "You never saw this gun after you loaned it to Mr. Smith for her protection." He wiped off and quietly inserted it in the pocket of his coat as he knelt on the pavement beside her.

"Who is he, sister?" Halburt innocently asked. "Who shot him?"

He shrank from the blaze in her eye. "You get an ambulance," she ordered. "If he dies, I'll kill you."

"Who, me?" he began. "Yes, you, Larry Halburt," Mary snapped. "I know you. I used to work on the F.B.I. liaison in G-2. Now you get an ambulance and if Arthur dies, I'll kill you."

Halburt showed that G-men have what it takes. He patted her shoulder.

"This is a mess," he said. "I'll have the hide of that dumb agent who shot him. Your boy friend will be okay. The ambulance is coming. And, say, what about this Communist gang that kidnaped you?"

She held her red-stained handkerchief against the wound in Urn's shoulder.

"I wasn't kidnaped."

"You were kidnaped by the Reds," the F.B.I. man said. "You must have been it was on the radio. They quoted the director."

Tersely and in the language which had carried the Fifth Army from the Kassarine Pass to Pisa, Mary told him what the director could do about it.

Halburt stood up and saluted. "Okay Sergeant," he said. "But this one is no my baby. This is strictly the director's."

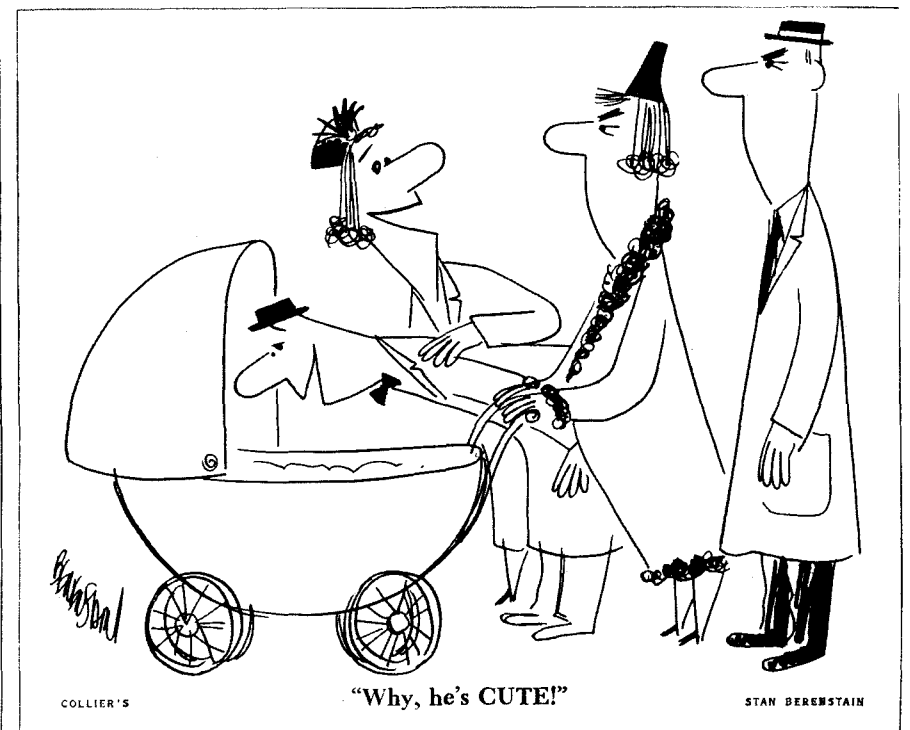
She looked down at the unconscious Urn, whose head lay cradled in her lap.

"This one's mine, darn it!" she said. "But that ambulance had better get here fast. I can't plug both sides of this wound forever."

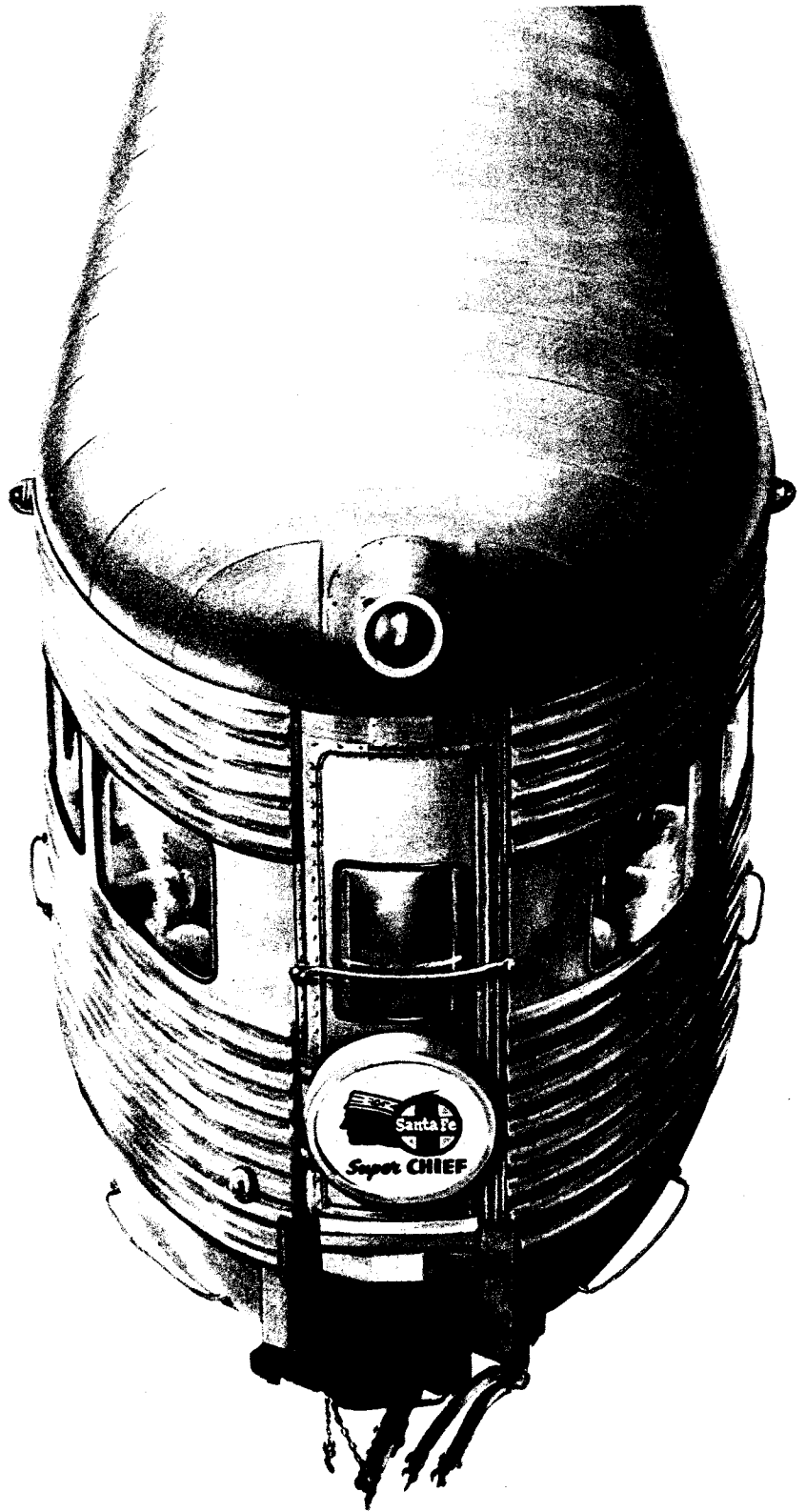
"You say that guy's yours?" the agent asked. "I thought he said he wasn't married."

She shook her red head at him. "He's not yet," she admitted, "but he might just as well be, the poor lug. Oh, Artie!"

(To be continued next week)



She came in on the *Super Chief*



How else would she travel to and from California?
For the Super Chief is one of the most glamorous all-room trains
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Makes you shudder, doesn't it? But if every motorist would remember this picture . . . and vow to keep out of it . . . the grim and growing auto accident rate would soon come down!

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THE GIRL WE



Collier's for March 27, 1948

LOST

BY JIM MARSHALL

Miss Janis Paige of Tacoma, ex-plumber's helper, climbs to stardom as the world champion of titles—fifty-eight of 'em

IN BETWEEN battles during the late war the favorite pastime of fighting men all over the place was choosing girls they'd most like to do something with—jump in a parachute, live on a desert island, bomb Tokyo, meet for breakfast, have in their stockings for Christmas or pin up on the wall.

This harmless madness resulted in acres of space in Army newspapers being used up to portray the charms of various young ladies.

It also resulted in the collection by a young Tacoma girl of fifty-eight titles, said by experts to constitute a world record. Miss Janis Paige—the titleholder and now a Warner Brothers star—says it was really nothing. "Most anybody could have done it," she says modestly. "I was just lucky."

Miss Paige has been everything from Miss Snow Queen and Miss Black Widow around to the Trailer Queen of 1947, the Miss America of Pin Up Girls and the Best Table Decoration of 1946.

While carrying out her duties in these odd roles Janis seldom wore very many clothes, it being a rule of the game that all misses or "Girls We'd" appear in bathing suits, even if mountain climbing or dedicating new refrigerator cars. Miss Paige varied this occasionally, wearing shorts and sweater in her role of a golf-tournament queen, a checked shirt and shorts for an appearance as Miss Delicious Apple and a Gay Nineties costume as the Trailer Queen.

There was a variation, too, when she became the Cotton Girl. The object of this hullabaloo was to sell more cotton goods, and Miss Paige was swathed in yards of the stuff, giving her a slight feeling of claustrophobia. A day or two later however, she was happy again as Miss Wingspread for the Army Air Force, which had little interest in expanding the use of cotton.

The Air Force's taste, according to the pictures, ran to a wisp of two-piece bathing suit. No wings, even.

During her rise to the heights of titleholding, Miss Paige acquired an ability to talk extemporaneously on any subject—military tactics, cookery, stage and screen, golf, Indian costumes, hotel management and the Fifty Decisive Battles of the World.

"I just wish," she told us, "that I'd been named Miss Nuclear Fission back in 1945. What an ad-lib talk I could have given on that!"

She got started on her grim career early in the war when she was made Miss Fort Ord and went to Monterey, California, to be initiated. It was all new to her and she hardly knew what she was getting into. If she had, she might have quit right there. But being a Miss got into her blood and in the next few months she turned up as Miss Delicious (Apple Week); Miss Daffodil (Tacoma Daffodil Week); Miss Naval Air Reserve; Miss Front Paige (Boston Newspaper Week); Miss Perfect Wink (Hollywood Photographers); Miss Whistle Art (Fort Bragg, California); Miss Personality (159th Signal Battalion); and Miss Rescue (Third Rescue Squadron).

Titles ranged all the way from simple Yum-Yum Girl and the Puritan

Maid of 1944 to such horrors as "The Girl we would most like to carry across the thresholds of our prefabricated homes"—a title abhorred by the massed battalions of Warner Brothers as unsuitable for headlines. In addition, paratroopers chose Janis as the girl they'd like to jump with; large units of the Army wanted to be cast away with her on desert islands; and a B-17 group wanted her to land in Tokyo with them.

Janis' real name is Donna Mae Jaden. She was born in Tacoma, Washington, in 1923 and began to sing almost at once. She sang all through grade school and in operettas at old Stadium High, which she says is the most beautiful high school in the country. The family didn't have much money, and she got a job in a plumbing-supply store at fifteen dollars a week to get cash for music lessons.

Studio publicity has since registered her as a confidential secretary to a master plumber, though what there is confidential about plumbing no one has explained.

Janis hoots at the secretary stuff. "I swept out the store," she says, "and you ought to see me solder an air vent or put on a washer. Ask me about installing sinks, bathtubs and wash-bowls. Hire me to fix a faucet and then watch me go back for my tools!"

Too Dusty a Job for a Singer

But plumber's helping was a dusty job and interfered with her singing. So she quit it. A chance came to sing with a Tacoma opera company and this led to a family expedition to Hollywood, to study singing and maybe break into the movies. It was the old standard routine of a family pooling its dough to give one member a chance. But nothing happened in Hollywood; Janis never even got inside a studio.

But she made up her mind she'd have a look at a movie star, anyway, and wandered around one night to the Hollywood Canteen, a favorite recreation spot for service men and women. Somebody from Metro saw her there, doing a coffee-and-doughnuts routine, listened to her sing and gave her a contract. She disappeared into the Culver City labyrinth and was never heard from again—almost. She was voice-coached, but that's all. No screen tests, no bit parts, nothing. Just a singing lesson every once in a while and a pay check every week and maybe a glimpse of Gable occasionally.

Being a thoughtful girl, she wondered if this ever would get her anywhere. Deciding it wouldn't, she quit cold and got a job behind the ribbon counter at the Broadway department store. All she had to show for a year's work was a package of those nasty-nice letters from around Tacoma, wanting to know what her next picture was, and who was she starring with now, and isn't it too bad, dearie, you were a failure?

She still served at the canteen one night a week and was looking forward one evening to hearing Ginny Simms sing for the boys. Miss Simms turned up missing, with a bad cold, and

Look! There's more than beauty

IN THE NEW

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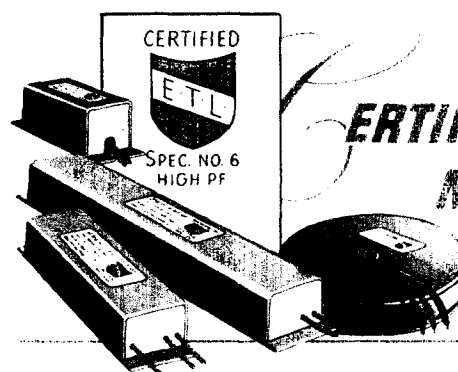
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Collier's for March 27, 1948



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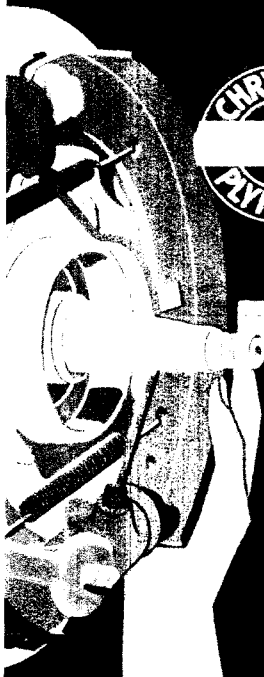


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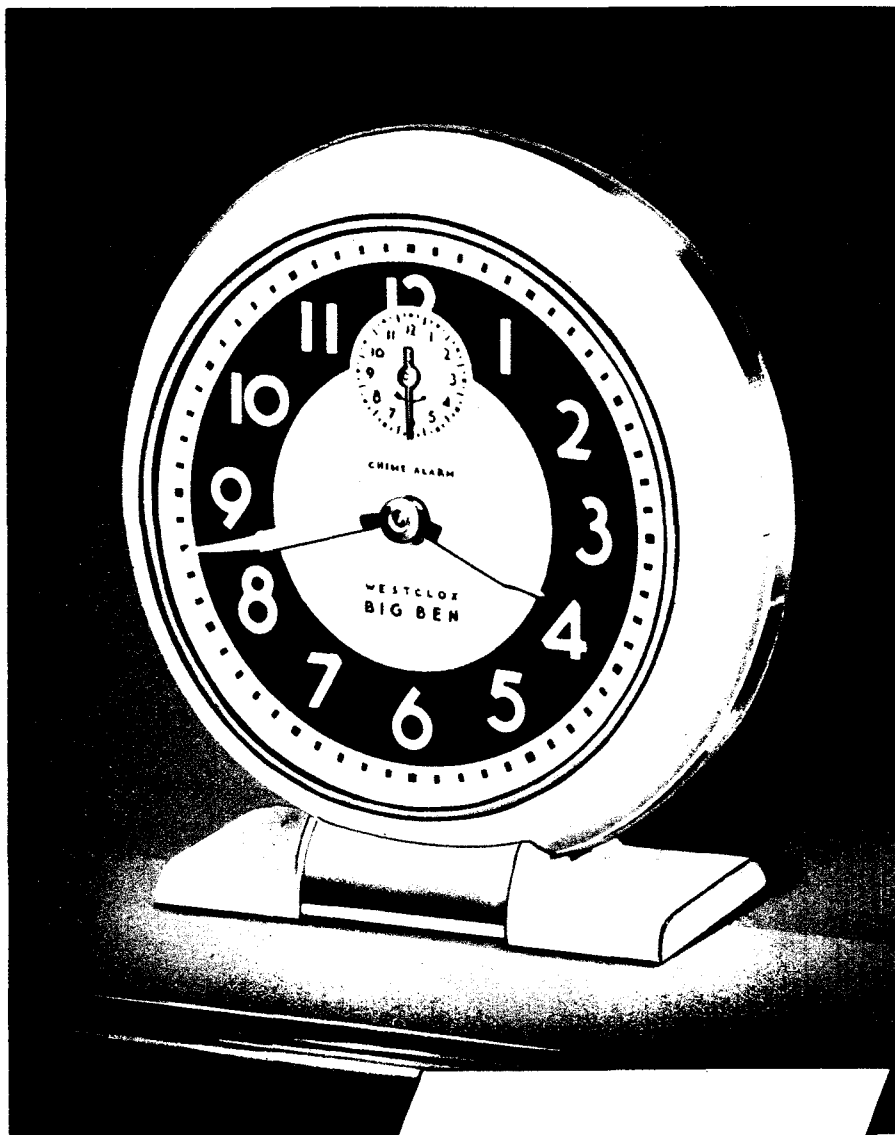


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somebody pushed Janis onto the stage and told her to sing.

She gave out a bit timidly with an aria from *Madame Butterfly* and got enough volume into it to awaken a Warner scout who was dozing behind a coffee urn. She was wearing a sweater at the time, and either this or her singing—or both, maybe—got her a contract to play in a picture called *Hollywood Canteen*. She accepted the studio's notion that Paige was a more romantic name than Jaden, and chose Janis herself, being a great admirer of Elsie Janis, a famed entertainer of troops in the Big War of 1918.

After *Hollywood Canteen*, she went into *Of Human Bondage*, because she wore pigtails, and Director Edmund Goulding happened to want a girl with pigtails. She made good and was starred in *The Time, The Place and The Girl*, in which she did for the first time what she had come to Hollywood for originally: sing. She went on through half a dozen other pictures and, late in 1947, made *Winter Meeting* with Bette Davis, one of her heroines. She has a kid sister, a studio secretary, who is almost a dead ringer for Bette.

Early in 1948 Janis was singing as the strawberry blonde in one of those nostalgic musicals. This followed a two-week honeymoon after her marriage on December 27th to Frank Martinelli, Jr., son of a San Francisco restaurant owner.

"I hope 'Mrs.' is going to be my last title," she said, "and I hope it lasts the rest of my life."

Rough Going on Broadway

She never was on the stage until the winter of 1946, when she was casually tossed before one of the toughest audiences in the country, at the Strand Theater in New York, playing five and six shows a day. On her home lot, she had been used to hairdressers, make-up men, wardrobe helpers and directors. At the Strand somebody pushed her into a small dressing cell and she was on her own. Did all right, though. Everything happened to her—laryngitis, indigestion, infected wisdom teeth, but she never missed a show, though yearning at times for the calm, sheltered life of Burbank, California.

During the laryngitis her voice fell to a whisper and she wanted to call it a day. Surrounded by assistant managers who yelled that the show must go on, she borrowed a microphone, painted her throat with silver nitrate, staggered onto the stage and whispered *Embraceable You* to the first three rows of the audience. The Strand audience was used to being shouted at, and accepted the whispering as a novel change of pace, so Janis kept

it in the act long after the laryngitis had gone away.

There wasn't much she could do about the ulcerated tooth, though, except push her face in on one side and let it bulge out on the other. It was funny, in a dull, aching sort of way. Coming home on the Chief, she wondered if, after all, the show always had to go on.

It did, even in the movies. The day after she got home she became, for California hotel bellhops, the *Girl We'd Most Like to Page*. That chore over, she was elected Queen of the Los Alamitos Naval Base, Miss Christmas Decoration, Queen of the Infantry at Camp Wheeler, and Miss Reveille for Fort Ord. A minor title was Miss Kissable, but who was supposed to kiss her she has forgotten.

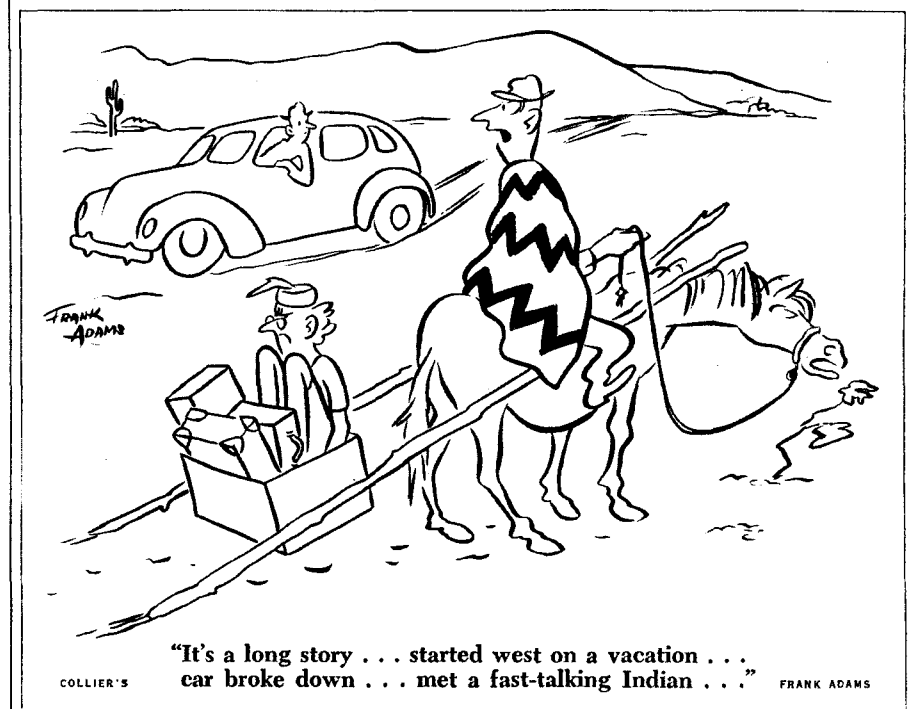
There was a period when hardly any public enterprise in the West could get going without Janis around. She reached some sort of height at the McNary Dam on the Columbia River at Umatilla, Oregon, where she was solemnly designated Miss Damsite. It was but a step from there to colonelcies in the Army and Marine Corps and a full generalship in the Air Corps, which insisted on raising the ante. Honorary, of course, but she has the stars to prove it.

During her long and arduous career as Miss This-and-That or the *Girl We'd*, Janis has worked out a traveling outfit which she hopes will be adopted by girls who take up her career. This Miss Kit is based on a shoe box full of tasty but durable food, a first-aid package with bandages, arnica, cough mixture and bruise-mark eliminator; sensible shoes; an air mattress; a Handbook of Indian Dialects; a guy named Bill Hendricks and a route map showing the nearest way back to civilization.

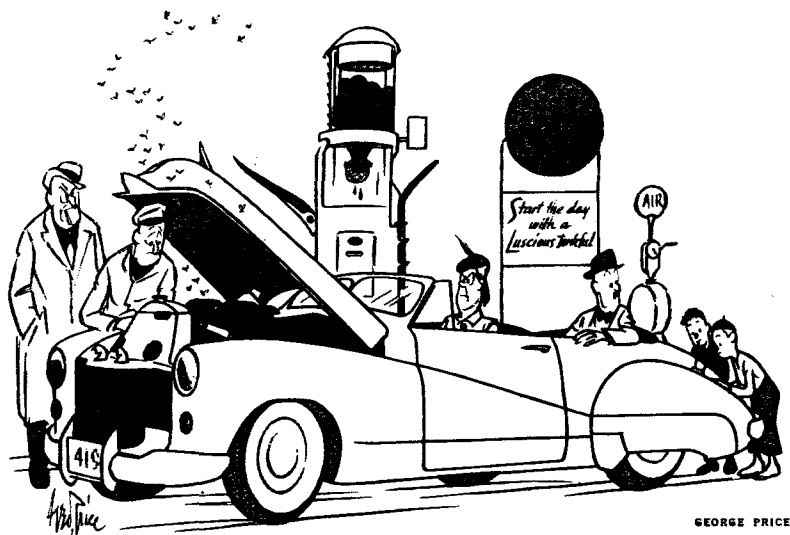
"It never occurs to anyone at a celebration that a girl has to eat," says Miss Paige reminiscently. "Often I've worked all day at being Miss Summer Fallow or the *Girl We'd Most Like to Shovel Sugar Beets With*—and after it's over they just say thanks and goodbye and see you again sometime maybe. . . . Gosh, you get hungry!"

In desperation she once leaped at the chance to become Miss Mess Kit for an Army corps, whose food-ruiners dubbed her the *Girl They'd Most Like to Cook For*. They made good, too, and she put on three pounds during the assignment and carried them around quite a while, as insurance.

The first-aid package stems from an experience in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where she was at once Miss Cheyenne, Princess Morning Star of the Cheyenne Tribe and the *Girl Who Made the Mayor Blush by Kissing Him*. Following all this, she had to sit around and smoke a



"It's a long story . . . started west on a vacation . . . car broke down . . . met a fast-talking Indian . . ."



A derivative of orange juice is being used to make autos go at Culver City Speedway, according to Bert Chalmers, director of the track.—News Item

TAKE A LETTER

Automotive Fruit Juice Co.,
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Gentlemen:

As a motorist of some 30 years running, I'd like to register a few complaints against your company's switch from gasoline to orange juice.

I've been trading at Danny's Service Station for a long time, and I can tell you it's mighty disconcerting these days to have the attendant run out and say, "What'll it be, sir—regular or navel?" Even your advertising has thrown me into utter confusion. "At the Sign of the Rolling Red Orange" may pull some thirsty customers into your service stations but it's very misleading to a man whose only interest is in getting enough fuel to carry him to Egg Harbor, New Jersey.

"Start each day with a big luscious tankful" is a catch phrase which undoubtedly will appeal to mothers with growing children who need scads of vitamin C, but is completely wasted on a big burly truck driver with a couple of tons of furniture going coast to coast.

Yesterday, with my old jalopy smelling like a lemon phosphate, I pulled into Danny's pop stand with motor trouble. They checked the line, the plugs, the distributor points and finally the carburetor. Know what was in there? Seeds. Transportation has come to a pretty pass when a man has to install an orange-juice strainer in his gas tank. I used to get between 16 and 18 miles to the gallon with your old product; now I'm lucky if I can eke out a bare 4 miles using your freshly squeezed Valencias. That includes evaporation plus the amount siphoned out by the neighborhood kids with straws.

Perhaps you'll remember that Zipperlube you used to sell before you went into competition with grape smash. Well, that stuff had a noticeable effect on my engine. I liked it a lot. But the last time I filled up the tank the attendant tried to add a squirt of cherry. Said it was swell for the piston rings. I always knew fruit juices helped to stave off scurvy but I question its therapeutic effect on carbon and sludge.

In spite of the fact that your friendly soda jerks wipe your windshield, check your air, oil, water and battery, and also clean the pulp and fruit rind out of your muffler and swat any stray Florida fruit flies, I, for one, like your old-type fuel the best. I mean the kind that comes out of a pump, not a juice extractor.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett

calumet with the Indians, swallowing a few mouthfuls of smoke and coughing her head off. The calumet seemed unnecessary. She never had been at war with the Cheyennes to start with. Coming home from the tribal peace meeting someone conked her and she went out like a light.

"First-aid kit would have come in handy there," she says.

The other kit items are self-explanatory—except Mr. Hendricks. He is a vigorous young man who goes on Janis' trips to manage them, and is supposed to take all the heartache and physical

and mental mayhem. Sometimes he does, too.

Once in a small Oregon town, having been Miss New Irrigation Ditch all day in the hot sun, Miss Paige was lodged for the night in a fleabag hotel that really was. About three in the morning, unable to sleep, she called the manager and complained in a ladylike way.

"What's eatin' yuh?" asked the manager.

Miss Paige told him.

That was the night she added an item to her Miss Kit: DDT.

THE END

Collier's for March 27, 1948

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...his father is heading for *failure*



HIS DAD makes a lot of money. He's so busy today, he neglects to plan wisely for his family's tomorrow. He's gambling that he will go on riding the crest... immune to life's hazards. Yet without him his family's security would vanish overnight. There is a way to prevent this failure.

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HIS DAD is on the way up. He has a *plan* that combines all his assets for the future... war bonds, life insurance, savings, Social Security. It provides step-by-step for his family's security, college for his son, a debt free home. His success is charted the *Analagraph** way.



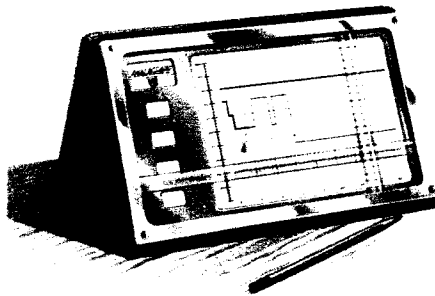
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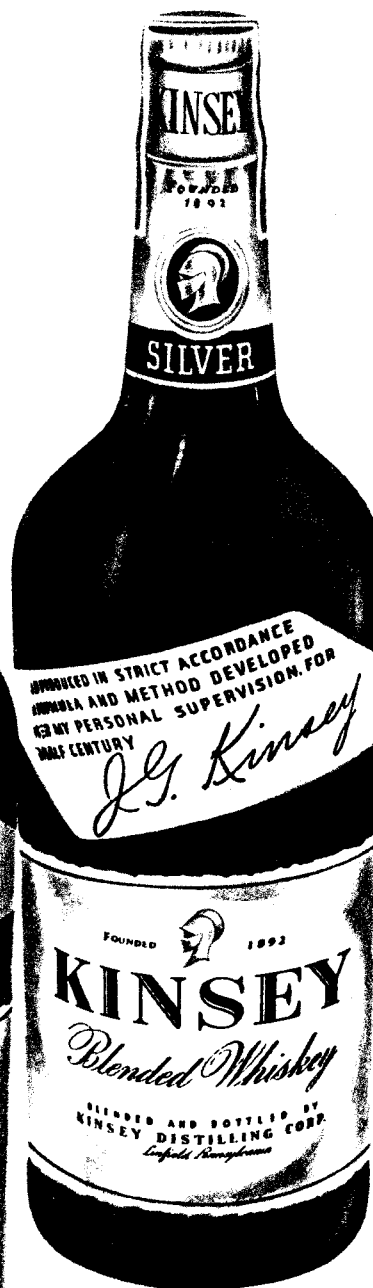
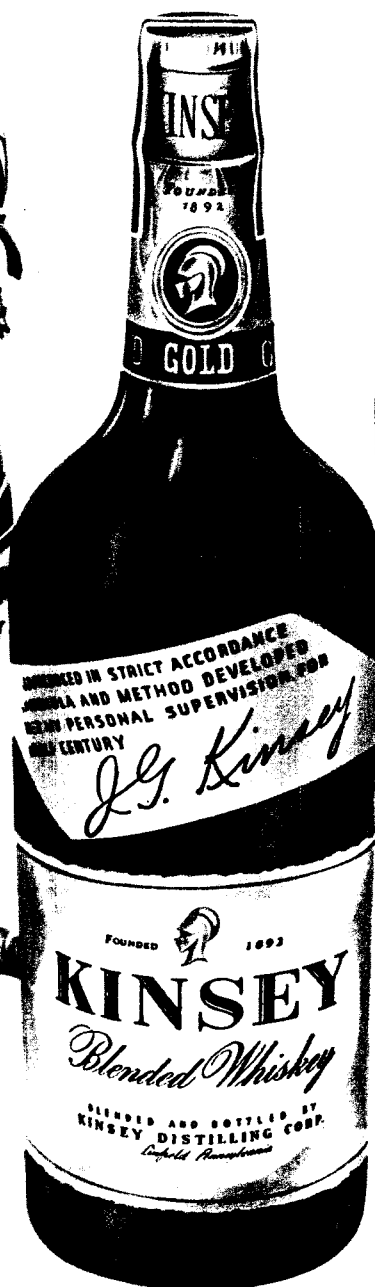
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Rich, full-bodied... a luxury whiskey!



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Light, mellow... and a wonderful value!

Magnificent, matchless flavor... *noble* flavor... you'll enjoy it in every drop of Kinsey Whiskey.

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Try Kinsey today... and see for yourself how really smooth... how really delicious... how really *noble* a whiskey can taste.

THE PHANTOM CRYBABY

Continued from page 13

incinerate selves on funeral pyre of late husbands, widows still enjoy great disfavor in India regarding further matrimony. Item B: Am personally betrothed since age of nine years and married since seventeen. Having one wife and three assorted children currently residing with father in Bengal, am of opinion that bigamous courtship of American ladies would no doubt entail legal consequences."

"But you do know Mrs. Gable, Dr. Mookerji?"

"Quite," Dr. Mookerji's long black lashes drooped over his intelligent brown eyes. "Mrs. Gable's late deceased husband, Lieutenant Gable, was semi-intimate friend of self while stationed Calcutta-side."

LIEUTENANT GABLE, it seemed, had become quite chummy with Motilal Mookerji before he was moved to a forward base in Assam. Lieutenant Gable was more interested in the Hindu classics than in Karaiya Road, and even after he began flying combat missions, he spent his leaves in Calcutta and read India's great yoga scripture, Bhagavad-Gita, with the future Dr. Mookerji. On his last leave he had charged Mookerji with sending his annotated copy of Bhagavad-Gita to his wife in case he did not come back. He had also suggested that Mookerji use his American fellowship by interning in Northbank. The Middle West was the only place to learn about the real America. . . .

"After Lieutenant Gable's heroic demise, was therefore honored to bring sad volume of Bhagavad-Gita to Widow Gable with own hands."

About Louise Gable's sanity? Well, Dr. Mookerji wasn't a psychiatrist and he wasn't exactly sure. One couldn't be sure about any women. "American ladies appear somewhat schizophrenic," said Dr. Mookerji, "displaying stern male traits of boldness and commerce by daytime, while reverting to softish lures of timid female kitten at nighttime."

About the baby she heard crying in the big house—the phantom baby that cried at night? Well, Louise Gable was a little crazy on the subject of babies. She had adopted—by absentee parent-hood—a dozen European war orphans and a dozen Chinese babies. She wanted to make an orphans' home of the house, which was much too big for her—and

which Attorney Philips wanted to sell to a syndicate launching a new country club. Dr. Mookerji had never heard the baby which was supposed to cry in that house. Nobody had; the servants lived in rooms over the garage and had never been in the house when the phantom baby cried. However, Dr. Mookerji was confident that the crying would stop if only Louise Gable would remarry and have another baby of her own.

"According to Manu, Hindu law-giver," said Dr. Mookerji, "women and oxen are superior creatures when yoked in team than when roaming at large. Therefore am enacting role of Kama, who is Hindu god somewhat resembling Cupid."

Louise Gable had two suitors, the Hindu said: Roger Gable, her late husband's brother, a former captain in the 101st Airborne Division, who flew down from New York every week end to court Louise; and Jim Stoneman, the handsome young manager of her cannery. Roger Gable, it seemed, wanted to marry Louise whether she was crazy or not; the crazier, the better; he was a little crazy himself since a German shell fragment made a hole in his head at Bastogne. Jim Stoneman didn't say very much, but he did considerable courting of Louise five days a week and didn't mind the current gossip that he was really courting the cannery. Stoneman was a hard-headed, sensible young man.

"Am personally favoring suit of Captain Gable," the Hindu said. "Hindu tendency favors retaining betrothals in same family, if sufficient brothers survive. Besides, this Captain Gable is splendid guy."

Unfortunately, Louise Gable seemed to favor Jim Stoneman. Stoneman was quietly serious, an excellent administrator, and the ideal man to look out for the family canning interests. Roger Gable was a big, irresponsible, irrepressible boy—

Dr. Coffee interrupted to report the visit of Leonard Philips—and Philips' threat. "You will be careful about giving Mrs. Gable medical advice, won't you, Doctor?"

The Hindu wagged his bulky turban once to the left. He sighed. "Am of opinion that patent attorneys should remain glued to patents, even when canning inventions catapult same to position of power and glory. Am also of opinion

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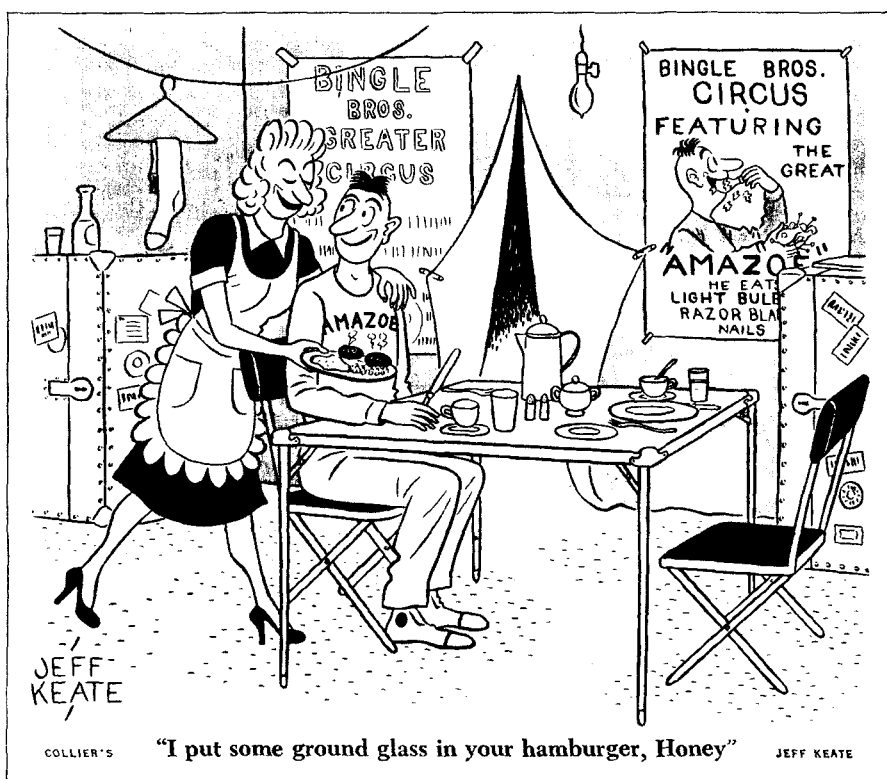
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"I put some ground glass in your hamburger, Honey"

Collier's for March 27, 1948

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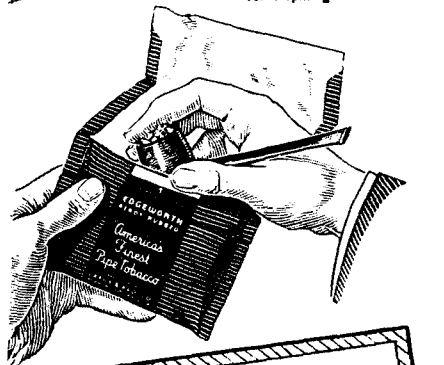
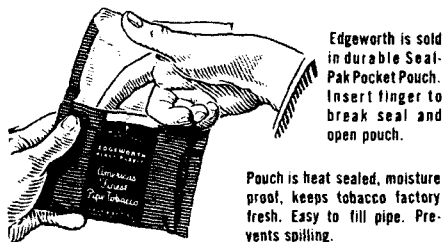
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that Barrister Philips is behaving like bulldog in cow manger. Am desirous you should make acquaintance of Widow Gable, Doctor Sahib."

"Any time you say," Dan Coffee said cheerfully. He could not know that within thirty hours he would not only have met the Widow Gable but that she would be clinging to his arm with panic-clamped fingers, staring at a dead man.

None of it seemed quite real to Dr. Coffee except the wind and the rain outside, making the night lugubrious with sullen, stealthy, muted sounds. Yet the dead man on the stairs was real enough. So was the beautiful young woman he had met half an hour before, staring at the corpse with dark, fear-haunted eyes. Even the imaginary baby crying somewhere in the upper stories of the house must be real, since Dr. Coffee had heard it. Leonard Philips had said that Louise Gable was losing her mind, because she heard the baby. For a moment Dr. Coffee thought perhaps he, too, was losing his sanity—until he reminded himself that this nightmare had begun prosaically and logically at his own front door this very evening.

IT WAS a quiet Sunday evening, and he had been exercising his weekly privilege of cluttering up the kitchen with what his wife called his "pathological culinary experiments." Dr. Coffee, who liked to eat, had a theory that a good trencherman should be a good cook. For the past five Sundays he had been attempting, with marked lack of success, to devise a cheese soufflé that would not collapse immediately upon being taken from the oven. Now, after another failure, he settled himself in an easy chair with a volume of Escoffier's cookbook.

It was raining outside and Dr. Coffee was deeply immersed in the salad section when his doorbell rang—three long, loud peals that sent resounding echoes scurrying through the house.

A gust of cold rain blew into Dan Coffee's face as he opened the door. Dr. Motilal Mookerji stood outside. He wore a slicker over his white uniform, giving him the general contours of a captive balloon. The rain-bedraggled tail of his turban clung to his slicker like a limp pink snake. Through the blur of the downpour, Dr. Coffee could see the gleam of a black coupé at the curb.

"Pardon unannounced intrusion, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu panted. "But am suddenly encumbered with subacute case of hysterical female jitters. Will you make social and professional acquaintance of Widow Gable at this time?—Splendid. Suggest rain cloak, since Widow Gable requests escort to domicile. Phantom crybaby presently engaged in habitual frightening vocal exercises."

Dr. Coffee got his first look at Louise Gable by the glow of the dashboard lights. Her long, Oriental-looking eyes peered straight ahead into the rainy night as she gripped the wheel of her car. The street lights whisking past made rhythmic patterns of her high, pale cheekbones and her blue-black hair. There was no doubt that she was very beautiful—and very frightened.

She apologized for taking Dr. Coffee away from his home on a night like this.

"But I simply couldn't go into that house alone," she said. "I'd just come back from driving Roger Gable—my brother-in-law—to the airport. As soon as I opened the door I heard the baby crying. I was terrified. My servants were out. I drove over and picked up Dr. Mookerji."

How long had this been going on? Two weeks exactly. Louise remembered the first time she had heard the crying—a Sunday night after returning from taking Roger Gable to the airport. For several days there had been nothing. Then the phantom baby had cried for two nights running. The last time she had heard it was three nights ago—Thursday night.

And then tonight. She had been particularly terrified tonight, perhaps because she was upset. She admitted to having quarreled violently with Roger Gable before leaving him at the airport.

Louise Gable's darkened house, a legacy from her father, stood back from the road at the end of a long, poplar-lined lane. It had the turrets, the long, steep roofs, and the tall chimneys of a Burgundian château, and the general coziness of a mausoleum. Dr. Coffee held a flashlight while Louise fumbled with her keys.

The massive oak door swung open. Dr. Coffee stood for a moment in the chill, musty silence of the vaulted foyer, wondering at the queer disquiet that ran through him like the first malaise of a fever. The very rustle of his raincoat seemed to echo in the darkness—a darkness peopled by some lurking evil, some nameless terror. He held his breath while Louise groped for the light switch.

"Quite melancholy place, eh, Doctor Sahib?" The voice of the Hindu intern was shrill in the darkness.

When the great crystal chandelier flooded the hall with light Louise Gable was standing with her hand on the switch, her face uplifted anxiously, listening for something she dreaded to hear.

"There!" said Louise. "Hear it?"

Dr. Coffee listened to the spatter of rain on the window, to the wet rustle of the trees bending to the wind, to the throb of his own pulse beat in his ears. He began to shake his head. Then suddenly he heard it—a faint, reedy wail which seemed to come from far off. The high, inhuman monotone grew fainter, then stopped with a quick, sharp sound like the intake of breath, like a sob.

"I can hear it," Dr. Coffee said.

"Likewise," said Dr. Mookerji.

"Thank God!" Louise breathed. "Then I'm not really mad?"

"It's upstairs," Dr. Coffee said. "We'll trace it."

"Wait." Louise swung the heavy front door; it slammed shut. She tested the latch. Then she snapped on the stairwell lights.

Slowly they mounted the thick-carpeted stairs—the slim, dark girl between the pudgy Hindu and the tall, sandy-haired pathologist.

When they reached the landing, the phantom baby began crying again.

When they reached the top of the staircase, they found the dead man. He was lying face down, with one arm poked grotesquely through the balustrade.

LOUISE GABLE drew back stiffly. She opened her mouth—but there was no scream in her throat. Dr. Coffee stooped. He turned the dead man over.

Somewhere in the house the thin wail sobbed into silence.

Louise found her voice. She said, "It's Jim Stoneman." She asked no unnecessary questions. The glazed and bulging eyes, the swollen, blue-gray face spoke unequivocally of death.

Dr. Coffee tried to recall where he had heard the name of Jim Stoneman. Of course. Stoneman was manager of the Barzac cannery and one of Louise Gable's suitors. The pathologist examined the marks on the swollen neck. He said, "The man's been strangled—not very long ago. Was he here when you left the house, Mrs. Gable?"

"I haven't seen him today," Louise gave a queer, short laugh. She was stunned, but she was not hysterical. Her voice was calm and flat, as she said, "Roger asked me again to marry him tonight. I told him no—once and for all. I told him never to come back to Northbank, because I was going to marry Jim Stoneman. And now—" Louise put her hands to her temples. Two tears rolled down her cheeks as she stared at the dead man. "I've just found out I was going to marry a man I didn't love. I liked

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Jim a lot. He was comfortable and practical and reliable, and I guess I loved the security he represented. But now that he's dead, I don't feel anything—except that I love Roger. I love him terribly—the way I loved Ralph. I love him for all his craziness and irresponsibility and—whatever the war did to him. I even love that metal patch in his skull he's always joking about. I—

"We'll have to call the police," Dr. Coffee interrupted.

Louise clutched his arm. "Doctor, you won't say anything to the police—about what I've just told you—about Jim and me and Roger? Because they—might... think..."

The sentence died slowly. Louise was looking past Dan Coffee, looking down the stairs with unfocused eyes.

Dr. Coffee knew what the eyes were seeking. He, too, had heard the footstep on the floor below.

He murmured, "Phone the police, Mrs. Gable. Dr. Mookerji will stay with you. I'm going down."

Dan Coffee gently removed the trembling hand from his arm and started down the stairs. From the landing he could see the front door gaping wide. The rain blowing in from the night spattered darkness on the rug. There was no one in sight.

Standing under the crystal chandelier, Dr. Coffee was uneasily aware that he made an excellent target. There was already one dead man in the house. He snapped out the lights. He was not precisely invisible in the twilight from the upstairs fixtures, but he felt better—until, above the sounds of wind and rain, he heard the creak of flooring.

The creak came from somewhere to his right. He moved noiselessly over the thick carpet into the small drawing room just off the foyer. He paused. Dark silence swirled around him. His hand explored the wall. Then the floor creaked again—very close by.

"Don't move!" Dr. Coffee was surprised at the peremptory tone of his own voice. "Put up your hands!"

His fingers touched the switch. Light flooded the room.

A husky, broad-shouldered man with shy, gray eyes and a strong jaw stood with his arms crooked awkwardly over his head. He smiled sheepishly. "You're Dr. Coffee, aren't you? I've heard a lot about you from Dr. Mookerji. I'm Roger Gable."

Roger lowered his arms and held out his right hand. Dan Coffee hesitated a moment, then shook it. The hand disturbed Dr. Coffee strangely. It was as limp as a newly dead corpse.

"I thought you went back to New York tonight, Mr. Gable," Dan Coffee said.

"My flight was washed out," Roger said. "I didn't want to bother Louise, so I took a taxi in from the airport."

"I didn't hear any taxi."

"He dropped me at the gate. I walked up the driveway. Say, is anything wrong? Where's Louise?"

"You must have heard Mrs. Gable talking upstairs," Dr. Coffee said. "Why didn't you come up, instead of sneaking off in there?"

Roger hesitated. "When I found the front door open, I was afraid something was wrong. Then, when I heard voices—well, I guess I was eavesdropping. Is Louise all right?"

Dr. Coffee's long fingers thoughtfully raked his unruly mop of hair. He remembered Louise closing the front door, closing it tight and testing the latch. He looked at Roger Gable as though he were examining a section of cell tissue under the microscope, seeking signs of malignancy. His lower jaw advanced slowly as he made his diagnosis.

"Let's go up," he said.

Louise was standing in front of the gilt-framed picture on the landing. Her lips parted when she recognized Roger. "Captain Gable!" exclaimed Dr. Mookerji. "You are arriving in notch of time. What luck!"

"Bad luck, I'm afraid, Roger," said Louise Gable. She buried her face against Roger's shoulder and sobbed.

Outside the house the police sirens were wailing.

IT WAS two o'clock in the morning before Dan Coffee got to bed. There had been long, repetitious, and—to Dr. Coffee—stupid questioning by a dozen policemen, including the chief of police himself. The Barzac name was still political magic in Northbank.

There had been endless retelling of the story of the phantom crybaby to explain Dr. Coffee's presence in the house—but there had been no more wailing from the upper floors.

There had been a bitter argument with the coroner, because Dr. Coffee had said that proper thermometers might help establish the time of Stoneman's death, which could now only be estimated at less than two hours before discovery of the body—since *rigor mortis* had not yet set in.

There had been one lucky break—the presence of Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter among the confused and determined police dragoons who tramped through the house in search of clues. Ritter had been conducting a one-man fight for a Northbank police laboratory; so far unsuccessful, he had contracted an unholy alliance with Dan Coffee for the unofficial use of the Pasteur Hospital pathology laboratory in puzzling cases demanding the scientific approach. Max Ritter finally succeeded in getting Dr. Mookerji sent back to the hospital and Dr. Coffee to his home. But he could not prevent his chief from bundling

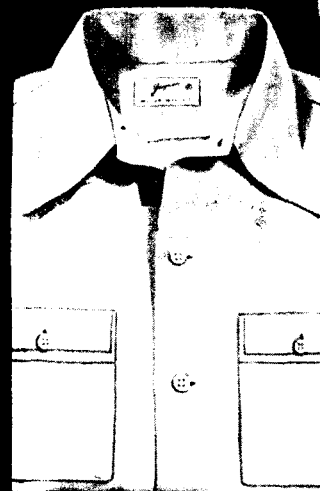
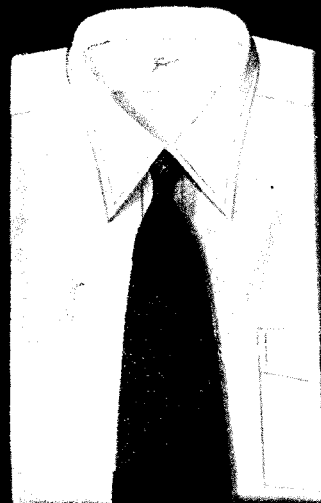
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Louise and Roger Gable off to police headquarters.

At three in morning, just as Dan Coffee was getting to sleep, his telephone rang.

"Hi, Doc," said Lieutenant Ritter. "I thought you'd want the score by innings. First of all, Mrs. Gable got her lawyer down here—patent attorney who's been riding the gravy train ever since he put the legal fences around Barzac's canned tomato sauce—and he's talked the chief into letting Mrs. Gable go."

"Second of all," Max Ritter continued, "the chief is still holding this guy Roger Gable. The chief sweat his story out of him—that he thought he was going to marry his sister-in-law until she told him tonight she was going to ditch him for Stoneman. So the chief's got it all pat—Gable killed Stoneman—motive: jealousy—and maybe one greedy eye on the Barzac estate. What do you think, Doc?"

"I don't know, Max," Dan Coffee said sleepily. "I don't know what to think of his story of the front door being open."

"Neither do I," the detective said, "but somebody opened it—even if Mrs. Gable says she has the only key to the front door. How did Stoneman get in, Doc—unless she let him in herself? One more thing, Doc. Did you notice this guy Stoneman had one hand doubled up? Well, his right fist was full of little gray lumps, like coarse gravel. Maybe it's nothing, but maybe it's something. Anyhow, I sneaked out a few lumps before the coroner took over, just in case you want to make with the test tubes. What time you due at work in the morning?"

"I'm driving over to Lycoville first thing," Dr. Coffee said. "They want me to sit in on an operation. Why don't you drop off the samples at my lab? Dr. Mookerji will be there."

"That swami again?"
"You ought to know that Dr. Mookerji is a bang-up chemist, Max, after the job he did on the Starkey case."

"Sure, he's aces in chemistry," Ritter said. "Only we don't talk the same brand of English. Look, Doc, come right down to the morgue after Lycoville. I'll stall the autopsy till you get there."

"Right, Max. Good night."

The autopsy revealed little except that Jim Stoneman had been strangled; the marks on the throat—thumb mark on one side, the four fingers on the other—indicated only one hand had throttled Stoneman: the right one; the murderer had been very strong. Louise Gable was eliminated as the strangler because her right hand was too small to fit the marks on the dead man's throat. Roger Gable's hands were plenty big enough, so Roger remained in jail.

AFTER the autopsy, Ritter said to Dr. Coffee, "Nobody's heard from Mrs. Gable since she left the police station. Philips is worried. And say—I been talking to your swami on the phone. I guess he knows what that gravel is, but you'll have to interpret for me, Doc. I'll drive you to the hospital."

The Hindu intern was bent over the autoclave—the laboratory's pressure cooker—when the two men entered the laboratory. As he straightened up emerging like a rotund Oriental Mephisto from a cloud of steam, the top of his turban came just to Dr. Coffee's shoulder.

"But Lieutenant Ritter received explanation of utmost lucidity," Dr. Mookerji protested. "Because of crystalline fracture, ventured opinion that dark, brittle substances were carbide of calcium. Suspicions confirmed by exposing same to contact with water, thereby causing decomposition into calcium hydroxide plus highly inflammable endothermic gas having somewhat stinking odor plus two atoms each of carbon and hydrogen. Gas is entitled acetylene. Correct, Doctor Sahib?"

"See what I mean, Doc?" Ritter said.

"Your gravel is calcium carbide, which gives off acetylene when you add water," said Dr. Coffee. "You're just too young, Max. You're a child of the electric age. When I was a boy, I had a carbide lamp on my bicycle."

"I used to walk my paper route," the detective said. "I didn't have a bicycle. Neither did Stoneman when he was killed. The carbide mean anything?"

"Maybe." Dr. Coffee lighted a cigarette and thoughtfully watched the match burn down. "Max, did it rain last Thursday night?"

"I wouldn't know," Ritter answered.

"Dr. Mookerji, did it rain last Thursday night?"

The voluminous turban wagged back and forth. "Greatly fear am somewhat nincompoop regarding retention of meteorological data," the Hindu said.

"He doesn't remember either," Dr. Coffee interpreted. He turned to Doris Hudson, his chief technician. "Doris, call the Weather Bureau and ask if it rained in Northbank Thursday night. Also find out if it rained two weeks ago Sunday night. Then phone Washington and locate General Barrington of the Veterans Administration. Ask the general to wire me collect the case history of Captain Roger Gable of the 101st Airborne, with a detailed description of head wounds received at Bastogne."

"Is that all?" asked Miss Hudson sweetly.

"After that, we get to work. Max, I've got a stack of slides to diagnose. I'll be tied up for about four hours, but I'd like to go out to Mrs. Gable's house with you late this afternoon. I think we may find out what makes Mrs. Gable's cry-baby cry."

IN MIDAFTERNOON Louise Gable herself appeared in the laboratory. She was pale and haggard and she wore the same coat and scarf she had been wearing when Dr. Coffee last saw her. She had obviously been without sleep.

She was dry-eyed as she talked to Dan Coffee, but there were tears in her voice—the bitter, blind, hopeless tears of despair. She had been driving almost constantly since three thirty in the morning, looking for the taxi that had picked up Roger at the airport and brought him to her home. She had hoped that the taxi driver could establish the exact time he had dropped Roger and that it would be later than the discovery of Jim Stoneman's body. She had finally found the driver, only to learn that he could not vouch for Roger's innocence. His watch had stopped. He did not know the exact time he had deposited Roger.

"Do you think Roger could have killed Jim, Doctor?" Louise asked. "Could that hole in his skull have affected his mind so that he really went mad after our fight at the airport—?"

"I don't know," Dan Coffee said—"yet."

"Then I'll keep on looking. I must find someone who can say that Roger didn't come to my house until after Jim was dead. I must! I've got to save him."

"You've got to get some sleep, Mrs. Gable."

"But I can't sleep. I can't possibly."

"I'll give you something to help." Dr. Coffee scribbled on a slip of paper. "Dr. Mookerji will go down the hall with you to the dispensary. They'll give you a bottle. When you get home, take one teaspoonful in a glass of water. You'll be asleep in no time. If you don't get a little rest, you'll come apart like a dandelion in a high wind. Promise you'll go home and sleep?"

"I'll try." Louise closed her eyes wearily. "I'll stop by to see if Len Philips has done anything for Roger. Then I'll go home."

At five that afternoon, driving to Louise's mansion in a police car, Max Ritter asked Dr. Coffee, "Think we'll find anything, Doc?"

FOR "HE-MAN" FOODS

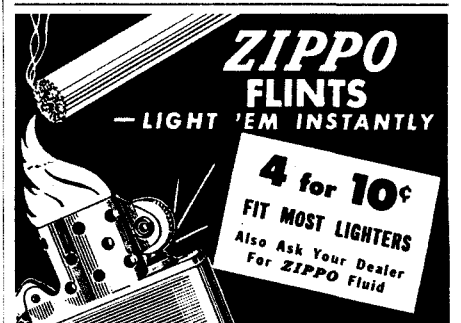
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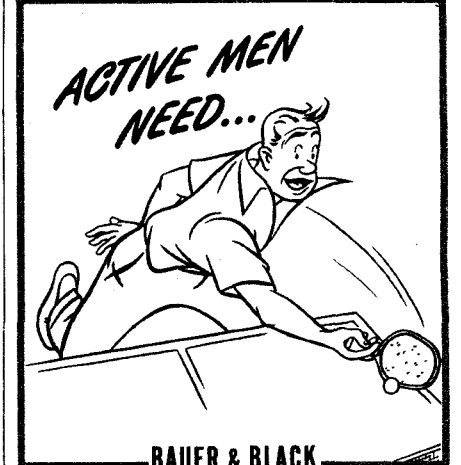


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Collier's for March 27, 1948

"Yes. It rained on at least three nights that the baby cried."

"Whatever that means. Anything else?"

"Yes. I've got the Army medical report on Roger Gable's head wound. A tiny shell fragment was removed from the left frontal lobe of his brain, just anterior to the Rolandic fissure."

"You talk like the swami," Ritter said. "Has Gable's brain got anything to do with Stoneman's murder?"

"Definitely. Have you charged Roger Gable with murder yet?"

"No, but if we don't book him today, that patent attorney Philips is going to spring him on a writ of habeas corpus. Did you read in the afternoon papers about how we're trying to locate the locksmith who made a duplicate key to Mrs. Gable's front door?"

"I didn't see the papers. Having any luck?"

"War of nerves," Ritter winked. "Just in case the strangler reads the papers. But maybe we can dig up the locksmith in time. Hey, here we are."

The plain-clothes man on guard at the front door said Mrs. Gable had not come home yet. He was sure; he had been there all day.

Dr. Coffee led the way directly to the attic. He explained that he was looking for some sort of hose leading either from the roof or from the gutters under the eaves. After ten minutes of poking among dusty garden furniture, trunks and cobwebs, Dr. Coffee found a piece of metal tubing that had been forced upward through the roofing. A long, thin rubber hose ran from the bottom of this to what seemed to be a pile of gardening tools.

"I'll be damned," said Ritter. "A watering can with a tin horn stuck on the spout."

"Damned ingenious!" Dan Coffee was examining the queer contraption. "Look, Max. This metal top seals the can hermetically when you fasten the bolts. There's an intake valve in this end here, where the rubber tube feeds in."

"What's that white stuff inside?" Ritter asked.

"Slaked lime—the residue after carbide breaks down in water. And look at the valve in the spout, Max. It has a rubber band as a spring to keep it closed."

"I don't get it, Doc. Is this thing supposed to blow the horn?"

"Here's how it works. When it rains, water runs into the can from the tube connected to the roof. When the water hits the carbide, acetylene gas begins to form and closes the intake valve. When

the gas pressure is high enough, it forces open the valve in the spout, and the gas rushes out through the little horn soldered to the end of the spout. When enough gas has escaped to reduce the pressure, the valve snaps shut, and the process begins again. Meanwhile the horn has given off a wail that sounds like a squalling baby—from a distance. The baby cried only at night, Max, because it rains at night in Northbank in summer."

"I better go down and phone the boss about this," Ritter said.

"Take another look and see if Mrs. Gable is home yet," Dan Coffee said.

THE pathologist was tinkering with the strange device when he heard Ritter call from the attic stairway, "She's not home, Doc."

Dan Coffee brushed the dust from his knees and went to the stairs. "That's funny, Max," he said. "She promised to go home to bed as soon as she talked to her lawyer. I wonder—?"

A moment later he was at the phone, dialing Leonard Philips' number.

The attorney's voice was vibrant with excitement as he said, "Coffee? Thank God you called! I've been trying to reach you everywhere. I finally called the police. She was asking for you before she lost consciousness. She—"

"Who? What happened?"

"Louise Gable. She's committed suicide—right here in my office!"

Max Ritter's siren screamed through traffic and traffic lights the entire five miles to Philips' office. Dr. Coffee perspired the whole way—about five miles to the gallon, according to Ritter.

A police emergency ambulance stood in front of Philips' office building. The elevator crawled to the seventh floor. Leonard Philips, his pink face mottled with white, his eyes wide, his hands fluttering like big, awkward birds, led the pathologist and the detective into his law library.

"I hope you're in time to save her," Philips said. "I think she's still alive."

Louise Gable was stretched out on a leather divan, her eyes closed, her face livid. An ambulance steward was working on her. Dr. Coffee felt her pulse, lifted one eyelid and flashed a pencil flashlight into the pupil. He listened to her breathing.

"I don't know what she took," said the ambulance steward, showing an empty bottle. "There was just a skull and crossbones on the label. But I've been—"

"You're doing all right," Dr. Coffee said. "Now get a stretcher up here and

False Teeth?

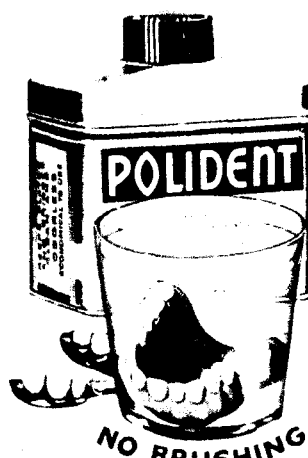


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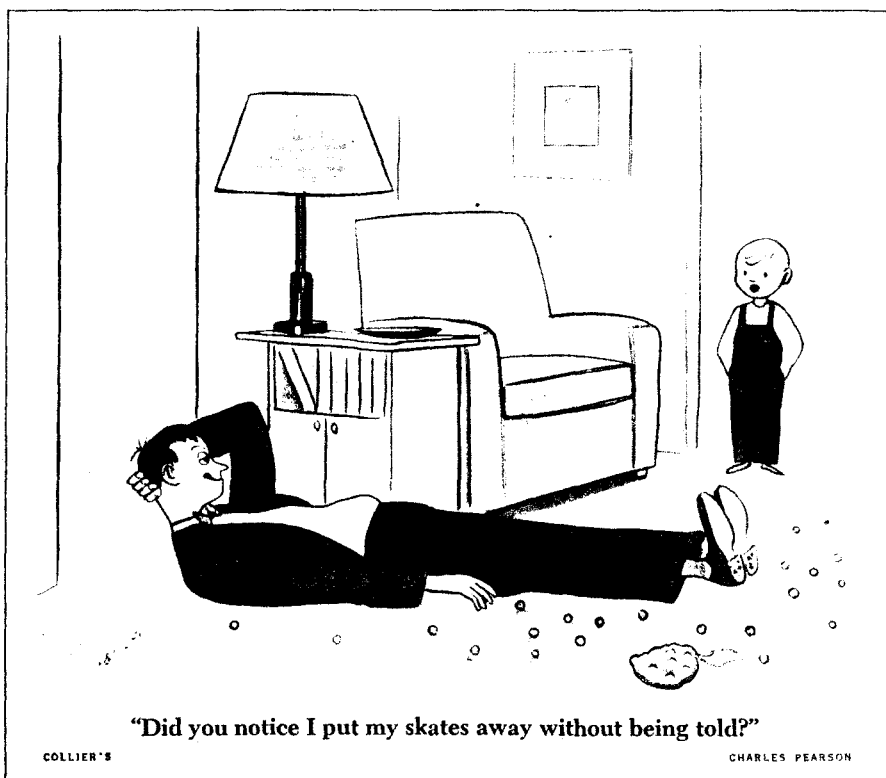
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take the girl to Pasteur Hospital. I'll phone ahead."

Dr. Coffee called his hospital and was connected with the pathology laboratory. "Dr. Mookerji? You were with Mrs. Gable when she had my prescription filled at the dispensary, weren't you? . . . You saw it made up? . . . Exactly. And they put a poison label on the bottle? . . . Listen, Doctor, Mrs. Gable has swallowed the whole thing. I'm sending her to the hospital and I want you to meet her when she reaches Emergency. Tell Dr. Green what she's taken and tell him she took five grams and has probably absorbed most of it. He'll know what to do. I'm in Philips' office now, but I'll be over within half an hour."

As Dr. Coffee hung up, he looked into the anxious face of Leonard Philips. "Tell me exactly what happened, Philips," Dr. Coffee said.

IT SEEMED that Louise had come to Philips' office shortly before Dr. Coffee phoned. Philips told her that he had abandoned his plan to ask for a writ of habeas corpus, because the police were convinced that Roger had killed Stoneman and were going to book him for murder. After talking to Roger in his cell, Philips, too, was reluctantly convinced that Roger was guilty. Then Louise broke down and cried and said that she was afraid all along that Roger had strangled Stoneman in a fit of jealousy. She was frantic with remorse—said it was all her fault for telling Roger she had jilted him for Stoneman, and she really loved Roger.

"She was in a frightful state of nerves," Philips said. "I offered to send to the drugstore for some bromides to calm her, but she said she had a sedative and asked for a glass of water. When I brought the water, she took a bottle from her handbag, emptied it into the glass and swallowed it all. When I saw the poison label on the bottle, I tried to get one of the doctors in this building, but they'd all gone home. I tried to reach you, but—"

"How long was this before I phoned?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"About five minutes."

"Max." Dr. Coffee motioned to Lieutenant Ritter. "I want you to arrest Leonard Philips for the murder of James Stoneman and the attempted murder of Louise Gable."

"Don't be ridiculous, Doctor," Philips smiled indulgently. "Roger Gable killed Stoneman. The police are charging him with murder—"

"Roger Gable is physically incapable of having strangled Stoneman," Dan Coffee interrupted. "Stoneman was strangled by someone's right hand. Roger hasn't enough strength in the fingers of his right hand to strangle a day-old kitten. He has a scar in his brain, in the motor area which controls the right hand. The muscles of his fingers are partially paralyzed. The medical records of the United States Army will back me up on this, Philips."

"And does the Army also accuse me because a mentally deranged woman poisoned herself in my office, Dr. Coffee?"

"Louise Gable is no more deranged than you are, Philips, despite everything you've done to drive her crazy," Dr. Coffee said. "This afternoon Lieutenant Ritter and I discovered in Mrs. Gable's attic the ingenious crying machine which you hoped would make her believe she was losing her mind. Did you really want her committed to an institution, Philips? Or were you just trying to prevent her marriage to someone who might pry into the finances of her father's estate? Max, you'd better subpoena the accounts of the Barzac estate and have them audited for shortages. They—Hello, Dr. Mookerji. Please sit down until I've finished."

The Hindu intern, who stood panting

in the doorway, waddled to the nearest chair.

"Stoneman followed you into Louise's house last night, didn't he, Philips?" Dr. Coffee continued. "He discovered your crying machine. So Stoneman had to be killed. He died with the evidence clasped in his fist—a handful of carbide. And you were still in the house, Philips, when Mrs. Gable returned with Dr. Mookerji and me. You got out in such a hurry, just before Roger Gable arrived, that you left the front door open."

"But you still had to accomplish your original purpose—to get Louise Gable out of the picture. So when Louise told you she was going to take a sleeping mixture this afternoon, and you saw the skull and crossbones on the bottle, you gallantly offered to mix it with water for her. Instead of a spoonful, you gave her the whole bottle. You lied to me about the time. It wasn't five minutes before I arrived, but closer to two hours. I gave her the mixture, Philips, and I know that narcosis doesn't begin for about half an hour. When I saw her, she had been in a deep coma for at least an hour—without medical attention, because you wanted her to die."

"But she won't die. There were exactly five grams of barbiturate in the mixture—not quite enough to cause death. She'll be pretty sick for a while, but she's going to recover—to confirm the details of what I've just told you."

"Ridiculous!" Philips sprang up. He stood very erect, trembling with indignation. "Pure conjecture. You haven't a shred of proof."

"What nonsense, Barrister!" exclaimed Dr. Mookerji, wagging his pink turban from side to side. "Evidence abounds in great profusion. Item: Humble self witnessed barrister's secret departure from Gable house prior to arrival of Captain Gable. Item: Microscopic examination of carbide in hand of late deceased Mr. Stoneman revealed crinkled threads from seersucker cloth composing jacket of Barrister Philips."

"You—" Philips gulped. "You have this evidence, Mookerji?"

"Am so stating," said the Hindu.

Philips dropped lightly into his chair. He ran his big hands over his white hair. Then he laughed grimly. "I'm the one who must have been crazy," he said, "to kill a man for two hundred thousand dollars. With Louise out of the way for six months more, I could have made it up."

Max Ritter reached into his hip pocket for his handcuffs.

ROGER GABLE came to Pasteur Hospital as soon as he was released. Drs. Coffee and Mookerji accompanied him to Louise's bedside.

"Dr. Mookerji," Dan Coffee was saying as they entered the room, "if you really saw Philips leave the house last night, and if you really found seersucker threads under the microscope, why the devil didn't you tell me or Lieutenant Ritter this afternoon?"

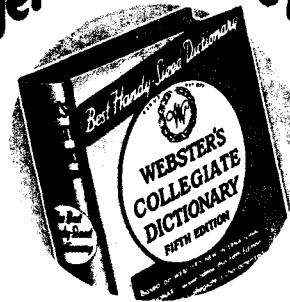
The Hindu lowered his eyes. "Greatly fear am prevaricating fibber," he said. "Witnessed said evidence only with mind's eye. However, was of opinion that barrister's confession was imperative and that all is fair in love and warfare against murderers. Moreover, since am enacting role of Hindu cupid—"

A white smile suddenly divided the Hindu intern's plump brown face as he saw Louise open her eyes. Roger Gable stooped to gather the girl into his arms.

The Hindu took Dr. Coffee's elbow and turned him around to face the door. "Please give opinion, Doctor Sahib," he said, "whether am making unlicensed medical prognosis by uttering hopeful prediction that House of Gable is destined to become House of Seven Gables."

THE END

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terly fought Air Force independence, as their predecessors fought "steam" from the War of 1812 to the Civil War. None contributes as much to genuine collection of useful aerodynamic knowledge as seals catching fish in a zoo tank. They just collect.

5. Army generals who, in atomic times, scrap to hold for their Ordnance and Signal Corps all the functions they had in hot-air balloon times.

6. Top Air Force brass who, in these days of bleak crises, hold solemn conferences and "fashion shows" to decide a distinctive Air Force uniform!—at a cost of a natty sixty millions that won't add one ha'penny's worth to our Air Power —when uniforms, a military caste propaganda relic of fife-and-drum wars, have less functional value in air-and-atomic war than swimming trunks in a submarine: the overall being the only necessary uniform of total war. These balding "elder eagles," who mistake autonomy for omnipotence, have with stupendously dumb public relations tried to scare, instead of to reason, money from appropriations committees by screaming "push-button war"; although their personal familiarity with push-buttons is still limited to the Pentagon Building type that fetches aides on the hop with coffee or peanut bars.

7. Congress: Still carrying on as if the future is a matter of simple bookkeeping, forgetting that in coming world-power accountancy the entries in Red ink won't spell "deficit"—but "downfall." It continues to humor balky brass of all three services who thwart the theoretically unified Department of National Defense whenever it conflicts with their old customs: Actually, the admirals and generals have prevented unification from abolishing a single military or naval function installed since the Spanish-American War, or from ending the stupendously wasteful duplications which, taken altogether, nick the budget for tens of millions each year.

A Chance for the Common Folk

Forewarned now that Air Power is not solely possession of atomic weapons or energy, and that Air Power divided into locked-off compartments of military, industrial, and commercial interests will never be true Air Power, we can join the owl's chase of world leaders for understanding of such power's real nature: and not let ourselves get blathered out of the best chance little people ever had to keep a feather on the big shots. The human skull was a dark and gullible cavity when land power was born—and grabbed by emperors, dukes, knights, generals. Most common folk were still vassals when sea power shoved off—carrying the above, plus admirals, international cartels, and other men of vision to greater profits. Enlightenment is definitely not as universal inside scalps yet as dandruff is on them.

But the finest and most encouraging thing about Air Power is that the coming of no other revolutionary new power found so many of the world's population savvy enough to be afraid of what can happen if it, also, becomes a private tool of public woe instead of a public tool of general welfare.

We find, at once, many definitions—like this, from a British expert: "Air Power is simply the ability of a nation... to support its national policy by forcible methods... and to come and go in the air on warlike errands." So many such quarter-truths have been uttered, so much emotion aroused; so many have emphasized Air Power's murder potential while so few have illuminated its gifts for peace and prosperity—it's small wonder the shopping rush is on for holes-in-the-ground.

Fortunately, true Air Power is singularly rich in clues to its own definition, and to the great expectations inherent in

it for years of hope and decency, when you remember that it shares a common basis with both land and sea power: transportation.

Without transportation, humanity would still be huddled in caves. The creaky march therefrom began with land power, which consolidated the continents; accelerated under sea power, which lashed the continents together; and is fulfilled by Air Power, which hoops the whole planet, and the peoples and nations thereon, like apples, into one barrel. Air Power has two notable advantages: Every inhabitant of this world lives on the "coast line" of its air ocean. It can profit, as neither of its sister powers ever could, from the earth's roundness.

Land and Sea Power Will Remain

Though Air Power may compel some re-evaluations of land and sea powers, it forms an indivisible and enduring trinity with them. Intelligence to look backward in history is quite as necessary as imagination to look forward. Consequently, to say as aviation crackpots with one-way eyes do, that Air Power will replace either is fantastic nonsense; and will be until that improbable day when it puts individual wings on each man, woman, child, household pet and package of merchandise. There are more rowboats now than before steamships came; better trains than before automobiles.

Equally mush-brained is quarreling over relative importance of Land, Sea or Air Power. A nation without fullest expression of all modern transportation facilities is no stronger than a bull without all its legs.

In this hunt for Air Power's meaning we can by-pass discussions about speeds, fares, safety, how soon you'll go rocketing down to Rio, or whether the moon will become the Chicago of the air ocean with all hands changing for Venus and Mars and points outward, and only hogs and cold-storage eggs going through without inconvenience. Those are evolutionary steps that must be surmounted one at a time by aviation as by every other kind of public utility. They can be left to engineers, fliers, business rivalries and customer squawks.

But we cannot by-pass the origins of flight; nor fail to note that its attainment had two sides—material and spiritual.

The Bible, as well as mythology, folk lore and fairy tale, offers abundant proof that flight is one of our oldest dreams; and that looking upward for a better world is an immemorial habit. Man set Heaven above, and still calls the sky the "heavens." Virtuous folk got a free air trip to Heaven. The Bad Place was under the earth; you fell down there. Pagan ancients fixed wings, not sails or wheels, on their most potent gods. Christians put them on angels. The earthly idea of heavenly might has always been Air Power; Generalissimo Saint Michael's legions were never depicted in boats. The good Saint Peter himself was the first anti-aircraft gunner: when Simon Magus, the "Magician," made a flight over Rome with the backing of Beelzebub, Peter fetched him down with a bull's-eye prayer.

Our ancestors imagined supernatural beings with ability to fly because they could not think of anything more wonderful than freedom from fear of their big enemy among the four elements which, so far as they knew, composed the physical universe. Earth gave them food, shelter, clothing. Fire offered light, warmth, cooking. Man early learned the useful buoyancy in water. But the air!—with meteors, comets, eclipses and lightning to frighten him; snow, wind and rain to make him wretched!

He did not inherit blood-fear of water, because earth's remotest life crawled out of primeval sea ooze. He did inherit blood-fear of air, from sky phenomena: of altitude, from tumbles over cliffs and

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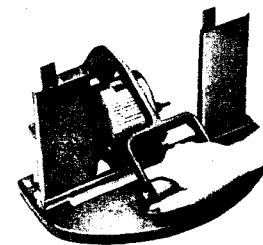
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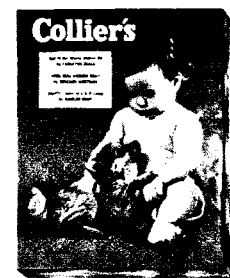
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from difficulty in breathing on mountains. Conquest of this blood-fear is part of the moral strength of Air Power. It began when our ancestors, trudging along the mucky way as they enviously watched the birds, took practical note that flying was the easiest way to get around. Thus, in remote and unrecorded times, the air ocean flung down a gauntlet to human endeavor that was finally picked off the sands of a North Carolina beach on a windy morning in December of 1903, and tossed back into its depths by two valorous sons of a clergyman.

However, understanding of Air Power cannot be dated from any single man or event. Many had left the ground before the Wrights. No one knows who was first to "lean against the wind" as the principle of gliding was called. A thousand years before the Arabian Nights, men with imitation bird wings fastened to their shoulders were hopping from minarets, and enriching Middle East bonesetters. The Dark and Middle Ages abound with tales of air-faring monks who landed on their tonsures. Chinese sent men aloft in kites when alchemists' pots were still the drugstores of Europe. British sailors used kites to drop propaganda leaflets over the French coast in Napoleonic days; and scientific knowledge of lighter-than-air gasses was successfully applied by 18th century balloonists. If the Wrights hadn't overcome the heavier-than-air hurdle somebody else would have done so, and soon, because 6,000 years of dreaming and learning had reached the achievement point. This underscores something vital to understanding of Air Power:

It is, that although we are not born to fly with our natural physical equipment, mechanical flight is neither *unnatural* nor a *miracle*. We are "borne" to fly by utilization of natural laws and principles uncovered in many blue moons of scholarship. Isaac Newton was more responsible for eventual flight than any man who has flown. Galileo of Italy, inventor of the pendulum; Foucault of France, the gyroscope; Watts of England, the steam engine; Stevens of America, the screw propeller; automotive experimenters like Daimler, Otto and Benz of Germany; Forest of France; Duryea and Selden in our country—all these and numberless others were actual if unknowing pioneers of flight. Steam engines had transformed what are basically sledges into railroad trains; what are basically hollowed logs, into steamships. When the development of a lightweight gasoline motor transformed what is basically an oxcart into the automobile, the last transportation summit before the airplane had been mastered.

Air Power, which flight makes possible, is therefore not the exclusive triumph or property of airmen; even of those among them who gave life as well as devotion. The earth-writing in blood of flight's destined coming trails back to forgotten and uncounted men stoned to death or burned as heretics for believing in it.

Flight is the power and the glory and the heritage of the whole race; especially of that segment called "European" or Western man, to which Americans culturally belong.

Flight boomed fastest in the United States because aviation pioneering was expensive, and in this 20th century we have been the richest nation. Also because of national characteristics inherited from our rough and gaudy past; yearning for wider market horizons, from Yankee sailors and peddlers; industrial and engineering know-how, from railroad, highway and motorcar builders; readiness to speculate at the drop of an idea, from the "Fame and Fortune" stories; keenness to see tomorrow, from Horatio Alger. Yet!—when Glenn Martin, a foremost plane builder today, was making his first one 35 years ago the editors of the Los Angeles telephone directory listed him under "Amusements."

Could Russia Achieve as Much?

The first glimmer from a political figure of a dawning grasp of Air Power that I heard came from Krupskaya, brilliant widow of Lenin, in 1932. We discussed how the United States had been steel-bonded into a single nation, from Atlantic to Pacific, by the men behind the plows that broke the plains and by hell-bent railroad "empire builders" who forced our expansion as a tomato is forced in a hothouse. Would the mammoth and loose-jointed Soviet Union be hammered and sickled together in a like manner?

Wrinkled old Krupskaya's eyes were young as she looked out the window, and up: "Do you realize," she remarked, "that sitting here in Moscow we are closer to your New York by rail and steamer than to our Vladivostok by rail? What the Iron Horse did for your vast land, the Flying Horse must do for our vaster land. Otherwise we'd never catch up with modern times. The airplane is the only answer to our problem of space and time!"

Krupskaya's words of 16 years ago forecast the nasty complexion of global diplomacy at this moment, which takes its color because no country yet possesses full Air Power or is able to wage knock-out Air Power war.

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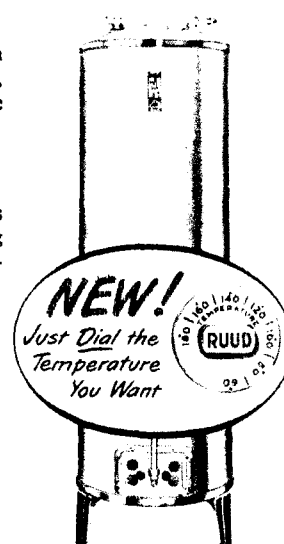
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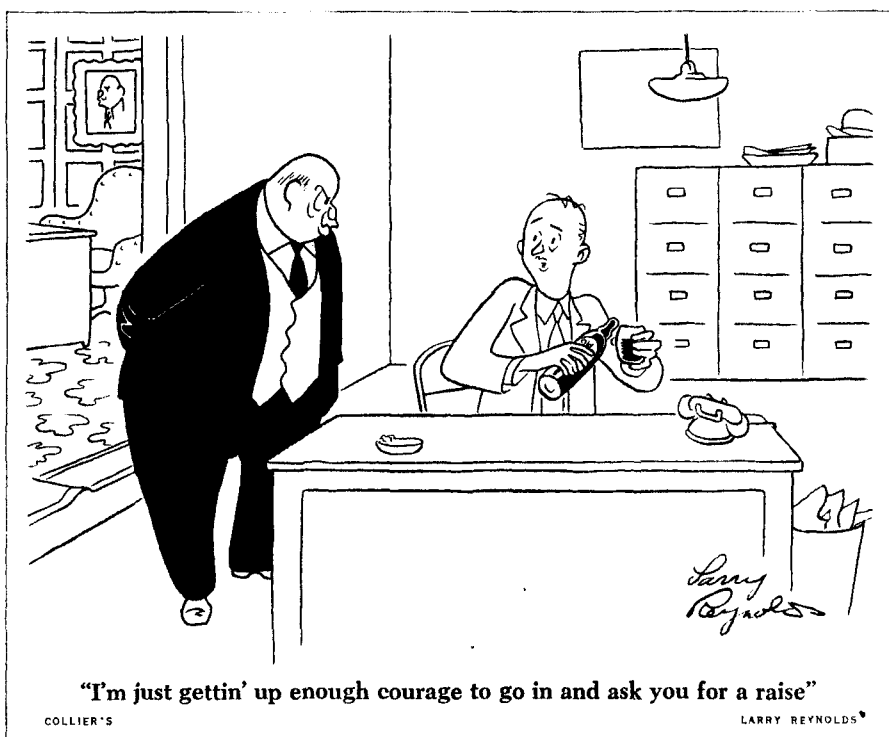
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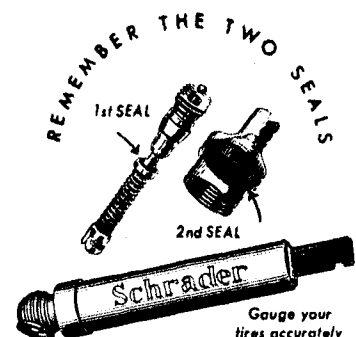
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tions have ships capable of voyaging to any port of any other nation and home without refueling. The chief present vehicle of Air Power, whatever it may be in future, is still the familiar airplane. No country has one capable of flight with a useful load to any field of every other nation and return, without refueling.

A nation cannot be said to possess Air Power of a standard comparable with up-to-date sea power until it has a vehicle of air transportation capable of flight with a full load of cargo, passengers, or soldiers nonstop around the globe in any direction. The value of such a plane, of course, would be its capacity of flight from home base to any halfway point on earth, and back. And such a plane—years off—will mark only the first constant in a definition of true Air Power. The second constant will be ability to send a pilotless air vehicle of any kind, or a guided air missile, with a useful commercial or war load, from any point in one nation to any selected point in every other nation.

Danger Lies in Uncertainty

Uncertainty as to which country will be first to attain those primary constants, and how soon, is what holds danger of an interim war; holds, also, the most secret reason for the Marshall Plan. For an interim war would be fought in Europe, not over the Arctic. An unrecovered Europe could not resist the massed onslaught of the world's greatest land power. And United States Air Power today, even with its atomic weapons, is not formidable enough to frighten off possible schemers of such an onslaught.

Air-mindedness, and not blind but air-mindedness, won for the men of the Kremlin their challenging international role. Without aviation they could not have welded their "independent" republics, much less enmeshed the rim satellites. The most vigilant police state could not be effective with cops operating thousands of miles and weeks of antiquated travel from headquarters. But each republic and satellite is stitched to Moscow by a web of Red airlines that has expanded more than 600 per cent since I talked with Krupskaya; a hundred Central European and Asiatic cities that were days, even months, from the Politburo by land then are but hours away now.

Today's infant Air Power, shrewdly employed, did this much for Russian politicians, economists and strategists:

It lifted the Soviet Union over its own medieval surface transportation and fastened down its claws upon every railhead, waterhead and roadhead of Western Europe's highly modernized surface transportation. It brought under the wheels and hulls of Russia's unmatched land power steamroller the autobahnen of Hitler, the great trunk railways to Paris and the Atlantic, the Danubian artery, the superb autostrade and rails across northern Italy to France and the Mediterranean.

That does not make war certain—or peace.

It does pose a naked strategic truth, which brings the certainty of other matters into focus. One is that creation of true Air Power is a task too involved to be assured within a specified time, or with a stated number of moves. Another is that a glowing signal in the world's skies that we are surer than hell trying to create it, and to do so first, might restrain baby Air Power from mistaking its diapers for long pants.

We have seen that flight was a spiritual as well as material achievement of Western civilization; and that Eastern civilization usurped its material factor without interest in the spiritual one. That spiritual asset is grand for our team, of course. But certain material assets can't be shunted aside with a litany. There is a current wisecrack in Europe that might jar you: "The Soviet Union is the United

States, initiated backward—SU equals US!" The joke isn't meant to be vicious. It is shrugged-off acceptance of the prevalent opinion in other lands that only Russia and the United States have what it takes to create dominant Air Power.

Fundamentally, Air Power is based exactly like land and sea power upon earth strength; first, agriculture, minerals, timber, fisheries, oil and other resources; second, industry. Almost 50 separate mineral resources go into a modern bomber; upward of 50,000 different parts, many of "close tolerance"; and 100,000 skilled man-hours.

In self-contained resources and in geographical proximity to outside supplies—Middle East, oil; Malaya, leading rubber center—the Soviet Union is better off than the United States. How much better off isn't fully known even to Russia; her frantic hurry to find and sum up her riches is why geologists have lately become Kremlin pets on equal footing with atomic scientists. Drain on Soviet resources has just begun. Drain upon ours has long gone on; President Truman has cautioned us they are not inexhaustible.

As to industry, Russia's is young, much inferior to ours. But with political incentives, plus aid of Germans and Czechs—best industrialists and technicians in Europe—it is in a season of prideful, vigorous growth. Our plant, or industrial setup, is aging. Economists, aware that industrial bodies get hardening of the arteries like human bodies, have recently warned that American industry is already too small for the demands upon it, by increasing population, both to produce and to employ.

Meanwhile, the enormous obligation of bolstering resources and industry is laid upon chemistry for synthetic and plastic materials and substitute fuels; upon metallurgy for more, better and cheaper alloys. The research in those sciences is as frenzied, radical and momentous as that in atomics.

The creation of true Air Power obviously will be so extortionate in money, labor, time and bottom-of-the-keg scraping for resources, that many scientists now question whether any one nation can swing it; whether the conquering of the air ocean can ever be managed without earth-wide pooling of men, brains and wealth.

Comet Might Offer a Solution

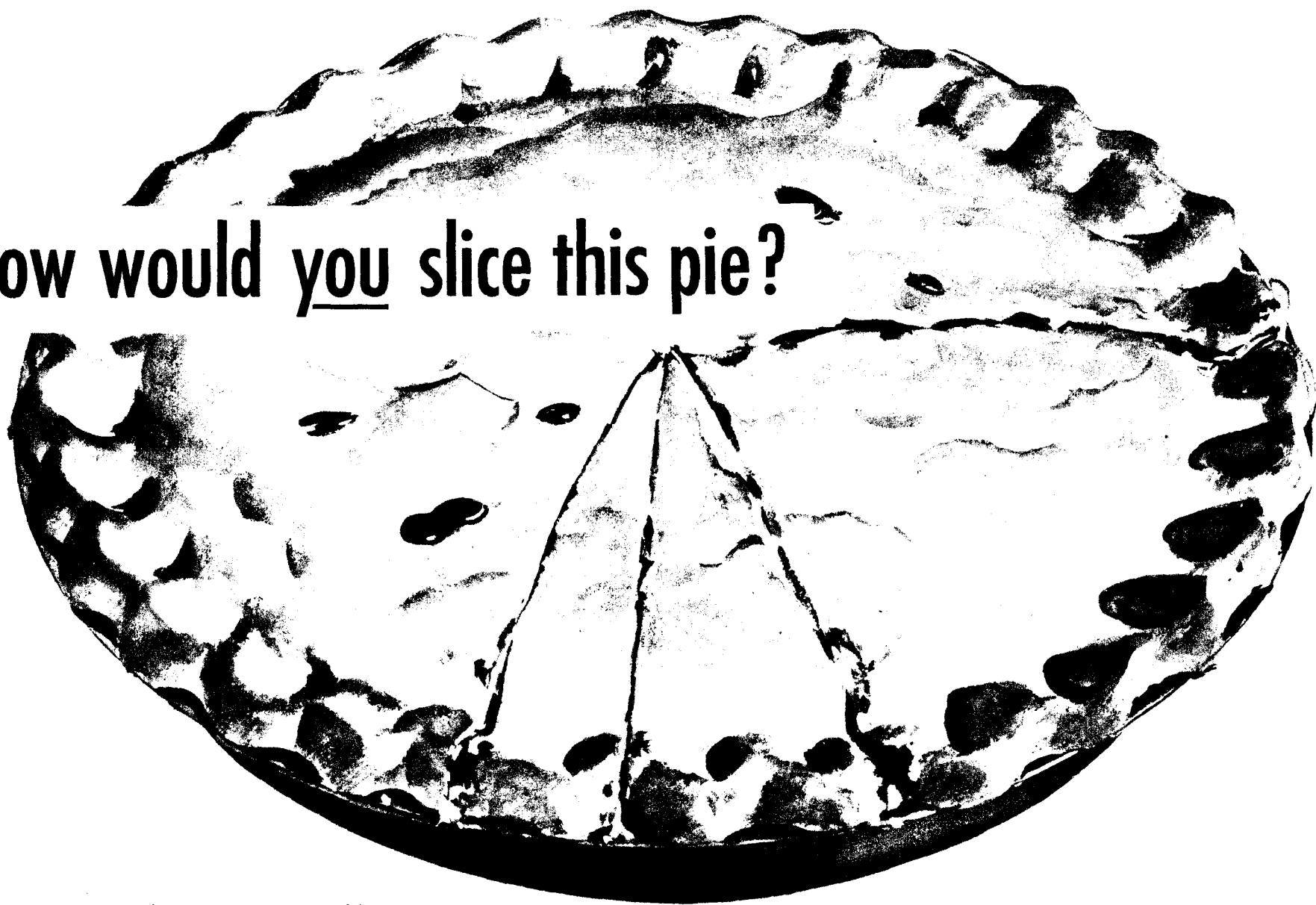
But that real Air Power will come somehow, someday, in somebody's hands—unless a comet snags Ma Earth first—is as inevitable as today was yesterday. And that it is worth our striving for is undeniable when the illustrious hopes it comes bearing are understood in heart as in mind. One of these, perhaps, doesn't sound too hopeful offhand; Air Power will make war simpler.

It is clear to scientists and economists, if not to military academy professors, that true Air Power warfare will stand the old-fashioned sort on its head by simply reversing its "bookkeeping." The profit-and-loss motives behind early land power shindys were territory and booty; behind sea power, markets. All-out Air Power war would leave none of those lures intact for the victor. Air Power warfare, further, will end the military "numbers racket" in men and things. No more cumbersome movement of masses to kill batches; for batches will blotto masses. Likewise, the accent is moved from "most" of everything to "best," witness the recent war's downpour of bombs, which gave Berlin alone a 70,000-ton drenching, but ended with one bomb dropped by one plane on Nagasaki.

Also, the scientists declare, the mumbo-jumboism of "military secrets" is a cooked goose; with the atomic era, there can be no "secret" weapon, but only secrecy in the progress of development of weapon possibilities known to all. The best, the only, secret

Collier's for March 27, 1948

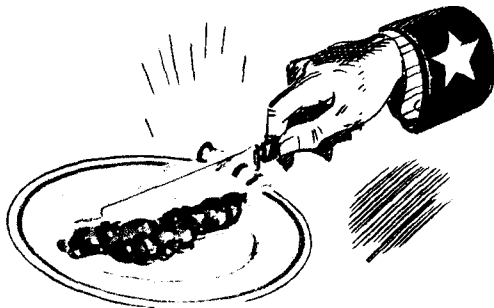
How would you slice this pie?



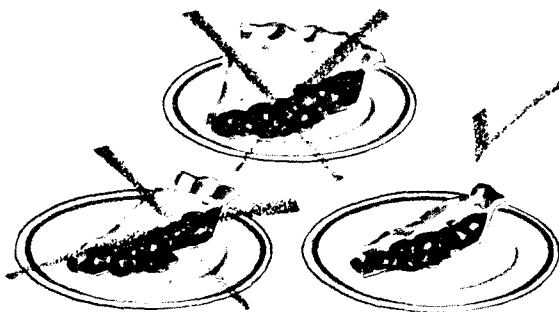
1. A lot of people have some pretty surprising ideas about how much of each dollar that industry takes in goes for profits. They think profits take a big slice of the sales "pie"—an average of as much as 25 per cent.



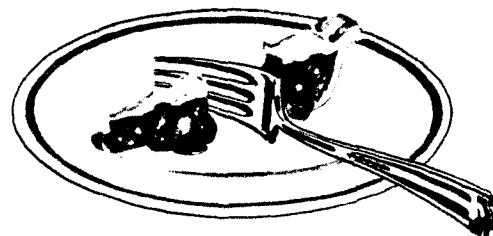
2. These same people—all over the country—were asked what they thought would be a *fair* profit for business to make. The great majority said from 10 to 15 cents out of each dollar! That is amazing—because . . .



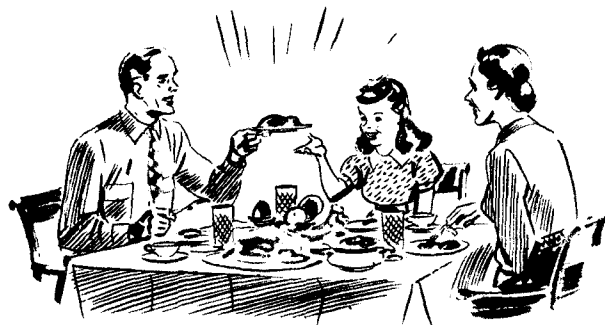
3. The fact is, as shown by Government figures, industry *averages* less than half that much profit!



4. In other words, many people think that industry makes about twice what they think would be a fair profit. Yet, what they think would be fair is actually *more than twice* what industry really *does* make!



5. And even that doesn't tell the whole story. For about half of the reasonable profits earned by industry go right back into business to pay for the development and expansion that bring more products, more jobs, and greater security for all.



6. That's how "the profit system" works to give more Americans more good things than are enjoyed by any other people on earth!

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66



"Patience, Eunice"

ROBERT DAY

weapon left to any nation will be its workmen.

Lastly, with Air Power, offense forever outstrips defense—except for crawling back into the ground holes whence we came 20,000 years ago. Defense gone, the "art" of warfare goes, too: there being no scope for "art" or for Napoleonic "genius" in bug-spray killing. This will leave the old military-school-tie caste unemployed; the game being taken from tacticians and given over to technicians, who, at least, haven't a privileged tradition to nurture like a potted geranium.

As it makes war into a simpler pattern, Air Power by a similar process of reversions will make peace more complex and responsible. Men have always lived through peace in fear of war. If we had the intelligence to fear peace morally, as we have the common sense to fear war physically, there would be more peace.

Air Power, if it has any meaning at all, will bring such about-facing.

A United Nations Commission has pointed out that more than half the world's peoples live in "backward areas at sub-levels of health, food, clothing, opportunity"—away from main streams of travel anciently fixed by climate; geography and economic laws. Comings-and-goings in the air ocean will not be dictated by the compass, or surface trade routes, but only by the shortest distance between determined points. There will be no isolation from Air Power; the ugliness of the earth will be as visible as its beauty to airfarers. It is but natural to assume that injustices and inequalities in living standards will press heavier on the sensibilities of the fortunate, when actually seen as well as heard about.

Famine More Deadly Than Battles

In numberless ways the boundless vistas and fresher approaches of the sky-lanes will show thoughtful citizens of all lands how many more and bigger problems have been left unredeemed in peace than ever were resolved in war. Hunger, for example, has filled more graves than battle: but famine anywhere will be inconceivable in a world patrolled by decent Air Power. That is what notable educators and civic and business leaders here and abroad believe; as they, too, seek understanding of Air Power and begin to summarize their views of the extraordinary degree to which it will penetrate ordinary lives.

They foresee alterations in the whole political, social and commercial scheme of every community, nation and race.

Education revolutionized, for schools and teaching methods drawn from a credible past have been caught unprepared to cope with an incredible future.

Agriculture. Meteorology: control of climate is not pure fantasy in the atmosphere. Merchandising: even today air cargo moves at the same ton-mile rate as railway express and has increased 1,500 per cent in volume within the past two years. Advertising. Banking; one international currency instead of a business-hampering complication of national moneys.

Map-making; just when they've got the roundness of the earth accepted by everyone but the Dayton, Tennessee, School Board, and in every place but Zion, Illinois, they're having a whale of a time flattening it out again for aerial navigation charts. Architecture: cities spread out. Law: precepts stemming from a civilization that moved at three miles an hour won't do for one that moves several hundred times faster. Tomes: the words "foreigner" and "foreign nation" not good usage or good manners. Publishing: the incalculable neighborliness of great magazines and newspapers available for any reader in any land the same day they are published at home.

Diplomacy: statesmen able to sit down and wrangle face to face in less time than it would take to dictate a communiqué and correct the stenographer's misspellings. Love: don't laugh, sociologists anticipate a big stepping up of international and interracial hand-cuffings. Ton-sils: one language virtually forced upon two billion pairs, for what's the use of getting where you're going in a jiffy if what you hear when you get there is jabberwocky?

Politics: it is here the most inspiring prospects loom. Air Power is the first power that lifts the idealism of one world government into the realism of administrative practicality. With it, the entire planet can be governed and policed more efficiently than North Carolina was in Henry Clay's day, and probably with much less back-sass.

There are still millions of earth's inhabitants who have never seen a train or ship or automobile; few can be left, since the astounding global network spun by our Air Transport Command and Naval Air Transport Service in the late war, who have never seen an airplane. There are millions who have never seen the seas; other millions who have never seen mountains, prairies or deserts. But there is no one born with the blessing of sight, who, upon first opening his eyes, does not have them filled with the light of the air ocean.

Our search for a definition ends in beginning: True Air Power will be the ability of a nation to make good to every man the promise of his bright awakening moment.

THE END

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THE ROLLER-IN-THE-AISLE

Continued from page 16

He held his head a little to one side and as grinning a big cheerful grin and looking at us through glasses with thick lenses. With that grin he looked like a kid.

"Come in, Hutch; come in," Webster said. He introduced us and Hutch called me Miss Bernice, which I thought was sweet. "How are you lined up?" Webster asked him.

"Pretty well," Hutch said. "I'm to see Louis Molnar and Mr. Gorman this afternoon, and Jack Ward tomorrow morning."

"Oh, yes," Webster said, as though he had known it all the time. "That's fine, fine." He glanced at me and I started to leave. "Wait, Bernice," he said. He turned to Hutch. "Bernice, here, is my first lieutenant and an expert at analyzing producer reactions. I'm all tied up myself but suppose you take notes on what happens when you see these people, then tiddle with Bernice late tomorrow, and we'll draw up a report for my desk. Then we'll get together."

Hutch looked at me and grinned again. "Swell," he said. "Maybe we could have inner tomorrow."

"Maybe," I said.

He made it for the Derby, at six, and left. Webster looked at me. "I'm sorry, honey," he said. Honey is just a semi-colon in Hollywood. "I know it's not our regular work, but will you look at it as being a special favor for me? I'm all tied—"

"You mean you can't face it," I said.

"All right," he said. "I can't face it."

"I'll do what I can, Webster," I said. "You've been mighty decent to me. Anyway my lips are cracked and I need a rest."

WHEN Hutch came into the Derby, where I was waiting for him, he tried to be gay. I knew that one from payback.

"Never mind, Hutch," I said; "just tell me about it."

I sat down and he slumped down. They were nice to me," he said. "Both Mr. Gorman and Mr. Molnar personally looked at my story outline, and Mr. Ward let me tell him about it. Also personally. They all thought it had great possibilities." He ordered cocktails from the waiter. "Of course," he went on,

"they thought it had greater possibilities for some other studio."

"I know, Hutch," I said.

He grinned that nice wide grin at me and I could see that Hutch and I were friends. "You know," he said, "this isn't in line with my usual work. It's just that I know this—ah—dough is here, and I need some and I thought I'd make a quick try. All I want is enough backlog to settle down to some solid writing."

He started to tell me about the book he had outlined to the producers. It was a very fine tragedy. Then right in the middle of it Hutch had an accident. He was interested in what he was saying and he took off his glasses and waved them a little. Right then the waiter came with our cocktails and Hutch's glasses hit the tray and flew out of his hand. When the waiter picked them up from under the next table one lens was smashed.

Hutch was terribly disturbed. "Confound it!" he said.

I put the glasses in my bag and told him I'd take them to the optician the first thing in the morning and have a new lens made. They can do it without a prescription, just by measuring.

We drank our cocktails, and had dinner, and during dinner Hutch explained the rest of the book. When I referred to it once as a tragedy, Hutch looked at me kind of funny, but I could see he was worrying mostly about the glasses. "Blurrish," he said, looking around the room. "Very, very blurrish. Confound it." At dessert he said, "I was going to touch up the movie outline tonight, improve it here and there. But I certainly can't do it now. I can't read. So how about the two of us just stepping out a bit? One or another of these Hollywood places. I can see enough for that."

I agreed, and suggested Ciro's.

Then, just as we were leaving the Derby, Hutch had another accident. As we were approaching the door, in came Louis Molnar with some friends. Molnar looked at Hutch, and smiled, and nodded.

Hutch looked right through him and kept on going.

Of course Hutch didn't know what he'd done. When we got outside I took his arm. "My dear," I said, which also is a semicolon in Hollywood, "I wonder

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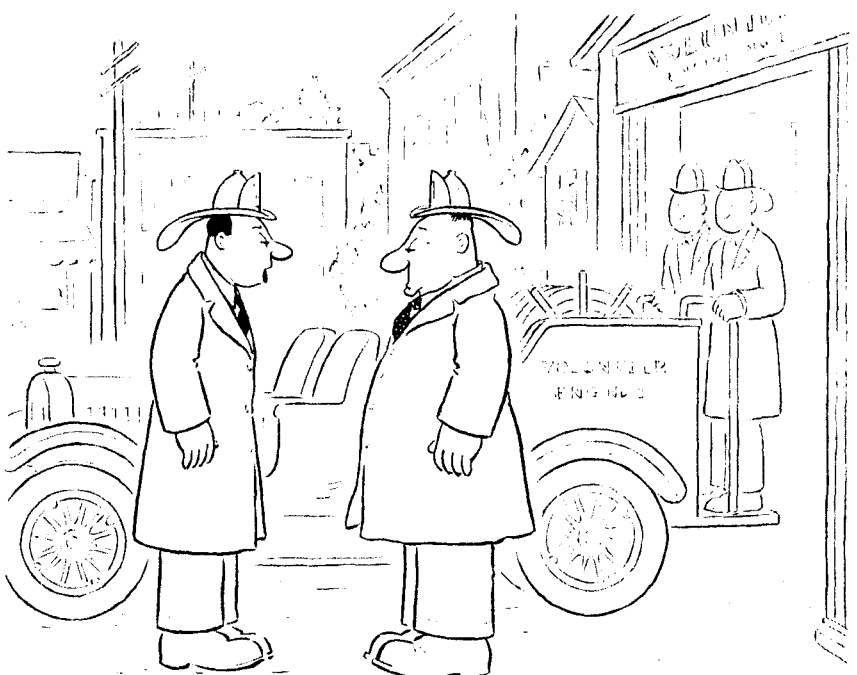
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*Fabric shrinkage less than 1%.



ALFRED

by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Well, here's another fire we'll miss out on. If you can't remember the addresses, Alfred, kindly let someone else take the phone calls"

COLLIER'S

Collier's for March 27, 1948

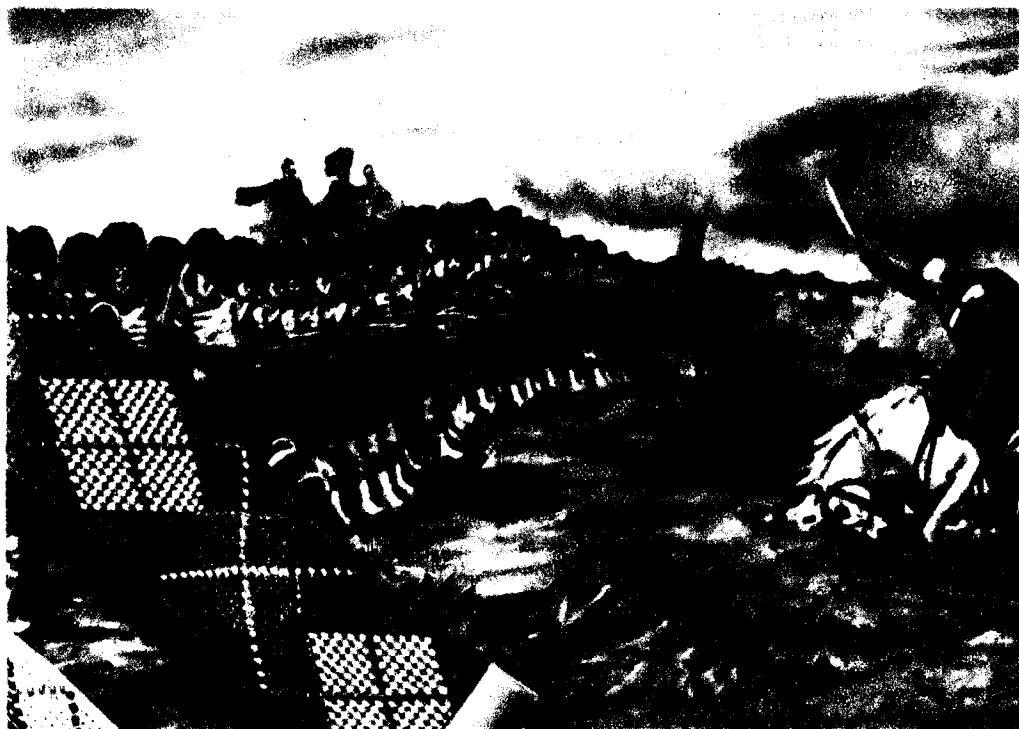
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if you realize you just snubbed Molnar?" "Oh, I'm very sorry," he said. "I wouldn't have done it for the world. Shall I go back and apologize? The decent thing, I should think."

"Not in Hollywood," I explained. "The way it is here, Hutch, you just keep on going, no matter what. Just like a story conference in a studio—the first one to pause for a comma is through for the day."

We went on to Ciro's.

By midnight Hutch certainly was through forever in Hollywood, and by one o'clock I was home and in bed and not able to sleep because I was so sorry for such a fine person. He had been wonderful to me all evening, and had ignored business—niceties you do not meet every day in my trade. Not a single wisecrack, not a single gag that I was supposed to laugh at; it gave me a whole new view of things.

IT WAS nearly eleven when I got to the office in the morning. I found Webster trotting around tugging at his chin.

"It's that Hutchins story," he said.

"Forget it," I said. "That's all over."

"All over?" he asked politely.

"Yes, Mr. Webster," I said.

Webster laughed. "Maybe so," he said, "but Mannix Studios called me a few minutes ago and wanted a chance to reconsider their hasty judgment about it. Ward's phoned and said they understood Hutchins had something rather big. Gorman's story editor called in and reminded me of the break they had given me last year on the Bassett deal and wanted a chance to bid on the Hutchins business. The funny part of it is, none of the people I talked to had even seen the Hutchins outline. Do you get it?"

At first I didn't, but my time in the business had not been wasted and it began to come to me a little, then a lot. Then it came with a final rush. And I decided to let Webster in on it.

"Webster," I said thoughtfully, "nobody in Hollywood wants a story very much until somebody else has bought it. Or made a big offer for it. Check?"

Webster checked.

"And the only time a writer insults a top producer, or ignores him in public, is when the writer has no longer any need of said producer, for reasons I have explained. Check?" I was speaking very carefully.

"Check," Webster said.

So I went all out and told him about Hutch's glasses, and his looking right through Molnar at the Derby. "After that," I said, "we went to Ciro's. Hutch was just lovely to me. When we were leaving he stopped at the bar while I went to the little girls' room, and when I joined him he was sore because a stranger had tried to buy him a drink. 'I'm not used to that sort of thing,' he told me as we started out. He pointed out the stranger to me, a guy sitting on a stool at the bar. It was only Sam Gorman. Then, just to make it nice, Jack Ward came up to Hutch as Hutch was putting on his hat, and Hutch tried to give him a half dollar tip. In other words, Hollywood being what it is, Hutch is sitting right on top of the world."

"Check," Webster said again. A little weak.

"All right," I said. "You turned this job over to me and I'm going to do it. Put your copy of Hutch's outline in your bottom drawer and forget it. I'm having lunch with him this noon at the Derby. Just let me handle everything."

When I saw Hutch he was very sad. "I wish I had my glasses," he said. "Did they tell you when they'd be ready? Gosh, but I'm sorry about last night. I wouldn't have done that to those people for anything."

"They'll be ready in a day or so," I said quickly. "Now, Hutch, I talked to Webster a little while ago and there has been some very, very nice interest shown

in your work. Perhaps not the actual outline you have with you, but in your—well, your reputation as a writer. Now look. You said you wanted to make some money. I think I can do it for you if you'll do exactly as I say. Will you?"

"Of course, Bernice," Hutch said.

"Very well," I said. "First, don't show the outline to anybody. That's a Hollywood trade secret that I can't exactly explain, but you take my word for it. Next, you'll have to go Hollywood for a while."

"Go what?" he asked.

"Hollywood," I said. "Get yourself a decent outfit. Some soft shoes in two colors, light blue pants, a salmon-colored or checkered jacket, a nice bright yellow scarf, and so on. No hat. Then go around every night to the various night clubs, but only the best ones. I'll see about items in the newspaper columns, and all that. You start today."

"Lord, Bernice!" Hutch said. "That would be bad enough even when you can see what you're doing."

"It's not a question of seeing," I explained, "but of being seen."

Hutch paused. "You mean I'm to go around with you?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I'm with an agency. That wouldn't work."

"Then I won't do it," Hutch said.

"Yes you will," I said. . . .

Charlie Bostrom phoned from Palm Springs three days later and told me I was invited out for the week end with the Bellows, and I had to turn it down.

"I'm sorry, Charlie," I said, "but I'm on a job, a really big job for Webster. I just can't make it."

"But I've got an outline of the comedy part, some terrific ideas," he said. "Really colossal stuff. Bernice, just crashing, and I want you to hear it. And I'd like to see you, too."

I really convinced him I couldn't go, and I guess he could tell by my voice that I was tired, because he got real nice, the way Charlie can be if he wants to, and offered me his little ranch out in the Valley to rest up in, if I wanted it. I said no.

MEANWHILE, Hutch was going over like a million dollars. He had met a lot of people, and, as I had figured, he had failed to speak to them an hour later. He was in all the gossip and he was Hollywood's current rage. I was very, very glad for him. Very glad. And I did not by any means hold against him, personally, the fact that he cut me dead two nights in a row. I merely felt it my professional duty to wander around and see how things were shaping up. I felt responsible to Webster and I felt responsible for Hutch, in a business way. After all.

But I do believe I was within my rights to feel that Hutch ought to be able to recognize me from a distance of four or five feet, which he failed to do twice in succession. During those three days he called me up just exactly once. At the office. He said he was having an interesting time. I said that was just lovely. "I've met some rather large producers," he said.

Large producers? I don't know whether Doris Addison is a large producer or not, but in my book she had always been a free loader to end all free loaders. Perhaps I had her wrong. I've certainly never had anything against her. People who knew her when she was much, much younger always said she was sweeter in the silent days than she finally turned out to be. In her prime, old-timers say, and I'll have to hand it to her, she was a very excellent fourth-rate actress, especially with a soft lens used on her, the way she would look to a person whose vision was a mess anyway. At present she was grabbing the arm of anybody within thirty feet of a flash bulb, the Main Chance written all over her formerly beautiful map.

Oh well, live and let live, I always say. Hutch saw me at Romanoff's, all right, the night Charlie called. He saw me because, sitting at my little table by myself, I stuck out my foot and tripped him a little. He was wearing his current outfit: a sports shirt, a pair of rayon pants, a plaid jacket, and of course Doris.

"Bernice!" he said.

"How do you know it's me?" I asked.

"I couldn't miss you," he said.

"You haven't been having much trouble along that line lately," I reminded him.

Hutch frowned. "But I didn't know it," he said. "And another thing: How about my glasses? When do I get them, Bernice?"

"Any day now," I told him. The truth was I had them in my bag at the moment, all repaired. I looked at Doris and nodded in a very sweet and friendly way. She smirked.

Okay. If that was the way it was going to be, then that was the way it was going to be. If Hutch wanted his glasses he could certainly have them. If he wanted to look at Doris in fine, sharp, wonderful detail, I was nobody to stand in his way. I was tired out. Webster was getting propositions with actual figures attached to them, and Hutch was a cinch. I had done my job, and for that matter the hell with the job. I was worn out with being brittle and smart and Hollywood. I wanted, damn it all, a kitchen. Goodbye, Mr. Hutchins.

On my way home I stopped at his hotel and left the glasses.

When I got to the office in the morning there was a note there to call Palm Springs, which I did. It was Charlie. He said he was skipping the week end there,

because he had already rounded out his script, and he was coming in and would I have lunch with him at the Derby the next day. I said sure.

Webster was away all morning and I went home at noon and took a long warm bath and mixed myself a nice Martini and napped all afternoon, then had supper alone and to bed.

WHEN I got to the office the next morning, wearing my best dress for my lunch with Charlie, Webster was walking around in circles again. He stopped short when he saw me.

"What goes on?" he demanded.

"About what?" I asked.

"The Hutchins thing has collapsed," he said. "Just simply collapsed. You wanted to handle it and I let you and now look at it. The studios are calling up and dropping it like a hot potato."

"Hot patootie!" I said, playing for time to think.

"Don't get fresh," he said. "Why, only yesterday I could have closed for thirty, forty, fifty, sixty—"

"Seventy, eighty, ninety, a hundred, and all around my goal are it," I said. I was still trying to think.

"I want to know," Webster said, rather loudly.

"So do I," I said. "Have you seen Hutch?"

"Yes," Webster said. "A little while ago. He can't dope it out either. Anyway, we've called it off and he's going back home."

"I quit," I said.

"Now, now, now," Webster said, "stop crying, Bernice. I know it wasn't your fault, honey." He put an arm across my shoulders. "Take a week off, dear. Two



CARL ROSE

There's A Trick To It

BY JOHN MULHOLLAND

The person showing this feat holds eight coins of any denomination in a stack. He states he can handle the coins so every other one will come up the way he demands—and he wants them alternately head and tail. The top coin of the stack is head up and is put down on the table. The stack is held in the hand at all times. The next coin is turned over and put at the bottom of the stack. The next coin is tail up and is laid alongside the first coin on the table. This procedure is followed with the rest of the coins—one coin is placed on the table, the next is turned over and put at the bottom of the stack, the next put on the table, and so on until all the coins are on the table in a row. As promised, the row is alternately head and tail. Although the spectators are challenged to repeat the feat, it is unlikely that any will be able to do so.

Here is how it is done. First the coins must be in a definite order in the stack. The top coin is a head, the next three tails, the next two heads, the next coin tail, and the final a head. There is a trick besides. When all but two coins are on the table, the top remaining coin is turned over and put beneath the second, then both are placed on the table and slid apart. That, then, is the trick, for the spectators do not notice that the last coin in line actually is the upper rather than the lower coin of these last two.



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weeks. All on me. When you come back you'll be ready for the old job."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "It's no fun any more. All the laugh has gone out of me. I mean, at the right places."

"It's a living," Webster said.

"So's a little place out in the Valley," I said.

Webster looked at me. "You mean you're going to be married?"

"Yes," I said.

Charlie was waiting at the Derby, at noon, and he couldn't have been any more glad to see me if he had been a great big St. Bernard dog. He was tanned and lively and good looking. We sat down and he took some script from his pocket. He was very happy.

"Darling," he said, "I've done it." He took hold of my hand. "And thanks to who? To you, for your wonderful help the other day. Your encouragement, your complete understanding. I tell you, I don't know how I've got along—" He spread out the script. "This is going to kill you," he said.

He started to read. It always had been one of the secrets of my success to look away from the person reading, and I looked away now. As it happened, I looked toward the door, and as it further happened Hutch came in. He was wearing his dark gray suit, and a hat, and he had a brief case and a small bag. He sat down in a booth near the door and put his head in his hands. He had flopped. I was going over in my mind the events of the past few days when suddenly the noise beside me stopped. Charlie had finished reading. I came to, and looked at him, and he was looking at me.

"Darling," he said quietly, "that was the funniest part."

It was time for me to laugh, and I certainly tried my best. Nothing happened but a kind of a squawk. I tried again.

I heard Charlie saying, "Do you mean, Bernice, that you are deliberately trying to hurt me?"

"No," I said. "No, Charlie. I'm sorry."

"Well, so am I," Charlie said in a very loud voice. "So am I. Exceedingly sorry. About everything. I suspect that we have not come to a meeting of minds. Naturally, people make mistakes. It's too bad I made one about you. I think..."

I got up. "Goodby," I said.

"Goodby," Charlie said.

AS I was passing Hutch's booth I paused. "Oh!" he said. "Oh, Bernice! Please sit down." I did.

Hutch had that grin again. "I can see fine," he said. "Just fine. Thanks to you. Well, I saw Webster and he said it was all over. Now I guess there's nothing to do but go back to New York. It's all very puzzling. After all, I did all the silly things I was supposed to do. The clothes, and going around to those ridiculous places. And that peculiar woman. Why, when I got my glasses—In any case I phoned her this morning to thank her for her kindness and she—hung up."

"I know," I said. "She does follow the news rather closely."

"Yes," Hutch said. "Well, I was hoping I'd see you before I left. That's why I stopped in here. Just on the chance, you know. I wanted to tell you that I did my best to make up for the times I didn't recognize those people. I spent all day yesterday going around and apologizing for all I was worth. To Gorman and Molnar, and Ward, and the others. I simply begged them to forgive me. I thought it was the decent thing."

The restaurant began to revolve around me. . . .

"It was nice," Hutch said, "to be sure that I wasn't apologizing to some doorman or character actor."

I sat very still.

Hutch said, "I had hoped to make enough to buy a small place out here. Perhaps in the Valley, where I went the

other day. Someplace where I could sit down to work on my book. It would have been so pleasant..."

"The idea for the book was so lovely," I said. "A good old-fashioned cry in every chapter. And you would have been alone to work on it, all by yourself. I see what you mean, Hutch."

Hutch got quite red. "That was my original idea," he said. "But do you know..." He squirmed a little in his seat. "Toward the end, there, I was hoping—I was hoping that I might have been doing all of this for you. I realize," he said quickly, "that we haven't known each other very long."

"Pretty long for Hollywood," I said.

"I guess so," he said. "And another thing I realize is that I'm no particular—ah—bargain, as the saying is. But I thought that as time went on..."

YOU know, what little thinking I am able to do always comes in bunches. Maybe that's good. Maybe it's bad. I don't know. "Hutch," I said, "have you got that outline with you?"

"In my brief case," he said.

"Get it out," I said.

"What for?" he asked me.

"Come on," I said. "Leave your things here. Al Vernon is our man and he's in right now." Hutch thought we ought to have lunch, but I had no time for any lunch. I practically pulled him out of the Derby and into a cab, and in ten minutes we were at Colossal Studios and in Al's office. I had done a few favors for Al in the past, and we went straight in. Three minutes later, Hutch was reading his outline. As he was coming to the end of it I had used up my handkerchief and had to borrow Al's. It was a laugh to end all laughs; I knew it was my farewell performance and I simply dynamited the dam and let the waters roll.

Then when I could see Al through my tears, I saw that I had him. He was laughing, too, louder and louder. When I could catch my breath I said, "Al, it will have them rolling in the aisles."

Al nodded, and, in a way of speaking, reached for his fountain pen. "I'll get the Schnozz for the part of the villain," he said, sniffing. "You know, Hollywood ought to do more burlesque of this sort. The industry has taken itself seriously too long. This one will not only have them in the aisles, Bernice. It will have them howling. Especially with the Schnozz as the heavy."

We had another laugh. Al said he'd huddle with Webster in the morning about the terms, and we all parted friends. When we got outside, I was a little frightened, for Hutch's sake, about having Durante.

But Hutch was mighty happy as we walked down the street. "You know," he said, "I was sure the thing would sell if I could just get the idea across. If I could just get somebody to start the laughing, the way you did it. Nobody else seemed to get the point at all. I believe they all thought it was supposed to be played straight, a silly melodrama. They didn't get the satire. I mean, the real humor of it. Don't you think so?"

I couldn't think of anything to say.

"And imagine it with Jimmy in there," Hutch said. He whistled a lively little tune, but quietly. "But that's not the main thing," he said. "The main thing is that we've got the little place in the Valley. I hope. I mean, I haven't really asked you..."

Hutch stopped, and took me by the shoulder and whirled me around, and there I was.

"Hutch!" I said. "Right here on the street! After all, this is Hol—"

"The hell with it," Hutch said. "There's no law that says you can't kiss somebody you love. Even in Hollywood, darling."

It was the first time I had ever heard that word used the way it was intended. No semicolon. Period.

THE END

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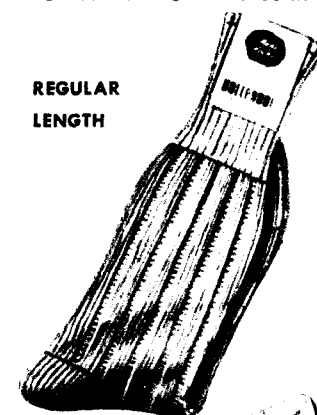
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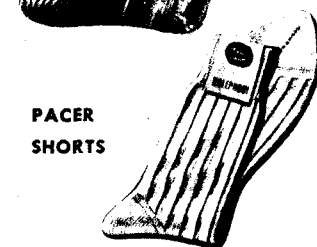
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Continued from page 21

See that lady's

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bellies this night. But there were so few of them!

He watched the big green leaves wrapped around the *camotes* smoke and smolder in the roasting. What he would give for some meat, potatoes and gravy, American style, with maybe some roasting ears tossed in, shiny with butter, and a strawberry shortcake drowned in cream!

He thought about his friends in Jap prison camps. He thought about MacArthur coming up from Hollandia, matching his insufficient forces against those of the fanatic, ego-inflated enemy, and he said, "More power to the guy." Then he said loudly, "Come on, soldiers, get the lead out; we've got to get moving."

The men looked up and laughed back at him, and Manuel came up in his grave way and handed him a wide leaf piled with roast *camote* and a piece of deer liver and a chunk of barbecued meat.

He said, "*Gracias*, Manuel," and Manuel bowed and went back to the meat he was turning.

The lost and terrible sun left an afterglow that spread a wide palette in the sky; the peaks kept the sunset from them. And then, abruptly, it was night, with no intervening twilight, and Bill sounded his whistle and the men fell in behind him, suddenly in full marching order.

Manuel stared forlornly after the brush of their shoulders against wet leaves. He felt Tiago against his shoulder, and squatting there in the damped-down cogon grass, Manuel wept silently in the Filipino way, and said small, half-remembered prayers, tucking a thin hand in Tiago's broken collar.

THE men left in camp swore halfheartedly at their wet, stinking blankets and some sat up to talk and some rolled in. Sergeant Mao called bed check, and they swore at him, amused, and one American called to another, "Join the Navy and see the world," and there were some obscene parodies of the phrase and some mocking laughter.

Iowa and New York and Arizona and Texas were a long way away, a long way from a guerrilla camp beyond the Jap outposts.

Manuel and Sergeant Mao, who had been left in charge of the camp, did not have much *simpático*. Sergeant Mao had been long retired, and he had had a proper house with wire screens and concrete cups on the house foundation to intercept ants, and an equal reverence for José Rizal and General Pershing—when the general was a lieutenant. But he knew the Colonel Bill liked Manuel and his terrible pig, so he kept an eye on both of them through the six days the mismatched troops were gone.

Tiago ranged farther afield, day by day, returning to camp before evening chow—just in case. There wasn't much garbage, because there wasn't much food. There was some brown, unhusked rice, a few hoarded cans of American baked beans, and the monotonous *camotes*. They had meat once in a while, eaten practically raw from the tiny fires. Tiago foraged for himself.

And there was the matter of the Colonel Bill's having mentioned that Tiago could use a bath. There is just so far that a pig can be pushed, and Manuel knew that Tiago would take a dim view of any kind of personal sanitation. But he worshiped the Colonel Bill, and he determined to take matters in hand. He finally urged Tiago into the water that last day before the Colonel Bill returned, and Tiago took it glumly. Never before had a Filipino pig suffered such indignity, never!

Tiago was scrubbed with wiry grass and drenched with water, not once—ay, *Dios!*—but a multitude of times. His indignant hoofs churned the water of the pool into a muddy froth, but still Manuel belabored him with more grass, more water. It was rough.

CORONEL BILL, still wearing his gold-toothed grin, was having himself a time. He had lost only two men and he had the new shoes. They all had new shoes, and new uniforms and spares to carry. They were wearing new bandoleers, well stocked with ammo, and the Japs were shy an ammunition dump. It had gone up with a thunderous roar shaking all Caloocan, with Bill and his men a scant two kilometers away.

The Japs were up like hornets in Manila and Caloocan and San Fernandez, but the time fuse had done its little work, and the rotted boots and ripped gear of Bill's men had burned in the blaze that towered over the mango trees.

Oh, there had been a few complications, notably in Santo Esteban where a Japanese storekeeper, aroused by the barking of his dog, fired into the dark and the rain and got Corporal Cohen and Private O'Donnell. They were buried in the depth of a bamboo thicket with bayonets hastily cutting the mud.

But in the main the action had gone off well. The mission was accomplished. There were stores of rice, as well, and canned Japanese fish, and three wrist watches that no longer were stocked by the dead Japanese storekeeper who had fired into the rainy night.

Traveling by night, hiding up by day, Bill beat his way back. The password was always the same. "*Qué hay?*" And Bill and his men would mutter, "José Rizal!" and at the name of the great Filipino patriot the loyal Filipinos would fall back and murmur, "Go with God, Señor Coronel!"

The third night back, the going got tough. The Japanese patrols swarmed over the country, and the rain, the kind and concealing rain, had slackened. The mud made heaving squelches around their feet, and the roads and fields were clogged with fallen trees, blown over by the tremendous wind that had accompanied the rain. But the lean, yellow barrio dogs were still muzzled lest they bark and warn the enemy patrols.

Bill was leading, and he was tired. He was a little guy, and he was carrying a load greater than any of his men: ammunition, food—quinine, too, that the Japanese storekeeper would no longer need, and there were men back at the camp who would gulp it desperately, twenty and thirty grains at a time.

They cut past the Bamban, on a creaky bamboo bridge built by Filipino war prisoners, and circled the outposts beyond Dau. The worst was yet to come. Bill knew the hills were spotted with observation posts, and it was only a few hours short of dawn. He passed the word back, "On the double!" and the tired men, weary but exultant, leaned into their pack straps.

The Jap patrol jumped them at Honeycutt Road, where the Bamban bends back to a cave. They came out, five yelling men, and Bill's pistol jumped into his hand. Martinez had cat's eyes; he could see in the dark. Martinez got the first two shots in, and then Bill and the others were shooting into the yells. Five seconds, maybe, but the yelling screams had stopped.

Bill said, "That does it, boys. Shove the bodies into the cave. They won't find them till daylight. But they've heard the shots. How far is it to the ford, Sergeant?"

"Ten minutes," said Martinez, and

Collier's for March 27, 1948

they stood quiet, listening over the sounds of clumping boots and straining men moving into the cave, for answering shots. They heard them.

"I make it south by east," Bill said thoughtfully. "Wish it would rain before dawn. Cover our tracks." He called softly to the men in the cave.

They made the ford, walking carefully, slowly, and once they heard a loose carabao bellow, but no man stopped them. Their faces were blackened now, and streaked with sweat.

It was after they crossed the ford that Martinez fell, going down gently and wordlessly, collapsing in that odd, inanimate way in which men badly wounded fall.

They shifted their packs and picked him up, gently. Martinez was thin and not very heavy, but the going was hard, and there was still quite a long way to go.

They heard the signal shots again, closer now, and Bill turned his head to see the yellow lightning in the east and the cloud over Arayat. If there was a cloud over Pinatuba, too—

Ahead, there was a whisper of movement. "Someone ahead there," said Bill quietly. "Pass the word back. Deploy on either side of the trail."

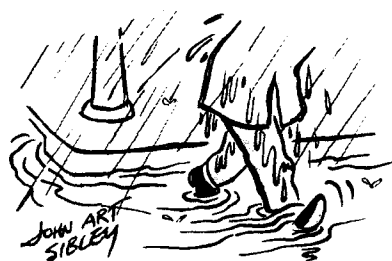
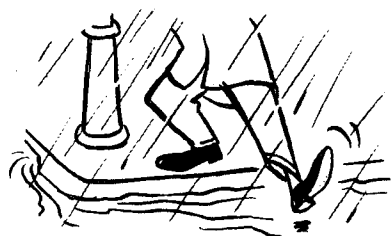
It was Sergeant Mao, on an unshod horse and leading another, galloping through the dark. Bill yelled after him, and cursed the necessity, but Mao pulled up and turned back. "Qué pasa?" Bill wanted to know.

"We heard the shots," Mao said simply. "It was faster on the horse for you to escape."

"That it is," Bill told him. "A damn sight faster. At least, it seems that way to dismounted cavalry. Martinez has been hit. Take him in front of you.

FEET FIRST

Wet Crossing



COLLIER'S

JOHN ART SIBLEY

What are you on? Cherry? She'll wheeze, but she'll make it. And take some of our gear on the lead horse."

Mao went up the trail smartly, and Bill prayed for rain. Their tracks were all too plain. Martinez needed medical care, and there wasn't any. They had a tourniquet on his arm and one on his thigh and they'd stanchied the wound in his chest. "How did the little guy make it to the ford?" Bill wondered out loud. "On the double, you guys."

No time to put out flankers—and if there had been anyone ahead, Mao would have flushed him out. They went up the trail, stumbling and swearing under their breaths, the crowded, tall trees dripping on them and bats swooping past their faces. But it was getting light now, and the going was easier. A sentry stepped out of the shadow of a bush and saluted, beaming. Bill grinned at him.

"Sergeant Mao get in all right?" "Yiss, sor." The sentry beamed again. The men from camp were coming down the trail at the ready; the word had been passed back. They ran alongside the tired homecomers, stripping their packs off their backs, cuffing them, holding out canteens of cool water. They passed the second sentry, his serious face set straight ahead. "Who goes there?" And the answer, "José Rizal," and the reply, "Pass, amigos."

NO ONE noticed that the first sentry had joined the other men. No one except the single, persistent Japanese who had picked up their trail and followed them. The rain started then, and they knew their tracks would be wiped out. They were perhaps a little careless, in the way of homecoming heroes, and Bill was in the lead—anxious to see Martinez.

No one noticed but Tiago, the Filipino pig. He stood at the bend, brooding: his scaly hide still smarted from its attentions at the hands of Manuel in the rushing waters of the Bamban. He had been rudely assaulted with bundles of knife-edged cogon grass and a deluge of water. He had been bathed, and he had turned it over in his porcine mind until he had worked himself into a rage.

A pig is an expert in smells as well as snakes. He caught the scent of the Jap at the bend in the trail where the old *camote* plantation had been. That was his territory, and he took to the brush and came up behind the lurker; he got his scent—and charged. Tiago always went for the backside.

He took the Jap from the rear, his razored tusks stabbing in. A startled yell broke the air. Tiago's sharp hoofs came up and he lunged, seventy pounds of fighting Filipino pig, into the back of the enemy's knees. The Jap clawed forward and tried to turn to repulse the attack on his rear, but his shoes slipped in the thin film of mud and he went down.

Two minutes later the Jap would have been gone, slipped back down the trail to give the location of the guerrilla camp. Tiago was attempting to hold him at bay when the startled men got there. Colonel Bill finished him off.

Manuel gentled Tiago down, soothing him. "He is a hero, no, *mi coronel*?" he bragged.

Bill grinned. "Your Tiago is a hero," he said. "And I should have my head examined. Mao, double the guard."

He went back to Martinez. They had pried out the bullets and given him a shot of *basi*, which tastes like kerosene, only sweeter, and nobody doubted that Martinez would live.

There used to be a Filipino pig named Santiago, called Tiago for short. He was a hard pig to love, but he saved the lives of fifty-odd guerrillas once, and he was an awful boar and a terrible pig. He was an honor to the genus *Sus indicus*, and Manuel loved him.

Salud, Tiago, salud!

THE END

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THERE'S A TIE-UP

BY HENRY L. JACKSON

Here's how to combine the proper suit, shirt and tie so as not to look a perfect fright

THE average man in the United States prefers white shirts, when he can get them, largely because he thinks they are the least conspicuous. That's where he's fooling himself. Actually, the contrary is true, for white offers a sharp contrast to natural skin tone. Tan, for example, is much more subdued. The truth is that most men avoid colored shirts because they are not quite sure how to combine them with suits and ties; naturally they have a horror of appearing in public in anything less than a perfect ensemble.

Really, this matter of combining color in shirt, tie and suit is very simple. All you need is a slight knowledge of color harmony and contrast, and, of course, enough money to buy the shirts and ties. The main point to remember is that the suit is the cue to the shirt and tie. Remember that, and you can wear all colors, with two exceptions. If you have red hair, avoid red; if you have a very sallow complexion, stay away from green.

There are three basic types of suits—dressy things for town and business wear; casuals for travel, spectator sports and the campus; and definite garments for the country. With your town suit the shirt should always be lighter in color than the suit. When shades of shirt and suit harmonize, the tie may either harmonize or contrast. For example, with a navy blue suit, wear a blue shirt, a harmonizing blue tie, or a tie of contrasting colors. However, if the suit and shirt are not the same color, the tie *must* harmonize with the suit.

With a gray suit, which is neutral in color, you have more choice. Here you may wear any colored shirt, if you have it, and it may again either harmonize or contrast with the suit. But—and note carefully—if the shirt offers contrast in color, the tie, in order to harmonize with the suit, should be black or gray. You'll get a highly pleasing color effect, and arouse not a little favorable comment, if with a gray suit you'll try a blue shirt and a black tie with blue and gray stripes.

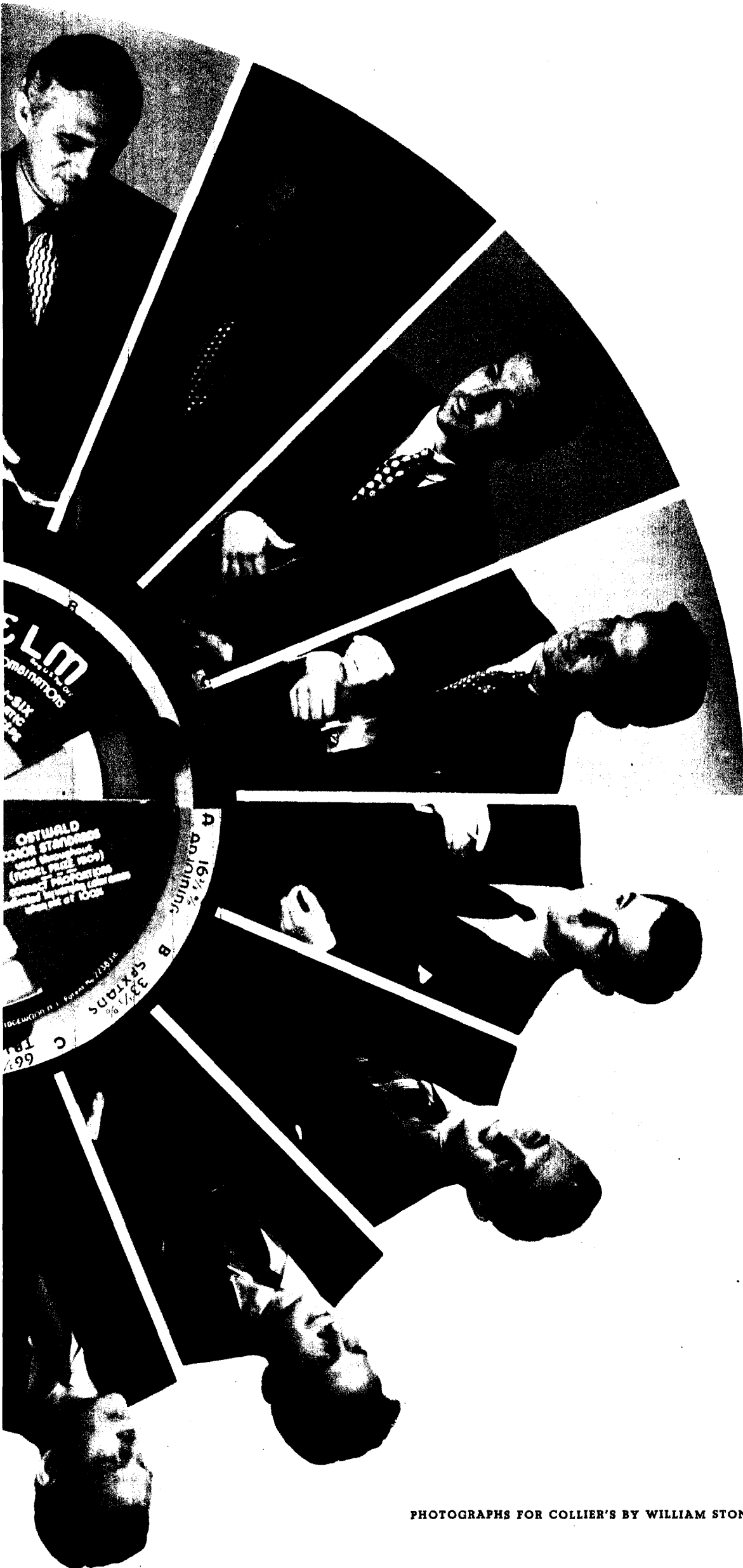
Maybe you lean to striped suitings, or buy a striped suit because you can't afford the elegant gray number on which you have set your heart. With stripes you'd best wear a solid-colored or close-striped shirt and a figured or solid-colored tie. But by all means avoid very bold stripes and bold checks; that's overdoing it.

With casual clothing and country clothing, bold color and contrast are appropriate, or in other words, okay. Glen plaid and checked patterns are handsomely set off by solid-colored and close-striped shirts, and small-figured, bold-striped or solid-colored ties. If your country suit is a tweed, you may wear a solid-colored shirt in harmonizing color, and a striped knit tie. When a gray flannel suit is worn in the country, a colored wool or Oxford shirt and a bright country tie are most appropriate.

Bow ties follow the same rules as four-in-hands; they are always correct, but are most fashionable in summertime. And the handkerchief—you must carry at least one—generally takes its cue from the tie, and may also include the colors of the shirt or suit. The silk handkerchief, in a foulard pattern, is definitely for country wear. Expensive, too.

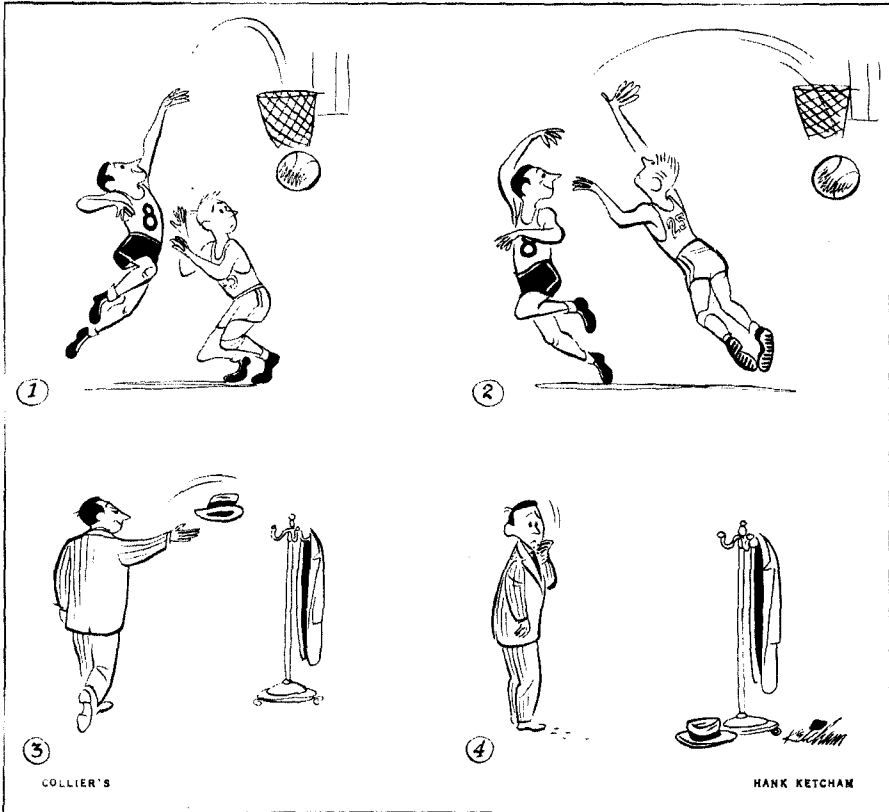
We come now to jewelry. Gold is most popular, in cuff links, tie clasps and tie chains, which are correct for town and business use. Sporting figures and monograms are also good. If you like colored stones in your cuff links, be sure—emphasize that—they take their color cue from the shirt. Have them blue, red or brown. ★★★





The three men above are wearing the correct color combinations for striped, plaid and tweed suits. The big wheel at the left displays 16 examples of what to wear when your suit is a solid color. By consulting this chart the well-dressed male can find the proper shirt and tie harmony for each outfit

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM STONE



"But who *took* them?" Papa wanted to know.

Turk and Dibbo looked hurt. "We ain't stoolies," they said, and my father saw that it would be futile to try to get anything more out of them.

That evening at supper, Papa told us about the brushes with a good deal of satisfaction. "I hardly expected to be repaid so soon for giving Turk and Dibbo the benefit of the doubt, but there it is."

"So now you're in touch with the underworld," Mama said, "and you seem proud of it. But it doesn't please me one bit."

Papa answered out of the corner of his mouth, "Lady, why can'tcha look at duh brighter side o' tings?" He turned to me: "Shoot me duh spuds, kiddo."

CONFERRING with Mr. Finney, Papa made a work plan for the big house on West End Avenue and got his crew started in apartment 10-J, on the tenth floor, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Homer Bigwood and their daughter, Jane, a very badly spoiled girl of sixteen.

At the end of the first week, the painters had almost finished the Bigwoods' twelve rooms. Most of the men had already left, one afternoon, to start another job, in apartment 8-J, two stories below. Only Turk and Dibbo stayed behind, to varnish Jane's bedroom floor, the only job that remained to be done there. Jane, who had badgered the men all through the job, trying to get them to hurry and at the same time hampering them with faultfinding criticisms, was on hand, anxious to repossess her room. "How long will it take the floor to dry?" she asked, looking in.

"Better keep off of it for two days at least, miss, if you don't wanna spoil it," Dibbo said.

"Two whole days! Wait, now, I'm not sure I like the color of that varnish."

"You approved duh tint yourself," Turk said. "You'll like it when it's on." He dipped a brush in his pot and put a first stroke on the floor.

"Well, Mr. Turk, I *don't* like it," the girl said. "It won't do at all."

Turk didn't argue with her any further. He quickly smeared a juicy coat of varnish over the space in front of the doorway to make sure she wouldn't enter the room and try to stop him and Dibbo from finishing the job. Jane stamped her foot and yelled that no common house painters were going to treat her like that. Turk and Dibbo quietly continued their varnishing. Suddenly the girl began laughing at them. "You fools! You've

painted me out, but you've also painted yourselves in! Oh, what idiots!"

But she was wrong. Turk and Dibbo were working toward the window. When they got there, they simply climbed out with their pots and brushes and went down the fire escape to apartment 8-J, where they rejoined the rest of the crew of painters.

My father was there, launching them on the new job. Dibbo and Turk told of the trick they had played on the girl upstairs and got hearty approval—except from my father, who only smiled doubtfully. "She deserved it," he said. "Let's hope that's the end of it." It wasn't, though. Dropping in at the real-estate office, later, Papa learned that Mr. Bigwood had been there.

"He was very upset," Finney told Papa. "He claims your men ignored his daughter's wishes and were very highhanded about it. They ought to know better than that."

"She's a brat," Papa said. "She's been an awful nuisance, all along."

"She can afford to be, Mr. Green. The Bigwoods pay five thousand a year for their apartment, and for that kind of dough, the tenant is always right," Finney said. "Turk and Dibbo—what sort of hoodlums are they, anyhow? I'm afraid they just don't belong around here."

"They're A-I house painters, Mr. Finney, and good ones aren't easy to find. Won't you let them have another chance? I'll give them a talking to and, of course, I'll square things with the Bigwoods—do that floor over, if necessary."

On the condition that Turk and Dibbo behave themselves thenceforth, Finney was persuaded to let my father retain them. "Okay this time, Mr. Green. But remember—the tenant is always right!"

From the office, Papa went to see the Bigwoods. He showed them that the floor admirably matched the girl's new bedroom furniture, as intended, and convinced them that doing it over would be pointless; the girl would only be kept from her room that much longer. An apology for the behavior of the painters, which Papa laid to their artistic temperament, left the Bigwoods mollified. Then Papa made Turk and Dibbo promise to be more discreet in the future. "Let me handle the tenants, boys. That's what I'm here for."

"Awright, they're all yours," Turk said. "Only ting really worries me is how to handle duh superintendent. He's gettin' on our noives somethin' awful." Turk was referring to Mr. Molder, the fat



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middle-aged man, a fanatic for cleanliness, who ran the apartment house. "You know how careful we been about keepin' duh hallways clean. Well, he bawled us out again yesterday, just duh same. 'Lookit all duh doit you made,' he said. 'What doit?' we said. Honest, Mr. Green, we didn't see no doit."

"And if we have to git into an apartment when duh people are away," Dibbo said, "he makes such a fuss about handin' out duh key. We have to beg him for it. You'd tink he was doing us a big favor."

"I know he's been unpleasant," Papa said. "But that's how some superintendents are. As I've said before, you have to take it as part of the job; you can't expect everything to be perfect. Just don't let him get you into a stew about it—let him do the stewing."

ONE morning, Turk and Dibbo had a load of stuff to take to the twelfth floor. They were about to begin decorating the apartment of a wealthy bachelor by the name of Crawford, who wanted some fancy wood graining done. Seeing an "Out of Order" sign on the service-elevator door, Turk and Dibbo rang for one of the passenger elevators. Molder was in the foyer, watching them like a hawk. "I'm not going to have you mess up the passenger car," he said. "You'll have to walk upstairs."

"Twelve flights wit' dis load?" Dibbo said. "You're crazy."

"Don't you dare talk to me like that, you paint slinger!" said the superintendent.

Just then, the passenger car appeared. Turk and Dibbo started to pile in with their paints, pots and ladders. Molder jumped in front of them, barring the entrance. "No you don't, you slob!"

"Get outa duh way, you crabby ole Dutchman," Turk said.

Molder, outraged, refused to step aside. Losing patience, Dibbo planted one of his huge hands on the superintendent and sent him reeling across the foyer. Then Dibbo and Turk rode upstairs with the frightened elevator man.

Papa showed up, presently, and Molder, who had been waiting for him, made a furiously indignant complaint about Turk and Dibbo.

"They just gave you a push, hey?" Papa said. "Well, calm down. You got off easy."

"Wh-what do you mean, 'easy'?" "Either of those boys would cut your heart out for a dime. Take my advice and don't kid around with them any more," my father said and went about his business.

Molder carried his complaint to Mr.

Finney, and Finney sent for my father.

"Mr. Molder is one of our oldest and most trusted employees," said the real-estate manager. "I won't have his life endangered by those two gorillas of yours."

"You only got his side of the story," said Papa, who, by then, had heard Turk's and Dibbo's account. He made a plea for them, telling Finney how unreasonable the superintendent had been.

"I guess Molder is a bit difficult at times—frankly, I'm not too fond of him myself," Finney admitted. "He's in strong with the management because he's efficient and knows how to keep the tenants happy. The point is, we can't tolerate dangerous characters around here. According to Molder, you yourself told him that Turk and Dibbo are cutthroats."

"I was only fooling—it was just a joke on the old crank," Papa said.

"The fact remains that they did lay hands on him," said Finney, "and it's not long since they offended one of our tenants. I simply don't understand how you can keep such people in your employ. Obviously, they're yeggs."

"No, not really," Papa said. "Anyway, they're trying to be good citizens, and I think they ought to be encouraged."

"We are not running an institution for the rehabilitation of roughnecks," Finney said. "You'll have to get rid of them—that's all there is to it!"

THAT night, Mama said to Papa, "Can't you just discharge Turk and Dibbo?"

"After putting my faith in them, and after they've been so loyal and hard-working? No!" said Papa. "Besides, they're such sensitive fellows—"

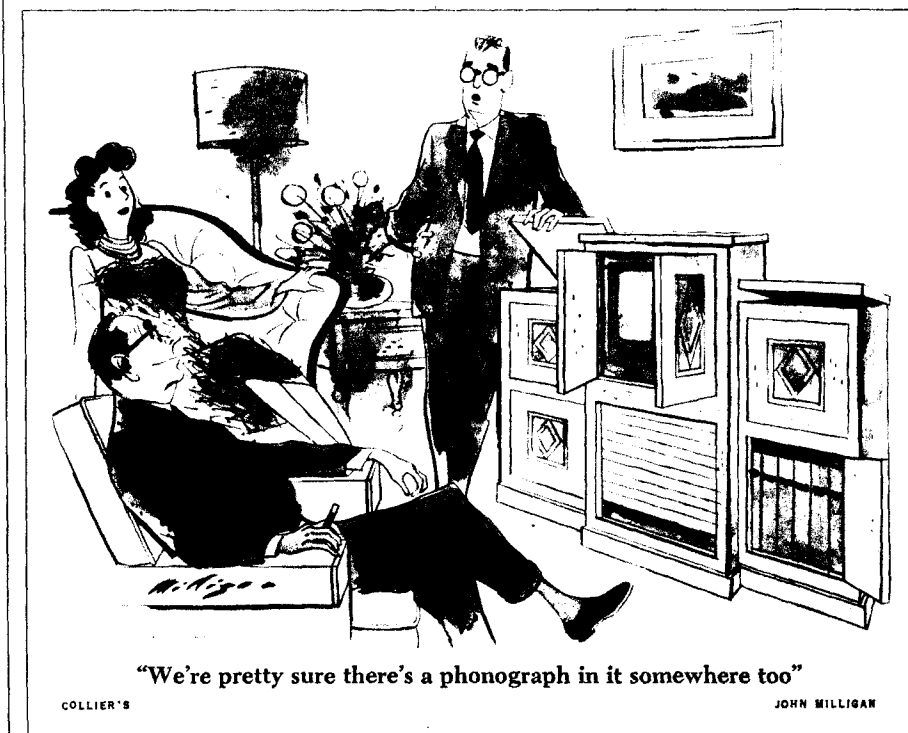
"Gee, Pa, you ain't afraid of them, are you?" one of us boys said.

"Don't forget there are two of them," he said. "And Dibbo alone is twice my size."

"Never mind that," Mama said. "What have we got a police department for?"

Papa shook his head. "It's an impossible fix. I can't fire them, but if I don't, I'll be in bad with Finney. No more contracts from him, after this." He began pacing back and forth. "I guess I had it coming, trying to fit myself into the business world, where I don't belong. I should have remained in overalls. Life was much happier when I worked for a salary. Then it was just a question of finding employment worthy of my skill. I did top quality work, I got top wages, I didn't have to kowtow to anyone. I was a free man—"

We kept still while he let off steam. At length he quieted down, and then Mama



Collier's for March 27, 1948

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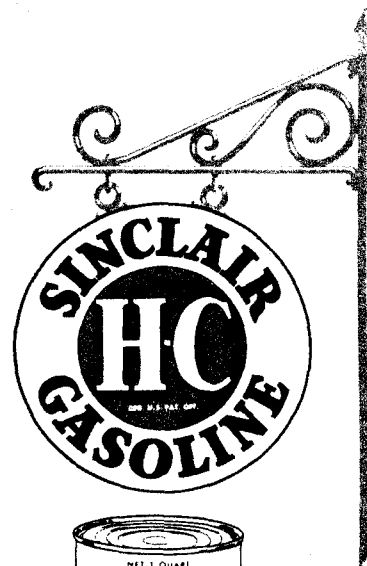
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aid, "Dan, since you've grown so sentimental about those two ruffians, there's only one thing to do. Explain that as much as you'd like to keep them on, you have no choice in the matter. You've got to appeal to their better nature." . . .

Next day, Papa went downtown to the Vest End Avenue house to do as Mama aid. Gloomily he took the elevator upstairs to the Crawford apartment where Turk and Dibbo were at work.

"Good morning, Mr. Crawford, how are things going here?"

"Very nicely," said the tenant jovially. He took my father to his big dining room, the walls of which were marked off into panels with strips of molding, ready for Turk's and Dibbo's artistic manipulations.

"Sweetest job I ever tackled," Turk aid. "Circassian walnut, no less. How do you like duh sample?" Proudly he howed my father a single finished panel. 'Kin you picture duh whole room done like this?"

"It would be swell," Papa sighed. How could he dismiss Turk and Dibbo now? It would be like taking candy away from babies.

"It's exactly the way I wanted it," Mr. Crawford said. "These two men are the best damn' wood grainers I ever came across. For once I'll have my rooms done right."

Papa didn't say anything. He was waiting for the tenant to leave him alone with Turk and Dibbo so that he could get over the nasty job of giving them their notice. But Crawford hung around, apparently in a celebrative mood. He broke out a bottle of brandy and had Papa and the two workmen join him in a drink. 'Now that I see you boys really know your stuff," he said to Turk and Dibbo, 'I've got a little surprise for you. When you're through with this room, there'll be the library to do, in fumed oak, and the music room, in Venetian maple."

"Gee, three or four weeks of wood grainin', at least!" Turk said.

Dibbo was overjoyed too; he'd have plenty to do as Turk's assistant.

Papa miserably decided to postpone talking to Turk and Dibbo until lunch hour, when he was sure to get them alone. Finishing their drinks, they went happily back to work. Then Papa took the tenant aside. "There's something I've got to tell you, Mr. Crawford, and it's rather embarrassing—"

"I understand," said the tenant. "I know this kind of work is special stuff, not in the line of ordinary decorating. Finney will only allow me part of the cost; most of it I'll have to pay for myself. All right, how much?"

"That's not what's worrying me," said my father. "I had no idea you wanted so much work done here. I figured Turk and Dibbo would be through very soon. The thing about them is— well, it's like this: Suppose I got you a couple of other wood grainers?"

"Nothing doing," Crawford said. "If you planned to use them elsewhere during the next few weeks, it's your hard luck. You're not going to switch men on me. Let's come to terms."

Papa now saw the situation solving itself. "Just a moment, Mr. Crawford. Can't I persuade you to take a couple of other men in their place? They'd be good wood grainers, of course."

"It's out of the question. I just won't let these boys go!"

"Well, frankly, I don't blame you," Papa said. "They're real artists."

PAPA came to terms with the tenant and rode downstairs again. In the foyer, Mr. Molder greeted him with a malicious grin. "I hope you're not going to be short-handed now, Mr. Green. That would be too bad."

"If you're thinking of Turk and Dibbo," Papa said, "they're going to be busy around here for some time, and you may as well get used to the idea. They're on a sort of private job for Mr. Crawford, so you'd better leave them alone. It wouldn't please Mr. Crawford if you annoyed them."

With that, Papa left Molder and went to the office to tell Mr. Finney about the new developments. "This Crawford fellow is just plain nuts about wood grainin', so what can I do? It's really out of my hands, Mr. Finney."

As Papa later reported at home, the real-estate agent eyed him with awe and suspicion. "Considering the fact that you're new at this game, Mr. Green, it's remarkable how things work out for you. But what about Molder?"

"You should have seen his face when I informed him that the boys are under Mr. Crawford's protection, so to speak," Papa said.

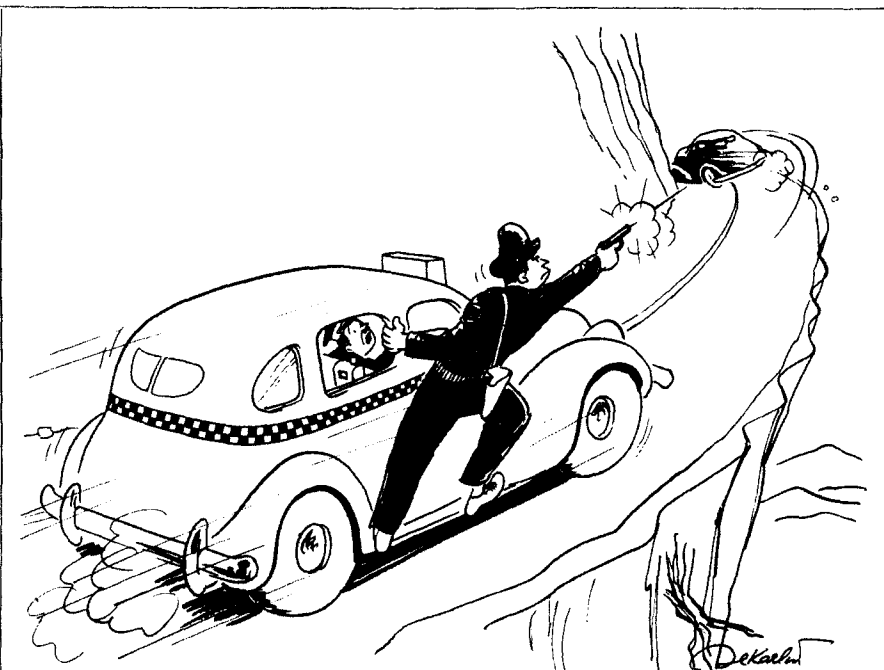
"Molder is a man who looks ahead," Finney observed. "Christmas isn't far off—"

"And I judge Crawford to be a generous person," said Papa.

"You've thought of everything," Finney said with a knowing grin, as one businessman to another. "Nice little extra profit in this deal for you, isn't there? Really, Mr. Green, I don't quite know what to make of it all."

"The tenant is always right," Papa said cheerfully.

THE END



"Wanna keep chasin' him, Mac? It's up to a buck already"

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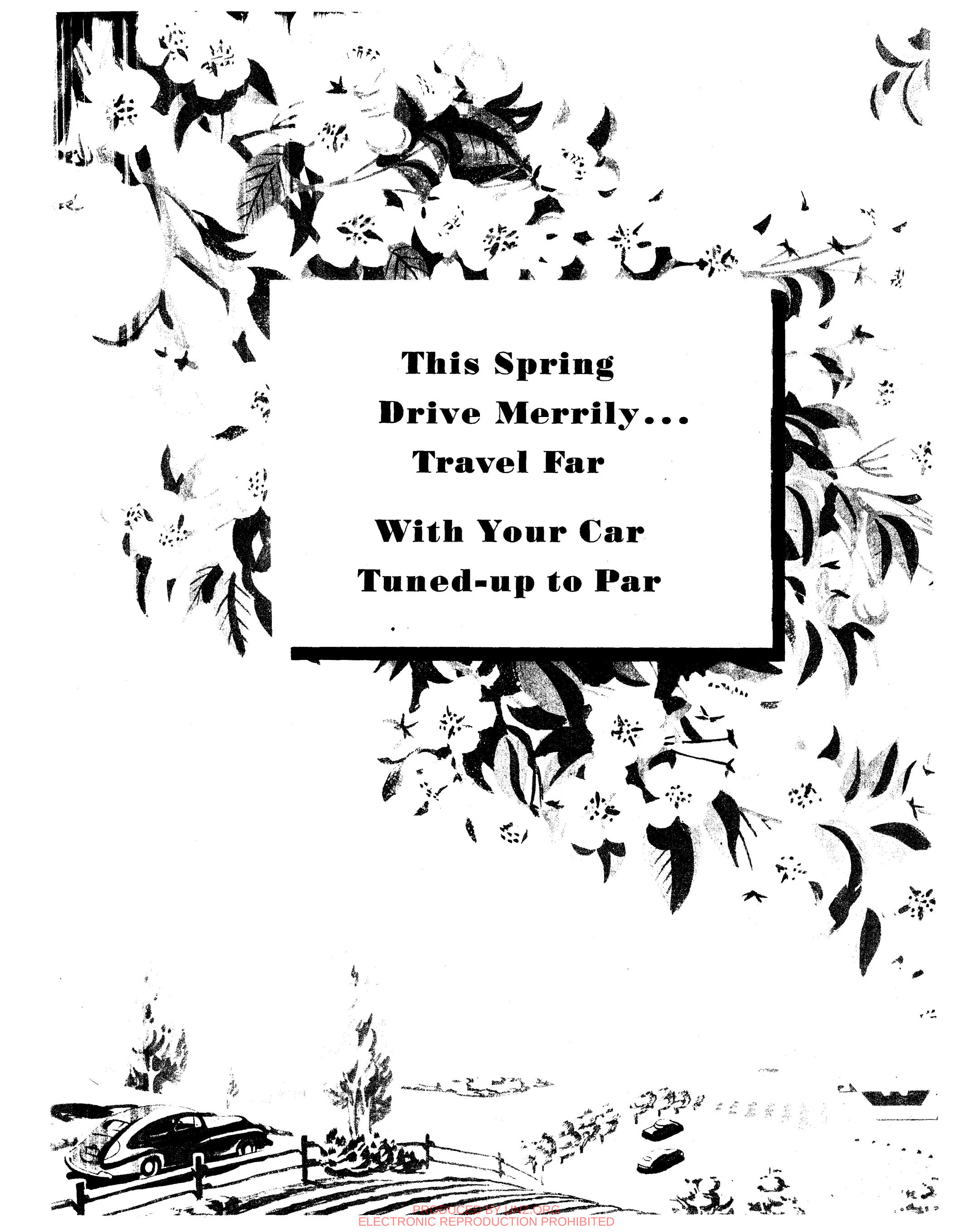
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Then protect the cooling system with a good rust inhibitor—after replacing worn hose and leaky gaskets. Check the thermostat, too. Have the fan belt adjusted or replaced. That way you'll avoid the risk of costly harm—annoyance—delay. And as your car takes the high hills without heating up, you'll feel new pride.

**Wear and trouble you will foil
By changing Winter-blackened oil**

Your correct grade of clean, good oil is a must for Spring. This seasonal oil change is the one surest thing you can do toward wear-free, care-free motoring.

Have the oil filter element checked and replaced if necessary.

**Stop wear and squeaks . . . save vexation
with complete fresh lubrication**

A quiet chassis with that soft, pleasant, "limbered up" action comes from the proper fresh lubricants at all points—springs, shock absorbers, steering, universals, wheels, and throughout. A reputable service man will use the right lubes. He'll protect your car and the steady enjoyment you want to get out of it. Transmission and differential lubricants should be checked, too.

**For safety and your peace of mind
Have brakes adjusted or re-lined**

Too many accidents are too often caused by faulty brakes! Safety demands an actual look at your brake linings by removing a wheel. Have this done now. The hydraulic system should be inspected and fluid added if required. Know that your brakes can't fail and you'll really motor at ease!

**If for power you've been wishin'
Check your engine's whole condition**

The ignition system should be thoroughly checked, and adjustments made. Clean the spark plugs; they should be adjusted or replaced as required. If the engine is sluggish or using too much oil, have the compression checked. You may need a piston ring job. Why put it off? You halt waste—you invite that deep-down old motoring thrill—with power renewed by having your engine made shipshape now.

**Spring's no time for looking shoddy . . .
Smooth out dents; shine up the body**

Body shops do wonders nowadays; dents become invisible. Maintain the car's whole appearance with polish or wax. Of course, you'll want bad glass replaced. Doors should be adjusted for safety and silence. And now, you can have a rust-resisting compound sprayed on the chassis—and underbody—for prolonged life and a quieter ride! You'll be respected for a well-kept car; you'll love to be seen in it.

**Better far than "knocking wood" . . .
See that all your tires are good**

Tire trouble spoils more trips than any other one thing. Guard enjoyment and safety by inspection of casings. Injuries can often be repaired. But thin old tires will prove to be a nuisance and a menace. And mark this: a lot of road tire trouble can be avoided by testing tires weekly. If the gauge always shows one tire losing pressure faster than the others, there's trouble inside! Have the tire taken off and examined. Another way to save tires: have wheel alignment and steering checked up.

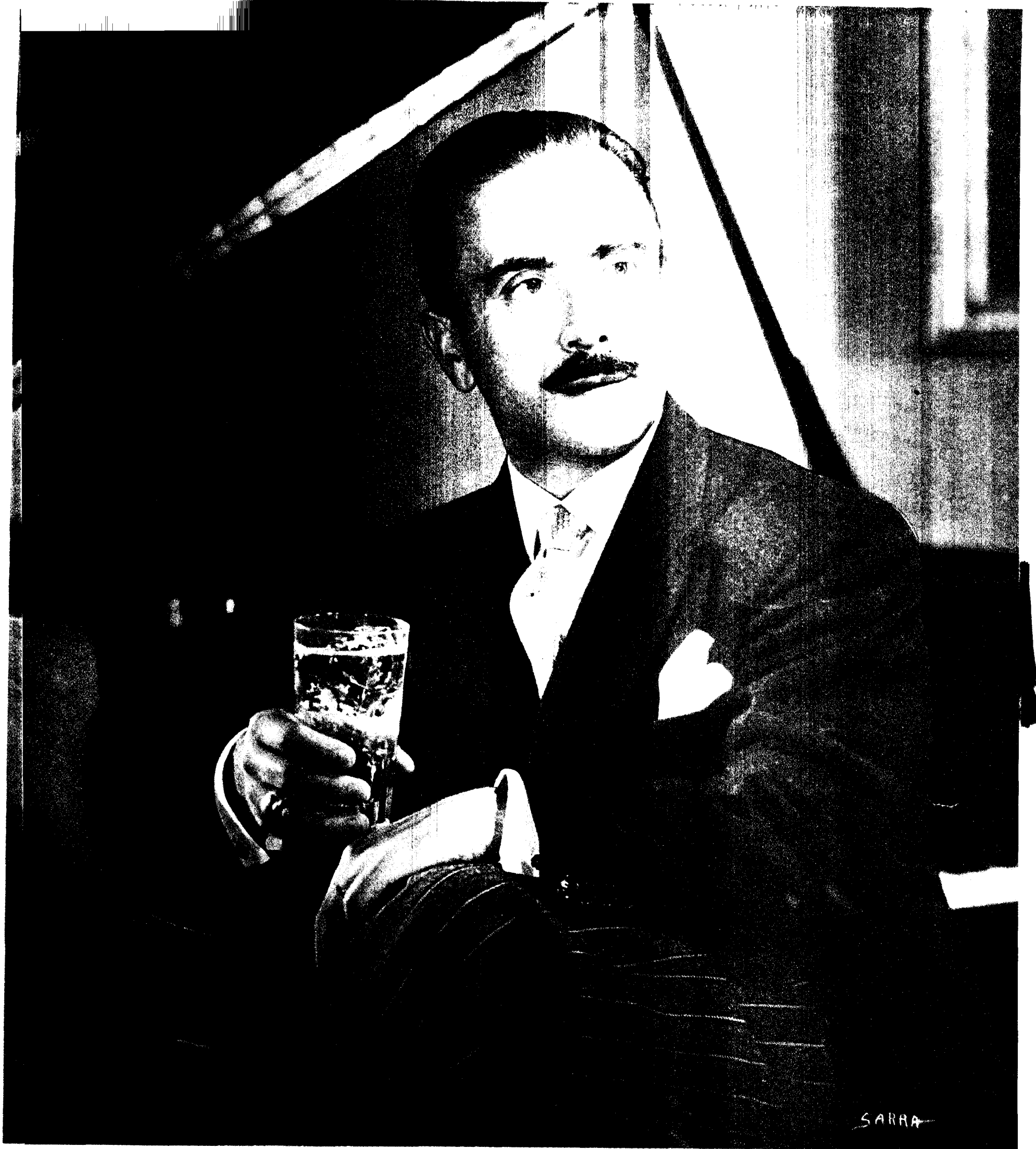
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Don't wait—make a date with a good service man to give your car Collier's P.S. (Preventive Service). It's the safest way to make your car ready for these coming months of hard use. Don't forget the importance of correctly aimed headlights. And see that your tail light, brake light and windshield wipers are in good order. Preventive Service (P.S.) costs less than any other kind, and means most toward motoring safety, full satisfaction and true recreation.



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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

... I have just returned from a week on the Navajo and Hopi reservations. Our present institutions among the Indians, both the Christian Missions and the Indian Service, must be improved and extended. In an effort to assist toward these goals, the American Friends Service Committee, with the help of persons on the reservation, is working out a program.

PAUL B. JOHNSON, Pasadena, Calif.

LITTLE COMEDIAN

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: May I congratulate you on the editorial in re Charles Chaplin (Feb. 7th). To think that this nation has harbored, befriended, enriched and at times almost idolized such a character as Chaplin!

This man is now praised by our Russian enemies and he should be booted out of the nation into the Atlantic.

And there are others who should "get the gate" along with him: H. Bogart, Danny Kaye, Alan Smiley, and the Eisler brothers, who are making a mockery out of the decency of this nation. All of this tribe are tarred with the same brush.

EDWARD JORGENSEN, Los Angeles, Calif.

... Your editors write: "Charlie Chaplin hasn't had any Grade-A ideas..."

Have you seen his Great Dictator? Chaplin alone dared to probe into the problems of industrialization, mechanization, collectivism. He knows that the difference between demagogue and criminal is a difference of adjustment (well-adjusted criminals are politicians); he knows the difference between crime and sin, charity and sentimentality; he knows love and resignation, vitality and death. As a pacifist, I hope this profound social philosopher will tackle for us the problems of atomic war. If we could listen to that Little Comedian we might be saved yet.

W. WEILGART, PH.D., New Orleans, La.

THE CAT STRIKES BACK!

DEAR SIR: In answer to Elizabeth Phillipson's nasty letter in The Week's Mail, Feb. 14th, we cats are not selfish. We give our food to our young. We don't leave our babies without food for days in unheated apartments; or abandon them in church vestibules or on doorsteps.

We cats don't go around saying, "Look how smart we are; we created the atom bomb!" Yet this woman has called us egotistical, overbearing, and even stupid. We may "wantonly" kill birds, but we eat them much as you eat mutton or chickens. We have as much right to live as you do, so please don't tell people that cats should all be shot.

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO,

(Dictated to Elizabeth von Till, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

THOMAS LINCOLN

DEAR SIR: In re article Mr. Lincoln's Beard by Ann Cutler (Feb. 14th) all the Lincoln biographies I've read and Mr. Lincoln himself state that Lincoln's father was named Thomas—not Robert.

W. S. OSBORN, Kirkland, Wash.

Thomas it was and shame is our name.

RE HENRY WALLACE

SIR: I am moved to write what is, I suspect, a useless comment re your editorial on Henry Wallace (Feb. 14th). For sheer mendacity this takes the prize. In the desperate days brought on by Republican misrule, farm leaders sought with tearful supplications to plow under the crops and "kill the little pigs" in an effort to halt ruinous prices. They prevailed and Henry was left holding the bag and getting the discredit.

When Winston Churchill declares that a

Collier's for March 27, 1948

way must be found to make peace with Russia he is acclaimed. When Henry pleads for the same thing he is called a Communist.

RAY F. CARTER, Oakland, Calif.

... I just can't resist the urge to write and tell you how dirty, despicable and Hitler-like your technique is. You say: "The Communist party provides his ONLY organized support." Such brazen statements of falsehood are as much if not more UNAMERICAN than anything the Communists are guilty of.

Again: "Wallace is for aid to Europe but against the Marshall Plan on the thoroughly false assertion that the Marshall Plan is hostile to Russia." You know as well as I do that the plan is being used as a hostile gesture toward Russia.

ANDREW OSTRUM, Edinburg, Texas

... I'm a high school student. To me Henry Wallace is one of the greatest men in our world. Unlike many of our grain-speculating, profit-chasing politicians, he has put morals and ideas ahead of personal gain.

CALVIN MAGNON, Kansas City, Mo.

THE MYSTERY CHEF

MY DEAR SIR: I have read with interest—and amazement—Jack The Cost Killer, about the Mystery Chef (Feb. 7th).

If I couldn't, with one hand tied behind me, do a better job in advising the housewife how to feed four people on less than \$20 a week, then I would eat this issue of Collier's! I certainly would not feed my family a breakfast of griddle cakes and hot muffins. If I did, the family would use me as a target for the flapjacks. And what about the wheat which Mr. Luckman has begged us to save?

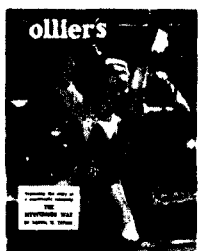
To use valuable space in a national magazine to tell women how to make ordinary baking powder biscuits—called by the Mystery Chef Scotch scones—then to give her the revolutionary advice to leave out the shortening and add a little sugar—it is to laugh!

HAZEL YOUNG, Springfield, Mass.

... The menu given for a family of four for \$18.39 is downright extravagant. There are five of us and my wife has \$25 a week to feed us. On that amount she puts out a lot better and more filling menu, not a beans 'n' sowbelly diet, but one that includes plenty of fresh green vegetables and fruit and a lot more meat; buys all the household supplies such as cleaning materials, tissues, etc., and saves \$5 a week for herself. Beat that, if you can, Mystery Chef! H. R. MICHAEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

GOOD SKATE

DEAR SIR: I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed the cover (Feb. 7th).



Sally Rhynas is from Toronto, blue-eyed, 5' 10", 124 lbs., genuinely blond; a ballet dancer; has modeled since seven; acted stock; speaks French; has doll collection—and yes—she's an accomplished figure skater.



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their own
cars

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Motor
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**Automotive engineers know
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**Follow their example and
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Oil City, Pennsylvania



For your protection, only oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

*A nation-wide poll of automotive engineers by an independent research organization reveals that IN THEIR OWN CARS these experts use Pennsylvania Motor Oils more than 2 1/2 to 1 over any other type of oil.

DE GAULLE, HORSEMAN OF DISILLUSION

Continued from page 15

"I'm a clunk . . . a Draggin' Dan,
When most cars start I never can.
A hog for oil, I gobble gas,
I creep and crawl while others pass.
I love the scowls my slowness brings.
I dread those . . . Rings . . .
They slay me!"



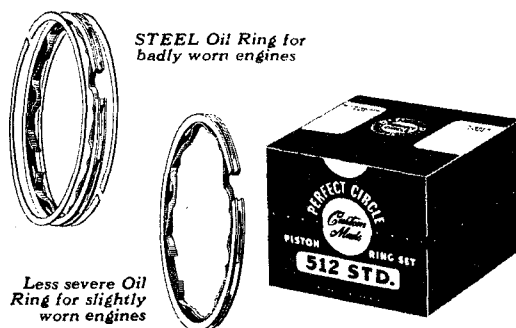
Doctors of Motors Everywhere Acclaim Perfect Circle Piston Rings!



Yes, your Doctor of Motors, your expert mechanic, recommends Perfect Circles and here's why: He knows that Perfect Circle makes a set of piston rings for every engine condition. With Steel oil rings for the worst or badly worn oil pumpers . . . with less severe oil rings for slightly worn or rebuilt engines.

Further, he knows that no other piston rings are made with the same care and precision, engineered as thoroughly or tested as completely as Perfect Circles. That's why better mechanics everywhere always install Perfect Circles. That's why leading car manufacturers use and recommend them, too.

Your Doctor of Motors, your favorite mechanic, will install a set—Custom Made for your car.



A Set CUSTOM MADE for every engine condition

PERFECT CIRCLE

PISTON RINGS

STOP OIL PUMPING

RESTORE POWER

correctly informed by his newspaper, the Ramadier government that ran the country last year allowed the circulation of banknotes to increase by 25 per cent. Georges has watched the new "Third Force" of Premier Robert Schuman try to stop this inflation, by taking 37 per cent of the country's banknotes out of circulation, against the combined opposition of the Communists and the De Gaullists, but he has also observed that the cost of living has not come down one franc.

"This Schuman," says Georges, "he would like to make good things for France but he has not enough control."

Both Factions Exploit Misery

Georges believes that France is headed for another showdown, either at the polls or in the streets. He believes the Communists will wreck representative government, and De Gaulle will be called to power. Other, and perhaps more careful, observers believe that the wrecking impulse is coming equally from the De Gaullists, to exploit the discontent of people like Georges, and that the Communists are taking a calculated risk of having De Gaulle imposed on them. Whatever the cause, if the showdown comes, Georges will be for De Gaulle.

This does not mean that he has great faith in the general. Like many other men and women in France of left, right and center, Georges thinks that De Gaulle had his supreme chance to save the country and missed it.

"He was a good man for the war but he is not good for politics." Yet like

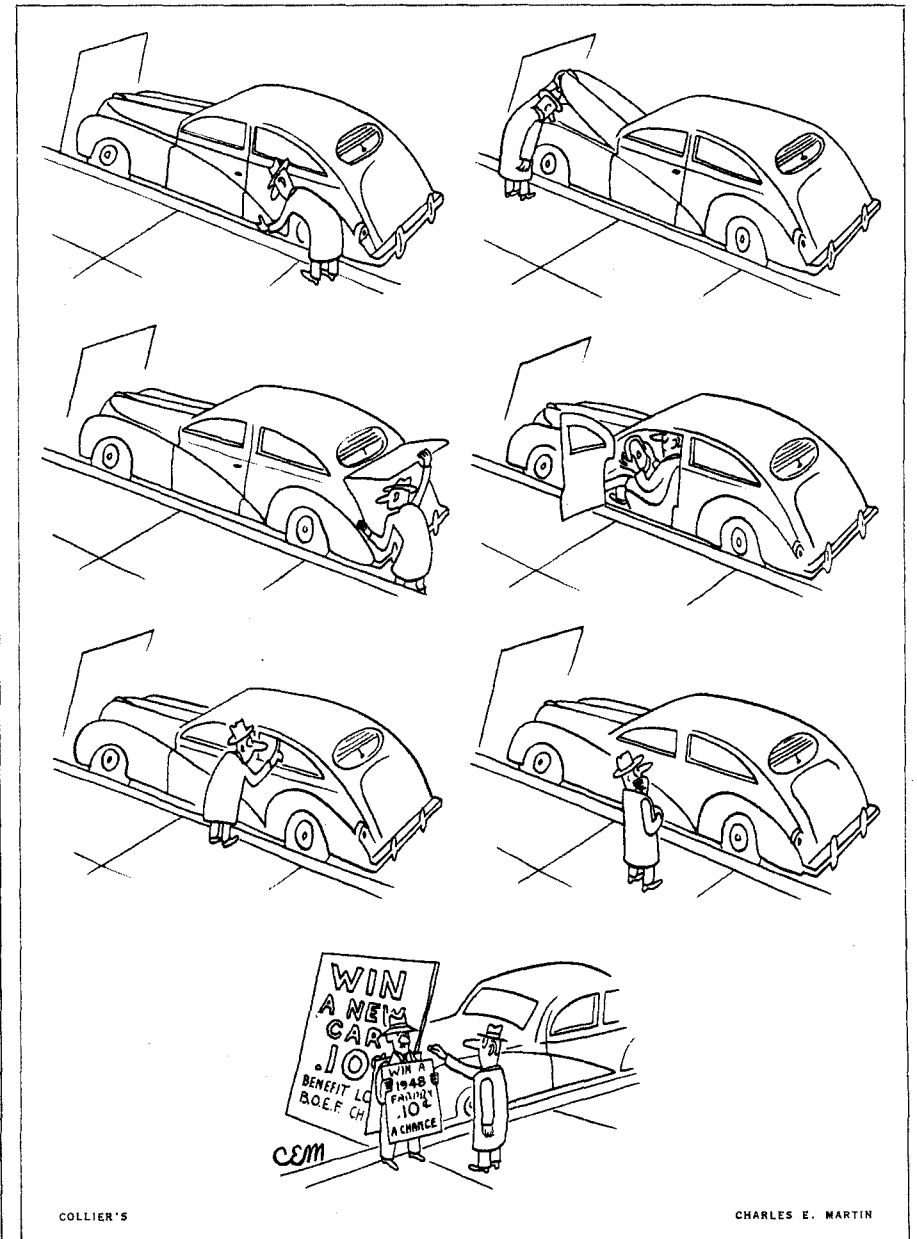
many other men and women in France, Georges is sick and tired of his life and would follow anybody who, he thought, would make it a little better. His reason for thinking De Gaulle would improve it is characteristic of Georges:

"The rich are for De Gaulle, and I am for De Gaulle because I am for the rich. When people are rich then we have work. There will always be the rich and poor so the poor had better work for the rich."

It would be misleading to think of Georges Jeziorski as a typical Frenchman. There is no such thing as a typical Frenchman, and most French workmen are as individualistic as Georges. Like Georges they got into their present economic predicament partly through circumstances over which they had no control, partly through their own individual willfulness. They will get out of it, if they do, the same way.

In a new national election, which De Gaulle would like to force this year, many of them would vote for De Gaulle for reasons as cynical—and possibly as mistaken—as Georges. Many more would vote Communist for equally cynical reasons; most working-class suburbs of Paris are Communist, and the party, like Tammany, has ways of helping its own. Other workingmen have reached such a degree of cynicism that they would not even bother to vote. Listen to some of Georges' neighbors, who will always talk politics on Sunday:

"The government is run by *salopards* and robbers," says a retired printer named Gaston Pepin, who now does odd jobs repairing furniture and plays the horses successfully. "I will never vote for the



COLLIER'S

CHARLES E. MARTIN

Collier's for March 27, 1948

2
times out of
3

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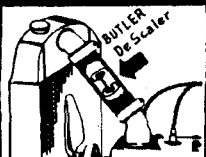
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NOW you can PREVENT RUST and SCALE from forming in your AUTO RADIATOR

PROTECT your new car's cooling system from the start... end radiator rust-ups in your old car. Butler De-Scaler has been used with great success industrially for over ten years... proven in thousands of truck and bus fleets. Now available for car owners. Unconditionally guaranteed for one year, will not interfere with anti-freeze or stop leak. Easily installed... available at service stations, garages, and car dealers everywhere. If no dealer near you, write BUTLER ENGINEERING CO., 2618 Rousseau Street, New Orleans 11, Louisiana.

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Butler De-Scalers are also available for use in boilers, home hot water systems, Diesels, etc.

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KEEPS WATER CRYSTAL CLEAR
Installed in radiator hose, Butler De-Scaler's Galvanic Cell Action prevents rust and scale throughout cooling system. Removes old rust and scale.



Communists. I would like to have a free republic but I'd vote for De Gaulle because I'm a Frenchman. France has been governed too much by foreigners—by German and Jewish people such as Blum and Schuman. De Gaulle is a real Frenchman."

Says an old workman named Albert Bunier, who makes 9,000 francs a month at the waterworks: "We have tried all kinds of parties and the situation is worse than ever. The parties are rotten and I can't choose. I would like to have a dictator who would do something energetic."

A Communist comes along. His name is Pascal Pirraut; he is thirty-five and works in a sugar refinery. In purest argot M. Pirraut explains why he votes Communist: "The Communist party is the party of liberty—and there will be enough food to eat."

The nearest thing to the middle class in Saint-Maurice is the small tradesman. To judge by the Jeziorski butcher and baker, he's no more optimistic than the proletarians he serves.

"Politics are good when business is good," says butcher Roger Lebleu. "Just now business is bad."

"To hell with politics!" says baker Emil Stock.

"Listen," says M. Lebleu, "when liberation came we thought things would be good. Now everything has gone wrong. It is too late. We do not care any more. We just want to stay alive and finish our lives."

"Jews and capitalists!" says M. Stock. "All politicians are *fumiers*."

Says Jenny Jeziorski, "They vote with the wind. If one day everybody says 'Vive Thorez,' they say 'Vive Thorez.' If people say 'Vive De Gaulle,' they say 'Vive De Gaulle.'"

There Was Beauty in Life Then

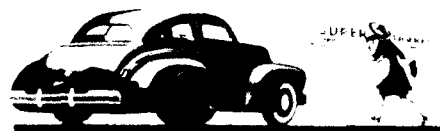
From this utter cynicism, from class and racial hatreds that seem to seep into lives that are hard, Jenny is thankful to have escaped. She remembers her first trips alone into Paris, when the bus rattled through other working-class districts like her own, then drove for miles along the river under an archway of trees that smelled fresh and clean. On down river the bus would take her, past the Louvre and across Concorde Bridge, and uphill to Montparnasse and to the Church of Notre Dame des Champs, where the nuns were teaching her dress-making. Life was not easy then; she was given only one meal by the nuns, and she took half of it home to her mother; but each day she could follow the river to places where beauty still existed.

Yet Jenny has also found disenchantment in this part of Paris. She was working as a salesgirl in a haberdashery, her second job, on the day Paris was liberated. She remembers running out of the shop to see her first American soldiers and General Leclerc's French soldiers in their tanks. She remembers the happy, half-hysterical crowds in the streets and she thought then, as did almost everybody in France, that a new life was beginning. Now Jenny says, "It was better under the Germans."

For two years she worked for Lanvin, a fashionable dressmaker in the Rue de Faubourg Saint Honoré, where she sold fifty-thousand-franc dresses to plenty of collaborators and black-marketeers. The seven thousand francs she made each month bought her one neat outfit to work in, English lessons which helped her work and bus fare home. The rest she gave to her parents, who quarreled more as living costs went up and their living standard went down.

When G.I.s complained about the prices of scarves and handbags, muttering "lousy, cheating Frogs," Jenny asked the head saleswoman what was the matter. The saleswoman told her that France didn't have raw materials to make enough

SCARED about your brakes?



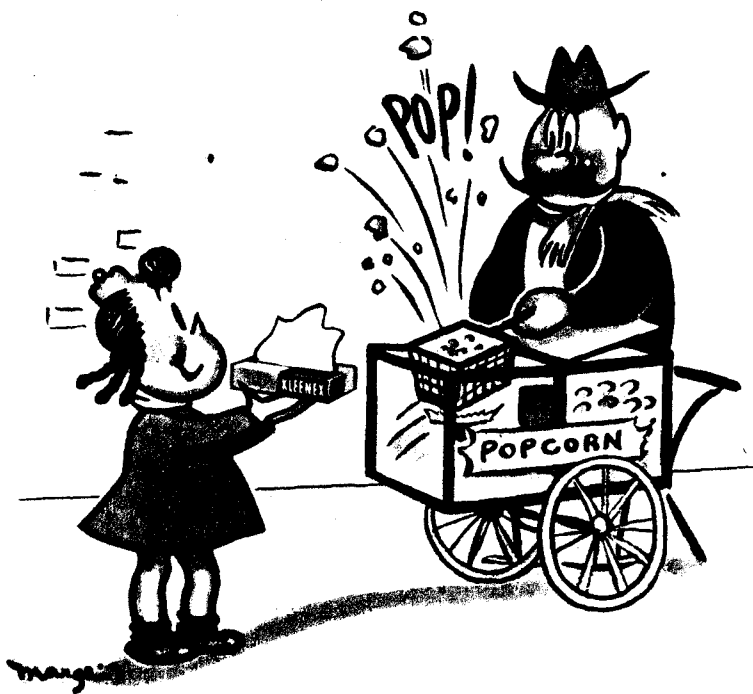
Here's how to be sure of your brakes: *regular brake inspection!* Go to the shop that uses Grey-Rock Balanced Brake Linings. Ask the man to pull a wheel. If a minor adjustment will do, he'll tell you. If relining is needed, he'll install Grey-Rock *Balanced Brake Linings*, using Grey-Rock methods based on National Safety Council standards for sure, smooth stops and long wear.

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"Kleenex* pops up, too!"

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Rather nudge a gnu than shave?

Is shaving such misery you'd rather battle animals?

If so, you may own the twosome of many men—tough whiskers, tender skin. And that can be pain. But . . .

Not if you use Mollé! For Mollé is heavier . . . a brushless cream gentle

to skin, yet wilts the toughest beard.

Because Mollé is heavier, it softens bristles . . . straightens 'em so your razor zips through them.

You shave faster, closer, easier, and painlessly when you use Mollé. Try it! Pronounced "Mo-lay."



*The heavier cream
for tender skins!*

BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

goods and that was why prices went up; things would be better after the war. That was small comfort to visiting G.I.s and nothing got better anyway. Jenny was lucky to get a job as governess, with good food in addition to her salary, and to move out of the Jeziorski shack.

Some of her friends have not been so lucky, and have to sew in the evening to keep their dresses together and their stockings darned, as they must be in the world of *haute couture*. They find no more enchantment in this world than Jenny did and they too have grown cynical. Says Germaine Breitel, a salesgirl friend of Jenny's, "The government's a dish of cold food." She will vote for De Gaulle.

Not so Madale Leone Riberra, who was once married to a rich shirtmaker and now works as a receptionist at Lanvin's for seven thousand francs a month. "Schuman will ruin the poor people with taxes," she says. "But I will not vote for De Gaulle. He should not put his big nose into politics. He saved France from the enemy but he cannot save her from bankruptcy."

Jenny could never receive her young man at home, in one roomful of Jeziorskis, but now in the evening she has the use of the nursery in the home where she works. Its window looks out on the Seine and across it to the Louvre. Jenny's young man is named Roger Pellat, and he lives still farther down the river, near the Porte d'Auteuil. He and Jenny are engaged to be married.

In him is combined the adventurer and the hard-headed practical man, a type that war, resistance and postwar conditions have made not uncommon in France. He fought for the Spanish Republic at eighteen, was commissioned in the French army at twenty-one, was captured and imprisoned in Germany for a year, escaped and finished the war fighting with the resistance in the Vercors, under the still remembered name of Colonel Patrice.

An Enemy of Bureaucracy

Roger Pellat now makes a good income helping to run a small textile factory. He has to deal with the government to get materials and is fed up with bureaucracy. Since a bureaucrat threw him out of his eight-room bachelor apartment (space is rationed in Paris) he has been something more than fed up.

Roger Pellat's belief in De Gaulle, shared by many veterans of the war and the resistance, is partly adventurous, partly sentimental and about as enthusiastic as any you will find outside a small band of fanatics.

"There are holes in his politics," says Colonel Patrice, "but I believed in him in 1940 and I believe in him now."

Where the Seine turns sharply to leave Paris, near the Porte de Versailles, is the Mairie d'Issy, a fashionable district in which the Count and Countess de Maistre live. The Countess de Maistre was born Helene Mourlevat of a fairly well-to-do family, but her mother was working as a seamstress and Helene as a salesgirl when she met François de Maistre last year. She is a friend of Jenny's.

The Count de Maistre runs an advertising agency, makes sometimes as much as eighty-thousand francs a month, and spends half of that for food. Since the De Maistres have no children yet, and since the count will inherit some money, they feel that they're well off, but their living expenses have gone up 20 per cent in the six months they've been married. The count is a conservative young man and troubled about France's future.

"It's hard to have confidence in De Gaulle," he says, "because the first time, by his fault, the Communists came back. But I am for a man strong enough to raise France up again."

Jenny Jeziorski and her family and friends may help to explain why in last

October's municipal elections six million people voted for De Gaulle's *Rassemblement du Peuple Français*, against not quite five million for the Communists and less than seven million for all other parties combined. It is as representative a cross section as you could find in a country of forty-five million individualists. And all over France, among peasants, small townsmen and city folk, you will find the same disgust with present conditions, the same lack of enthusiasm for the general, the same resigned conviction that if nothing else works he must be given another try.

Will Demand New Elections

With six million popular votes and less than one hundred supporters in the National Assembly, which was elected before the RPF was born, De Gaulle has a simple and appealing strategy: to accuse the assembly of not being representative and to demand new elections in the spring. In pursuit of this strategy his followers, like the Communists, fight the government, hoping to pull apart the hastily joined coalition of Premier Robert Schuman and leave the battle between De Gaulle and the Communists. De Gaulle's adherents believe that this would be a battle they could not lose.

He still has a fight on his hands with the Schuman coalition. The government's breaking of last December's strike probably hurt his chances slightly, and so did France's mild winter, for which the government can take no credit. But the government's great gamble was its calling in, late in January, of every 5,000-franc note in the country, 37 per cent of the paper money in circulation. It could hardly have chosen a more unpopular measure, with peasants, with small tradesmen, with workmen. The government was betting that it could restore confidence in the franc quickly enough to offset this popular discontent. De Gaulle is betting that things can't get better soon enough to keep him out of power.

The general's appeal is a double negative: He is anti-Communist and he is anti-things-as-they-are. To the disgruntled who are not Communists—and the great majority of Frenchmen are not—to those like Georges Jeziorski and his butcher who are tired and just want to live, De Gaulle offers a negative hope. At least, they believe, he would bring political order into which, with Marshall Plan aid, economic stability might come. The Marshall Plan neither helps nor hurts his chances, since Frenchmen are counting on it anyway, but it may help De Gaulle to make some economic plans, about which, if he has any, he has not yet told the country.

Many people, including Jenny Jeziorski's employers, mistrust certain aspects of the De Gaullist movement that remind them of Fascist regimes. They see in De Gaullism the same principle of personal leadership, the same attack on parliamentary politics, the same reliance on a "super" political organization, the same belief in corporative labor-management representation in the state, with consequent emasculation of trade unions, above all the same appeal to a sinking middle class and to the hatred of some workers for Communism.

Against this it may be argued that De Gaullism lacks the private, shirted army, the hoodlumism, the dependence on extralegal strength to bring it to power. De Gaulle has said many times that he would take power only by legal means, that he is no "man on horseback."

But when General de Gaulle came into Paris in August, 1944, he was, in a sense, a man on horseback. Liberation brought to France its sublimest moment in a generation, and on the hopes, the ideals, the illusions of that time De Gaulle securely rode. Now he has a horse of another color. Its name is disillusion.

THE END

Collier's for March 27, 1948



the modern plastic filter that made the cotton-waste filter obsolete

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, Purolator originated the first oil filter to become standard equipment on an automotive engine. Subsequently, other companies followed Purolator in making oil filters and as a result, various types of filter material were used such as metal, fullers earth, etc. But actual experience always proved that cotton—the original Purolator filter material—gave the most efficient filtration obtainable at the time.

Then, shortly before the war, our engineers turned to modern plastics in an effort to find a new filtering material that would exceed the efficiency of our cotton waste. They found it. Test after test proved conclusively that the new

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Came the war, and the need for oil, air and fuel filtration was driven home forcibly to the armed services by severe combat conditions. Government filter specifications called for a filter that would trap abrasives measured in microns (.000039 of an inch)—particles too small to be seen by the naked eye. The new Purolator Filter immediately met these specifications—hence the name Purolator *Micronic* Filter.

The new Purolator *Micronic* Filter employs a plastic impregnated cellulose filtering material which operates efficiently with mineral or additive oils. The special accordion pleated design

provides 8 times more filtering area and, in fact, will trap 200% more dirt, dust, grime and abrasives than the cotton-waste type filter. This sensational filter is heat-proof, warp-proof, water-proof and unaffected by crankcase acids.

If your car is *not* equipped with a Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter, have one installed today. If it is equipped with an ordinary oil filter, make certain to change the filter element to a *genuine* Purolator *Micronic* Filter Element. Only Purolator makes the Purolator *Micronic* Oil Filter.



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History has privileged us

—Herbert H. Lehman

THE RECENT DECISION OF THE UNITED NATIONS to partition Palestine is the most momentous development in Jewish history since the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. History has privileged us. For after long years of prayers and tears and trials and tribulations, our generation has seen the realization of an age-old dream.

Those who will build a new nation in Palestine need the generous help and the whole-hearted encouragement of their co-religionists in all lands. People such as you and I with undivided and single loyalty and devotion to America will none the less feel a deep interest in and responsibility for the success of this new sister nation.

It was said of the Jews of ancient Palestine that they built with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other. Let us hope that those of modern Palestine will be in a position soon to beat their swords into trowels and plows for the building of their country.

The United States grew to be the richest country and the strongest democracy in the history of man in the short period of a few hundred years. America is the achievement of an industrious people. We transformed the wilderness into rich farms and flourishing cities because Americans were endowed with creative power and with an indomitable will to succeed. Like the Jews of contemporary Europe, these early American pioneers were persecuted men, were poor men, were the victims of religious intolerance. And they fled to America in a spirit not unlike that of the Jewish immigrants to Palestine.

Palestine, which I hope will hold a large part of the unhappy remnant of

European Jewry, can enjoy an accomplishment similar in kind to that of America.

It is our privilege and duty to help design and erect a suitable super-structure upon the foundation. It is the task of Americans of the Jewish faith to help the people of Palestine in the further development of their country so that their noble aspirations will be given the opportunity of fulfillment as have our own. Our generation is uniquely fortunate to be in a position to make the new Jewish State economically and spiritually self-sufficient so that it can exert great moral leadership among the nations of the world.

Jews who are already in Palestine have shown their calibre. So have the Jews of Europe who will be going to Palestine. They have emerged from the holocaust and mass murder of the past ten years with an indomitable will to live and with an overpowering eagerness to be productive.

When I was Director General of UNRRA, I saw that the survivors among the Jewish people in Europe had not buckled under, but that they had risen above the tragedy with a spirit that would not brook defeat or yield to suffering. Their spirit is the same as that of the pioneers of earlier years.

I, for one, never have had any hesitation in investing in such people. I know that their desire to build Palestine furnished—and will continue to furnish—a security for investment that cannot be found in many other places on this earth.

Let us all now help bring closer the day when the prophecy of Micah shall be realized: "They shall sit every man under his own vine and fig tree, and none shall make them afraid."

WHAT MUST BE DONE IN 1948 . . .

1. Supplementary aid for 250,000 displaced Jews in Germany, Austria, Italy and Cyprus.
2. Relief, rehabilitation, and reconstruction for one million Jews in Eastern and Western Europe.
3. Immigration and reception in Palestine of 75,000 homeless Jews, including 24,000 children.
4. Housing, retraining and settlement for the newcomers in Palestine.
5. Reception and adjustment of refugees who will enter the United States in 1948.

1948 Destiny Campaign

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

for \$250,000,000 minimum

For the Relief, Rehabilitation and Resettlement Programs of
Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans

165 West 46th Street, New York 19, New York

Henry Morgenthau, Jr., General Chairman

DEMOCRATIC REPAIRMAN

Continued from page 19

and earned his keep besides; there was no time for sports. His first real job was running the flower concession in Kresge's five-and-ten every day after school and all day Saturday. He stayed there for two and a half years, then he sold men's furnishings at Shepard's department store. After that he sold insurance for his father.

McGrath decided to go into politics when he was sixteen, and while he was still very young he pulled off a coup that foreshadowed his success both in that field and in business. *The Providence News* offered a Packard car to the person who brought in the most subscriptions. Howard went after it. His father, James J. McGrath, was paid secretary of the Independent Order of Foresters, a fraternal organization.

While other boys were getting subscriptions from their friends, Howard went through the Foresters like the Fuller Brush Man. Joseph Cadorette, an old friend of McGrath, Sr., who was circulation manager of the *News*, was delighted when Howard won the car. McGrath has owned one ever since.

Making His Bow in Politics

Luke Keenan, one of Senator Gerry's henchmen, noted the promising youth and offered him a job with the Gerry organization. He suggested that McGrath organize the Young Men's Democratic League of Rhode Island. Howard, who was at Providence College, found many converts among his classmates. He was elected president of the League before he was old enough to vote.

Howard began as an idealist in politics. Men, who knew him then, say that he had a spiritual radiance as he addressed their meetings in a high-pitched hesitant voice, that was yet moving because of his obvious sincerity.

McGrath became more practical politically when Luke Keenan died in 1924, and General Hamilton took over his political education. Hamilton was a silk-stocking politician who fought without

kid gloves. His political creed was as simple and blunt as a cliché: "Silence is golden." "Never give a sucker an even chance, no exception!" "Cut the legs off any possible rival before he gets too big for you, NO exceptions!"

Howard was a diligent student; he earned his political laurels in a rough school. The teeming Blackstone Valley, north of Providence, is a notable breeding ground of political corruption. Just as the waste from its factories and the sewerage of its crowded mill towns pollute the waters of the Blackstone River and Narragansett Bay, the political effluvium of the Valley spreads over the surface of Rhode Island politics. A man must be tough to rise from the bottom to the top of that morass. McGrath had what it takes.

In 1928, while Howard was still at Boston University Law School, he became Vice-Chairman of the State Central Committee; and in 1930, when Chairman Theodore Francis Green resigned to run for governor, McGrath moved on up the ladder. He was the youngest state chairman in the country. Green and McGrath became great friends. They are now both United States senators from Rhode Island and law partners, the only time in senatorial history this has occurred. If McGrath learned politics from Hamilton, he learned something of statesmanship from Senator Green, who is a man of broad scholarship.

In 1929, Howard married Estelle Cadorette, the daughter of his father's friend, Joseph Cadorette, of Central Falls. They had been going together ever since their senior prom at high school and it was a love match. But it was also a political alliance; for the French and Irish were the two largest blocks of voters in Rhode Island, McGrath is Irish; his wife brought in the French.

Howard's first office was the city solicitor job at Central Falls. Combining it with the state chairmanship kept him as busy as a B-29 pilot in a line squall. Even after the coup d'état with Andrew

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more new cars
-sold by more
dealers!*

replace with a
DELCO
BATTERY



"My wife is running away with a rug salesman next Friday afternoon . . ."

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

Collier's for March 27, 1948



"HENNESSY IS EVERYWHERE"
The World's Preferred Cognac

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 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Sherry, there were some rough passages in city politics.

In 1934, there was a party caucus in the third ward, where McGrath, who had just become United States District Attorney for Rhode Island, was running for re-election to the State Central Committee. The Irish from Pawtucket, led by Tom McCoy, tried to take over. They staged a Donnybrook Fair in the schoolhouse where the voting took place. When the ballot box started on its way to the city hall for the count, the fighting followed it to the street. Through yells and howls, bottles cracking on skulls, noses spurting and automobiles being overturned, the district attorney fought his way to the car that held the votes. He jumped for it just as it started, and rode all the way to the city hall clinging to the running board. In spite of that, Howard lost by four votes.

Rhode Island Democrats rode high in the Roosevelt sweep of '32. Green became governor and he asked his friend, Franklin, to make his friend, Howard, United States District Attorney. The President obliged. In his new dignity, McGrath was soon able to withdraw from active belligerence. He no longer enjoys rough stuff. Today he prefers to insinuate himself into a situation rather than to charge in.

Serene Years as a Prosecutor

As district attorney, Howard enjoyed a few years when things ran along serenely, as a good politician likes to see them. When Green moved up to senator in 1936, Howard had his hopes of being governor. However, Robert E. Quinn grabbed the nomination and was elected. Then, in 1937, Governor Quinn tangled with Walter E. O'Hara and Tom McCoy, mayor of Pawtucket, in a squabble for control of the immensely profitable Narragansett Race Track. Quinn declared a state of emergency and called out the troops to keep O'Hara from running his own track.

Some people say that McGrath needed both sides to keep them at each other's throats. This is quite out of character—he hates exhibiting dirty political linen. The truth is that McGrath gave Quinn excellent but unheeded advice against calling out the troops. The battle ended in a shower of corruption charges, and a federal grand jury indicted people right and left. However, there was a technical flaw in the indictments, and McGrath thankfully let the whole thing drop.

As a result of the fracas, Quinn was

defeated in 1938 by Republican William H. Vanderbilt, a rich amateur from Newport. Governor Vanderbilt with ill-advised zeal, tried to speed up the course of reform by privately hiring experts to tap the wires of certain individuals including Mayor Tom McCoy and Vanderbilt's own Attorney General Jackvony. Instead of uncovering some hot scandal, Vanderbilt stepped into personal political woe. Federal indictments of the wire tappers were threatened, and now McGrath prepared to prosecute with a will. At this point United States Solicitor General Francis Biddle arrived breathlessly in town and ordered McGrath to lay off. The F.B.I., he said, was also in the wire-tapping business and didn't want any court decisions.

With Vanderbilt discredited and Quinn out of favor, McGrath was sure of the governorship in 1940. The only flaw in his satisfaction was that, due to the Hatch Act, he was obliged to resign as district attorney in order to run. There is one point on which McGrath makes an unequivocal stand: He is for revision of the Hatch Act.

"As governor, McGrath was a healing rather than a fighting force." That is Gael Sullivan's loyal evaluation. The truth is that Howard did nothing but appease people. He consoled Quinn with a judgeship, and instituted a gentle baby Wagner Act. To his credit are the cash benefit insurance plan for workers and the State Curative Center, where injured industrial workers can get free therapeutic and rehabilitation treatments. These are excellent measures.

In general, McGrath loudly trumpeted labor's cause and played ball with business. He neatly side-stepped the party plank calling for a clean-up of the Blackstone Valley sewerage situation, which was unpopular with the mill owners. So successfully did he please all parties, that in his third race for the governorship in 1944, he ran 25,000 votes ahead of Roosevelt.

As McGrath went, so went Rhode Island in 1944, and McGrath picked Harry S. Truman. His delegation was one of the first to come out for Truman for the Vice-Presidential nomination at the Chicago Convention, and Democratic Chairman Robert Hannegan asked McGrath to make the seconding speech.

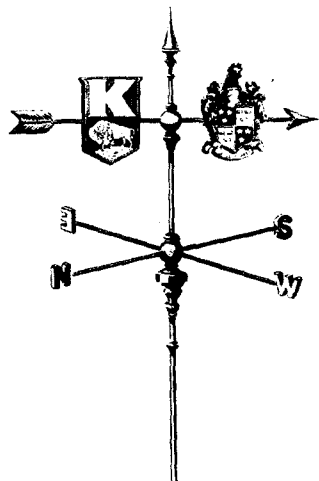
Then, in August, 1944, Howard pulled a disconcerting boner. At an open air rally in Pawtucket he introduced the Vice-Presidential nominee as "The next President of the United States."

There was a horrified gasp from the



"I don't know that one, either. . . . How about the one that goes, 'Yes, sir, she's my baby; no, sir, I don't mean maybe?'"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST...

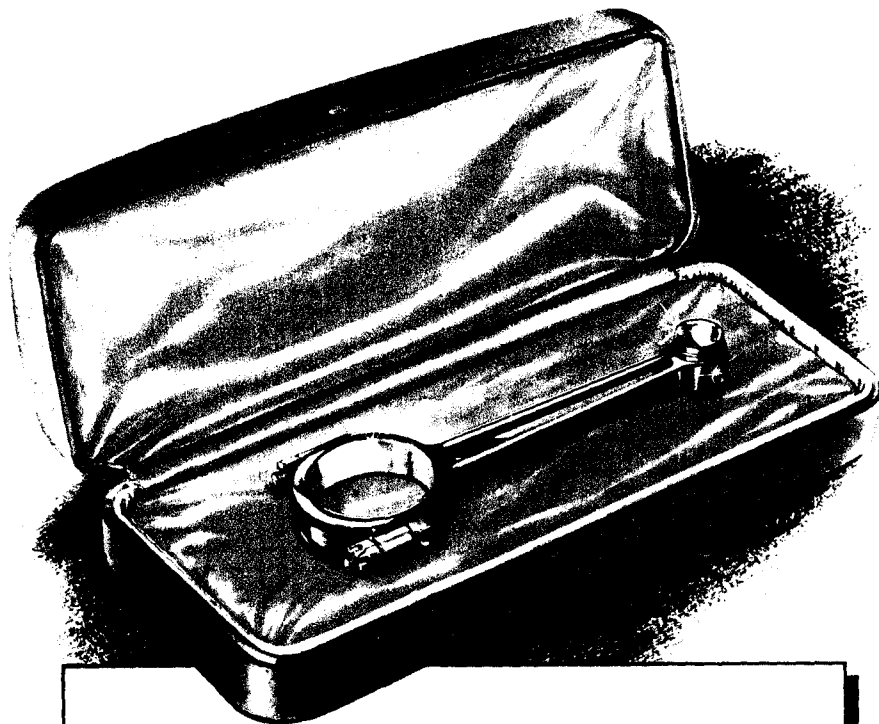
Wherever you go—north, south, east or west—'round the corner, or 'round the world—you'll find this Kaiser-Frazer service sign! And it means the same thing whether it's against a background of skyscrapers or a village Main Street. It means friendly, expert service and genuine factory parts!

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crowd, and McGrath left the microphone, apparently overcome with embarrassment. Yet there was an awful prescience in the phrase. Looking backward to that day, one old Rhode Island Democrat wagged his head, saying, "Still and all, I never knew Howard to say a thing he didn't mean."

Another story of that period tells of how McGrath came to Washington as one of a delegation of six New England governors to confer with Roosevelt on the fuel shortage. There was some slip in the White House staff work and the governors were halted at the gate. McGrath leaped out of the car and hustled into the gatehouse to explain the delegation. The guard listened dubiously, then called Steve Early on the telephone. "There's a guy here, who says he's governor of New England," he announced.

In September, 1945, McGrath received the reward of loyalty; President Truman offered him the post of Solicitor General of the United States. The legal profession was taken aback by the thought that the head lawyer of the United States was to be a man who had never won an important case, or even tried one before a jury. Mr. Truman said, "I want good men around me—who are also my friends."

A Mayor Is Disappointed

McGrath left some heartburnings behind him in Rhode Island. Mayor Denny Roberts of Providence was supposed to get the governorship after McGrath's third term. The latter's resignation gave the place to Lieutenant Governor John Pastore and sidetracked Roberts.

The Solicitor Generalship was just what McGrath needed in his program. It put him on the national stage and got him out of Rhode Island just as a lot of postwar chickens were coming home to roost. Pastore, re-elected in 1946, is enormously proud of being the first Governor of Rhode Island of pure Italian descent. A very honorable little guy is Johnnie Pastore. He is trying valiantly to cope with the post-McGrath chickens.

A whole flock of these fowls are roosting in the former Masonic Temple. This oyster-white elephant of a building was begun in the prosperous twenties and never completed because the Masons' funds ran out. For nearly twenty years it stood confronting the State House in empty desolation. Then McGrath got a proposition to put on the ballot for the state to buy it for \$750,000. The bemused voters approved the purchase; the Masons got their money back; and McGrath picked up between ten and fifteen thousand normally Republican Masonic votes.

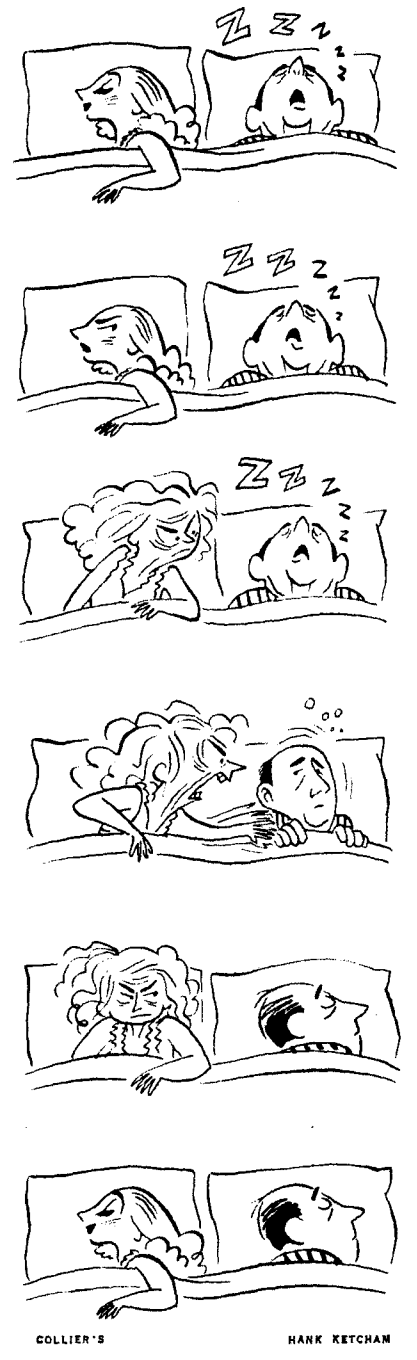
The other day Pastore went to see the temple. Standing among the gaunt bones of the building, he remarked with pathetic optimism, "It's not so bad. I'll think of something to do with it yet."

Though McGrath had no great reputation as a lawyer, he ran the Solicitor General's office very efficiently, although he did not stay there long. In his own phrase, "it filled an interim," until Senator Gerry of Rhode Island finally decided to retire. In 1946, McGrath won Gerry's seat.

The freshman senator has made no mark in the chamber. He obediently votes for the Presidential program. However, he has taken a real and constructive interest in the problem of displaced persons. McGrath's origin in the Blackstone Valley gives him a sympathetic understanding of the problem of depressed minorities. They are real people to him, not just foreigners. On his recent trip abroad he visited fifteen D.P. camps.

"There were some fine people in those camps," he told me, "lawyers, doctors, clergymen—leaders of their communities. Many of them were driven out for resisting Communism. It is my firm conviction that their resettlement is one of our most essential tasks."

SLEEPING BEAUTY



McGrath favors admitting 100,000 D.P.s a year into the United States and is co-sponsor of a bill to that end.

McGrath knows that he will have a tough time knitting up the ragged fabric of Democracy, but he says, "I hope to settle the differences within the party for a united front in '48. From now on I shall be going all over the country meeting people and working for unity. Also I shall be in a position to adjust certain reasonable complaints that members of Congress have of their treatment by the Executive."

In other words, he will endeavor to apply on a national scale the technique that worked so successfully when he was contact man for the Gerry machine, of making friends, insinuating himself into situations and patching, patching, patching. He will be a "healing rather than a fighting force." Nevertheless, he is a strong believer in party discipline, and any recalcitrant rebel is apt to feel the iron hand in the senator's snappy suede glove.

On the record, McGrath should do a good repair job on the party. The only question is whether he can function successfully both as senator and National Chairman—they are two full-time jobs. The only other man who ever tried it was Senator Simeon D. Fess, who as Republican National Chairman in 1932, ran President Hoover's campaign for re-election. That is hardly a good omen for the Democrats.

THE END

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HORROR IN THE NURSERY

Continued from page 23

reported, "are about how they catch crooks. He knocks them out fast and that's the end of them. The crooks go around stabbing people. They have eight knives. And they rob a liquor store."

"They stab two women with a knife. The cop gets them and puts them in the electric chair. This man's sister—two men took her out in the yard and shot her. There was an electric chair but they didn't put her in it. They shot her. One man started killing people: five cops, six women and eighteen others. If anybody ever crossed him he didn't give them no chance. He found himself in the electric chair."

Dr. Hilde Mosse, pediatrician and member of the psychiatric division at Kings County Hospital, who interviewed this lad at the clinic, noted at this point: "Patient, otherwise quiet, gets all worked up while recounting these stories."

His Favorite College Story

The boy continued: "I like one book about a girl. She's a woman, goes to college. It becomes a college for murder. They used to commit suicide or murder at this college."

This boy had been referred to the clinic as "bad in school because he daydreams." Dr. Mosse is currently making a study of where fantasy and daydreams end and action begins among children.

Since he launched his attack on comic books many parents have asked Dr. Wertham, "But aren't some comic books good?" He is likely to retort with the story of the man commissioned to supply canned chicken to the Army. An inspector found some of the contents de-

fective. The supplier finally admitted that he added "some" horse meat to the chicken. How much? "Well, only fifty-fifty." Fifty-fifty? "Yes, one chicken, one horse."

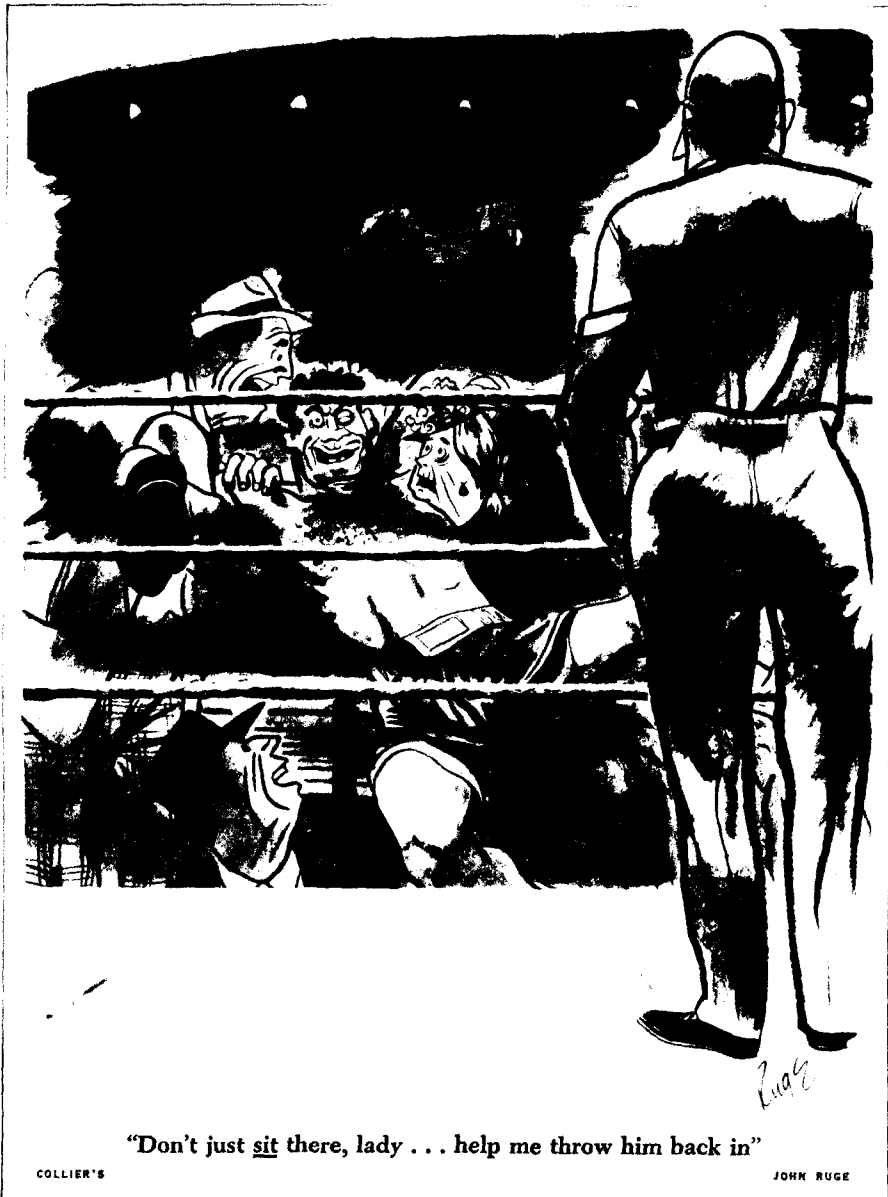
"The number of 'good' comics is not worth discussing," Dr. Wertham declares. "But the great number that masquerade as 'good' certainly deserve close scrutiny."

Educators and child-study experts often cite the "true" variety of comic, the Bible stories and the "fact" comics. Publishers of these point with pride to commendations they have received from school boards, crime prevention groups and private social agencies.

But Lafargue researchers are not amused. One Bible comic cover depicts David fresh from the slaying of Goliath, whom he has just beheaded. The youthful hero stands casually displaying his bloody sword. The story of the slingshot slaying is apparently too tame for 20th century children.

In a "fact" version of American history, ten Indians and scouts get killed in seven pages of frontier life. The story of Florence Nightingale appears in pictures as a bloody depiction of the Crimean War.

"Of course there are seemingly harmless comic books, too," Dr. Wertham says. "Nobody knows with any degree of exactness what their percentage is. Not even the publishers will tell us. But all too frequently, if you analyze individual books of this group, you find that what all the little animals are doing involves undue amounts of socking over the head and banging in the jaw, and that the toys that come to life at night sometimes put



"Don't just sit there, lady . . . help me throw him back in"

COLLIER'S

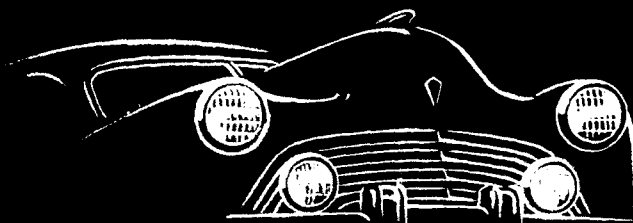
JOHN RUGE

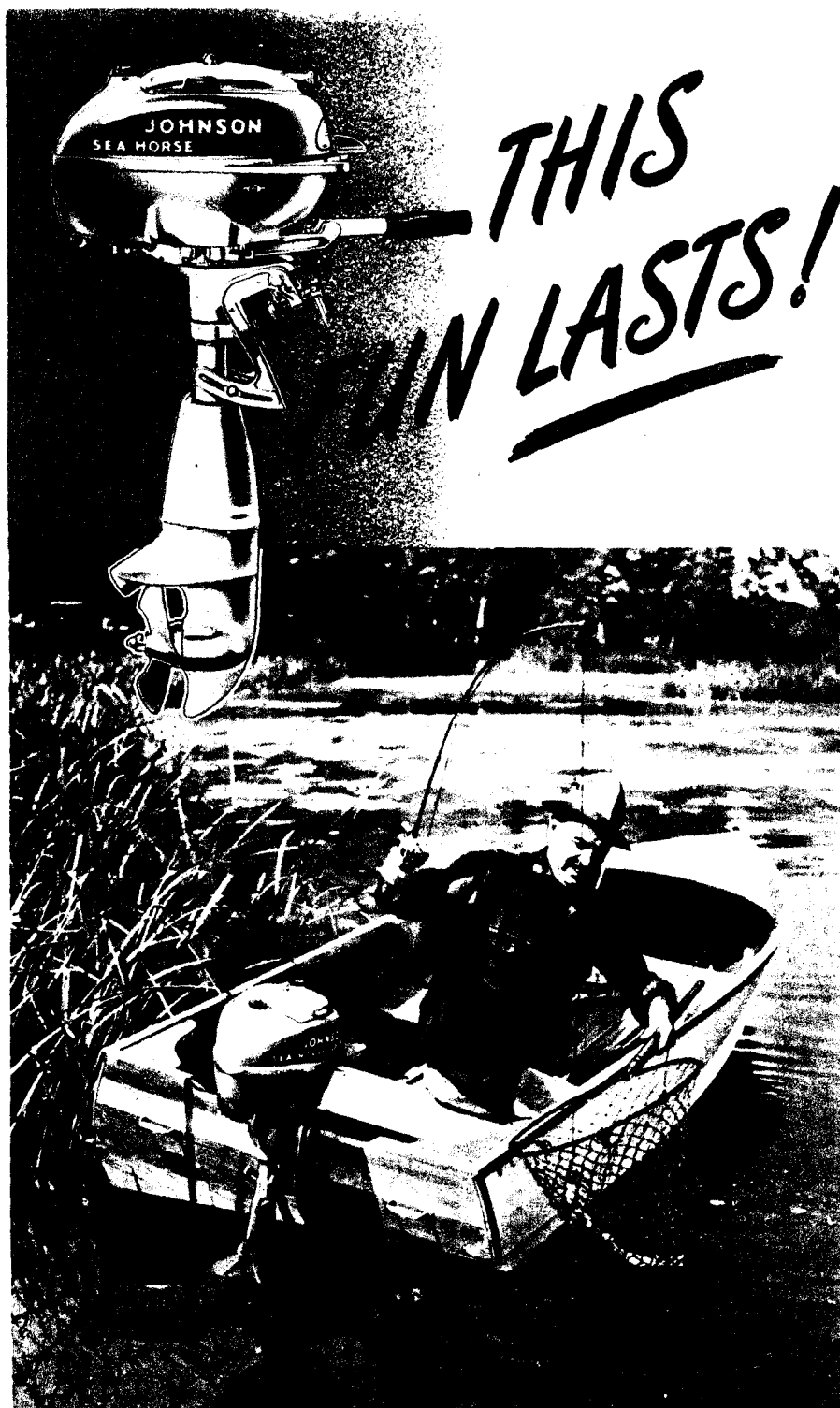
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There you have the secret of Johnson's great popularity with fishermen. A Johnson *lasts*. The model shown here, as well as the other four sizes in Johnson's line for '48, have proved their mettle over a period of years in the

hands of *thousands* of owners.

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Model illustrated: 5.0 O.B.C. certified brake h.p. at 4000 r.p.m.



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JOHNSON
SEA-HORSES
for DEPENDability

in the time strangling one another. Furthermore, these 'harmless' books are usually read by very young children. I have seen very few fourteen- or fifteen-year-olds reading them. From the accounts the children have given us of their recollections of what they have been reading, it is apparent that it is the bloody, violent comic books that leave the greatest impression.

"Even if the tiny percentage of so-called 'good' comic books could be used, that hardly justifies the existence of comic books per se. It's rather like saying that brothels justify themselves since they relieve the housing shortage by providing a few people with a place to sleep."

Nor is Dr. Wertham impressed with the argument that comic books are no worse than classical fairy tales. Fairy tales, he holds, present a world removed from the everyday life of the child. The magic wands convert pumpkins to coaches or beasts into handsome young princes. There is definitely a world of magic. But in comic books men play with death rays and atomic energy, with super- and sub-machine guns, bringing the terrors of today's newspaper headlines close to the child.

Nobody Lives Happy Ever After

A fourteen-year-old girl at the La-fargue Clinic gave her impression: "In fairy tales good wins over evil but not in the way it is in comic books. In comic books they catch the murderer but before they do you see lots of pictures where other people get strangled or beaten and you see them halfway down alleys hurt or wounded. Nobody lives happy ever after, because something's going to happen again to the same people."

"In fairy tales the good side wins just because it's the good side. In the comic books they win because they're smarter or stronger than the other ones. But sometimes if the bad people were a little smarter, they'd win, even though they're not supposed to."

Yet boards of education—among them Minneapolis and New York City—buy comic books for use in classes for children who have reading difficulties.

"That," Dr. Wertham says bitterly, "shows how psychiatrically misguided they are—and how well the publishers are doing their work. Not only are comic books optically hard to read, with their garish colors and semiprinted balloons, but they are psychologically bad,

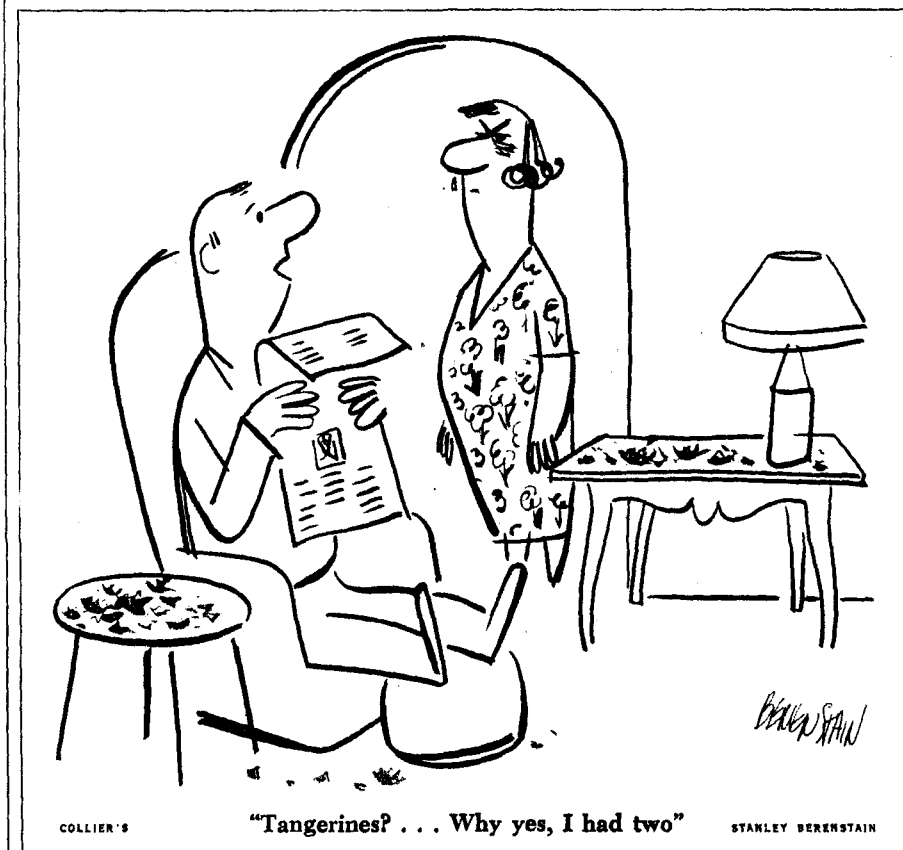
turning the child's interest from reading to picture gazing. No remedial reading clinic would resort to such a cheap, easy and dangerous substitute for qualified and trained teachers."

Dr. Augusta Jellinek, secretary of the New York Society for Speech and Voice Therapy and supervisor of the Veterans Speech Clinic at Polyclinic Hospital joins Dr. Wertham's attack: "The habit of looking at the very richly illustrated material makes the children reluctant to read. They develop the habit of reading only the captions and simple sentences. Since the meaning becomes clear through the picture the child does not necessarily have to understand the exact meaning of every word. Many children prefer to read comic books to such an extent that they rarely read any other book spontaneously."

This points up one of the indirect influences of comic books on delinquency Dr. Wertham says. Children's court records show that delinquent youngsters are almost five years retarded in reading ability. "The fact that children who don't read well tend to delinquency," he remarks, "is an old, old story."

Of course Dr. Wertham does not believe that comic books alone can cause a child to become delinquent. He knows that in families with above-average income and intellectual level there may be ample counterinfluence to comic books. "But those families include neither the bulk of American children nor of comic-book readers," he points out. "Children of families in which lower income is hand in hand with lower intellectual standards are the most omnivorous comic-book readers. Some of our youngsters read as many as twenty comic books a week, trading their share of three or four with brothers, sisters and parents."

"It seems to be nothing short of a mania," declares the Reverend Shelton Hale Bishop, rector of St. Philip's Church, an authority on teen-age gangs. "These comics may be a counterpart of what youngsters see in the movies, but at least they cannot live with the movies day in and day out as they do with their comics. They take them to bed with them; they walk along the street on their way to school reading them. When they go on an outing for sheer fun, for vacation, along goes an average of five or six magazines per child, and an abnormal amount of attention is given them. They read them going; they read them there; they read them coming home; they swap



Collier's for March 27, 1948



them so that the whole thing borders on extreme and abnormal avidity.”

From this avidity not even the so-called upper classes are entirely immune. Consider the complaint voiced to Dr. Wertham by a prominent attorney who came to report that his eight-year-old son was filching money from his mother's pocketbook and his father's wallet.

“He says he knows he's doing wrong,” the man said, “but he wants the money for comic books. He hasn't spent it on anything else. He has comic books all over the house. He reads them at table and doesn't eat properly. Last summer when he went to camp every child had comic books and he brought a big bundle home with him. These books distract him from doing his lessons. Why, he's even gotten a sex angle from them. He told his mother that if she'd take her blouse off she'd be as pretty as a comic-book girl. What shall we do about him?”

Plaints from Anxious Parents

This frustration of parents has been voiced to Dr. Wertham literally hundreds of times, in letters and conferences. Tales of children spending their lunch money on comic books instead of food, of begging from neighbors and stealing from schoolmates for a similar purpose are truth in too many homes. The chorus always chants, “What shall we do?”

Dr. Wertham's attack on comic books inspired the Association for the Advancement of Psychotherapy to schedule a symposium on “The Psychopathology of Comic Books” this month at the New York Academy of Medicine. Radio commentators have taken up the question and some publishers showed fright.

But so far most publishers have made no effort to clean house. Some speak vaguely of starting a self-cleansing agency, like Hollywood's Johnston Office, but at this writing they are still waiting for others to make the first move. Yet

Dr. Wertham exonerates the publishers, artists and writers from a major portion of the blame. “After all,” he points out, “it's their way of earning a living—one that incidentally nets them a fat margin of profit.”

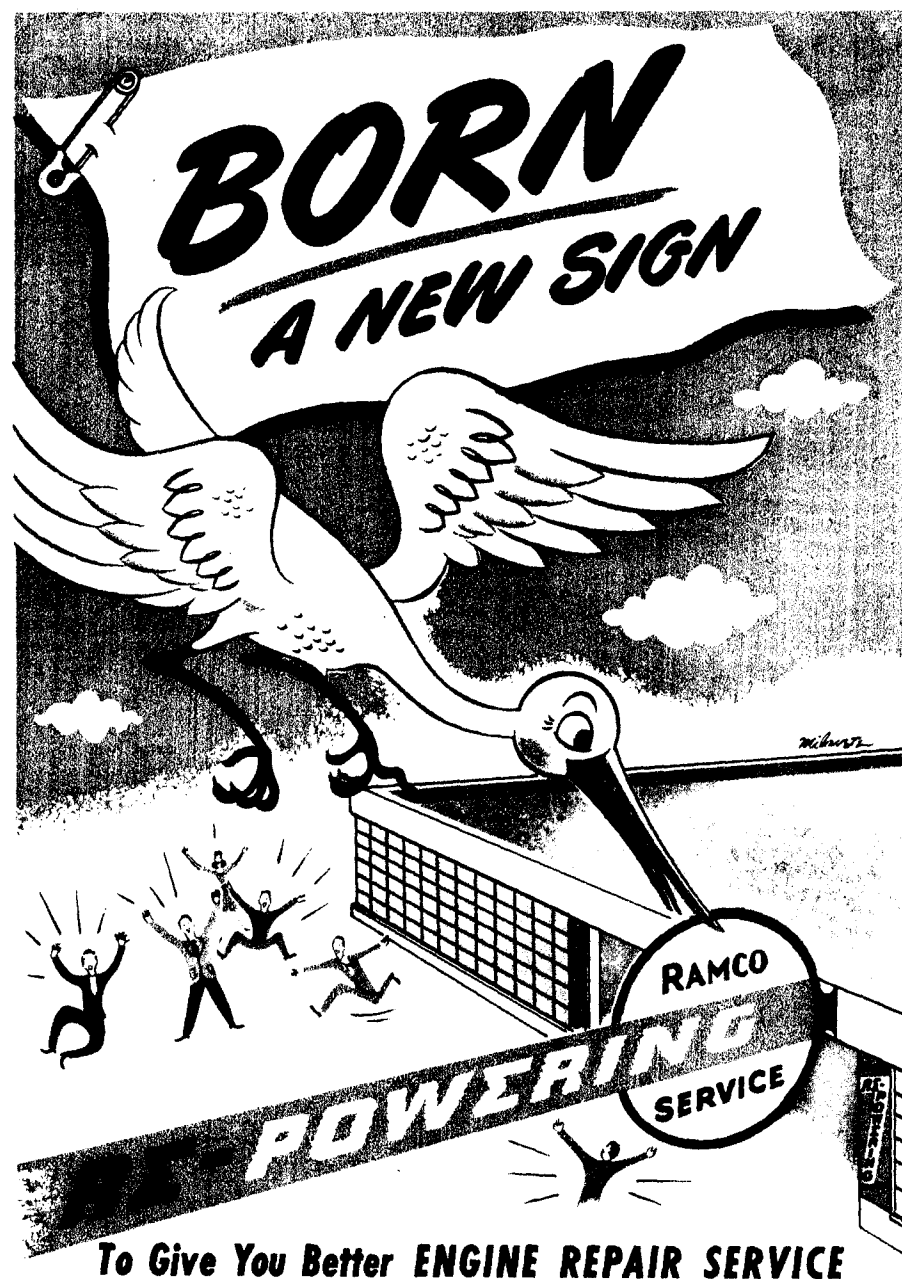
The major responsibility, Dr. Wertham believes, lies with the mental-hygiene associations, child-study committees, child-care councils and community child-welfare groups. So far most of these organizations have been either silent on the subject or they have frankly or apologetically endorsed comic books.

Others on Dr. Wertham's guilt list are the prominent innocents who endorse comic books without knowing what is in them; literary critics who have refused to recognize the literary and cultural implications of a medium with a 720,000,000 annual circulation, and officials whose responsibility it is to govern the licensing of such matter.

But a local enforcement of the penal codes by district attorneys, or license commissioners could stop circulation of the most offensive books. The New York State Penal Law, similar to that of other states, bars from sale literature portraying “. . . partly denuded female figures” and provides for the prosecution of anyone who “offers for sale any book or pamphlet devoted to the publication of pictures or stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime . . . to any minor or child.” Simple enforcement of these sections would, Dr. Wertham claims, clean up our newsstands considerably.

“The publishers will raise a howl about freedom of speech and of the press,” he continued. “Nonsense. We are not dealing with the rights and privileges of adults to read and write as they choose. We are dealing with the mental health of a generation—the care of which we have left too long in the hands of unscrupulous persons whose only interest is greed and financial gain.”

THE END



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C



... CONGRESS RATES A BREAK

AT a recent meeting of the National Association of Women Broadcasters, Speaker of the House Joseph W. Martin, Jr. (Rep., Mass.), got up and fired some heavyweight verbal shots at assorted detractors of the Congress of the United States. The Speaker put it this way:

For years [there has been] a very powerful, highly sustained, well financed and cleverly managed campaign of sabotage in some of the press, over some radio microphones, and on some public rostrums, to destroy the confidence of the people in the Congress as an institution.

Mr. Martin may have been seeing things under the bed, or more things than really were there. And it is a fact that a senator or a representative now and then says or does something which deserves boos, Bronx cheers, and other expressions of public disapproval.

But the general Martin thesis—that popular disrespect for and lack of confidence in Congress can be a highly dangerous matter—is something with which anybody who thinks at all can agree.

It has long been fashionable in some circles to ridicule Congress as just a two-ring circus full of Claghorns, Huey Longs and Bilbos. Congress certainly does contain specimens of that sort, and ably always will.

But the other side of the picture is that Congress also contains a high percentage of honest, conscientious, hard-working, patriotic and astute men and women who could do much better financially in private life if they could get over their itch to be of service to the people of the United States.

Witness the caliber of the men who up to now have won the \$10,000 Collier's Congressional Awards—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (Rep., Mich.), ex-Senator Robert M. La Follette (Prog., Wis.), and Representatives A. S. Mike Monroney (Dem., Okla.) and Jesse P. Wolcott (Rep., Mich.). And watch for the 1948 Collier's Awards next month.

Another important truth about Congress is that it is the directly elected body representing the American people in the government at Washington. It reflects us with great accuracy, too, in all our strengths and weaknesses.

Anti-Congress propaganda—as distinguished from honest adverse criticism of Congressional mistakes and shortcomings—plays right up the alley of enemies of democracy, whether peddlers of such propaganda realize that fact or not. For our own welfare, let's take to discounting that propaganda rather more heavily than most of us now do, and to inquiring rather more suspiciously into its sources.

... THAT ONCE WAS ENOUGH: In the 52d year of its age, the Anti-Saloon League of America has gone and changed its name. It is now the Temperance League of America.

The outfit is still the same old leopard, though, and the spots are right where they always were.

Its tactics have changed somewhat—have indeed, to give the devil his due, become rather smarter than of yore—but the objective remains the same. That objective is to bring back federal prohibition someday somehow.

Nowadays, the rebaptized Anti-Saloon mob pushes the dry cause in local option elections—with such success that about one third of all U.S. counties are now “dry”—and in other ways tries to ease full prohibition in like a case of creeping paralysis.

We'd all better keep careful track of this and other blue-snout organizations' doings. If we don't, they may actually succeed in nudging us slyly into a repetition of the 13-year federal-prohibition bacchanal of crime, corruption, gangsterism, hoodlumism and bad liquor. We have troubles enough without that. And if we make the same mistake again as we made when we fell for prohibition the first time, we'll deserve every one of the copious miseries we can count on deriving from such monumental foolishness.

... THAT YOU DON'T HAVE TO LOVE FRANCO: Squawks and groans are being fetched in leftist circles as the news gets around that the United States government is warming up to Generalissimo Francisco Franco, long-time Fascist (only he calls it Falangist) dictator of Spain.

The ways are being greased for Franco to get more American dollars to juice up his economy, and it is even gossiped that sooner or later Spain may become Nation No. 17 in the galaxy of Marshall Plan beneficiaries.

Permit us to make it clear that we, like many other Americans of all political leanings, don't admire Señor Franco. To put it a trifle more bluntly, we wouldn't want to be found dead in a ditch anywhere near him.

But that is beside the point. The point is that the United States, for better or for worse, is in Mediterranean affairs up to the neck, from Turkey to Greece to Italy to Libya, and that Franco's country overlooks the western entrance to the Mediterranean. We need friends not enemies along the Middle Sea.

All this being the present shape of things, our government would be shortsighted and rash indeed if it should neglect to butter up the guardian of the west Mediterranean gateway in every proper way.

... IN THIS TOO: Remember the midwinter fuel-oil shortages in many areas? And remember the long agitation to get states to stop raising disguised tariff barriers against one another, and the partial success of that agitation during the war?

These two recollections dovetail neatly in the following editorial from a recent issue of the respected Detroit Free Press:

Michigan is getting a taste of what our Balkanized system of highway regulation means.

We are short of fuel oil. Big tank trucks could help us a good deal. But there is a barrier to their use for long hauls. Indiana has a law limiting the length of trucks.

When Governor Sigler asked Governor Bates of Indiana for an emergency waiver, the Hoosier statesman blandly answered that the law is the law, and indicated that Indiana didn't propose to trouble itself over finding a way out merely because Michigan citizens are cold.

Long since, the 48 states should have gotten together on a common, sensible and flexible highway code. They are not likely to, however. Parochial greed for special license fees, stupidly stubborn insistence on the right to rule, and sheer inertia stand firmly in the way.

Isn't it about time to renew the above-mentioned agitation, with all the old-time vigor and then some?

tried to 'drive' a gondola down a Venice 'street'

"It was a sleek, private gondola inlaid with real gold leaf," writes Karl I. Peters, a friend of Canadian Club in Venice. "I was doing all right until the lowest bridge in Venice, that big sweep oar and a right angle turn all 'ganged up' on me at the same time. Things looked bad.



"We'd have sideswiped the bridge if Arturo, our expert gondolier, hadn't stiff-armed it. He shouted 'Keep your blade in the water. Steer by slanting your blade on the back-stroke.' But that big oar was too much for me. I let him take over.



"Down the 'Main Street' of Venice... the Grand Canal... we glided in style. The Rialto Bridge arching over the Canal is famous for its little shops. My host pointed out the beautiful, balconied palaces that line the 'street' as we headed for the Piazza San Marco.



"Hammering out the hours on the Piazza are the huge bronze bell ringers, five centuries old. From the top of the 320-foot Campanile nearby, I saw the fabled Bay of Venice and its fishing fleet with orange sails... a breathtaking panorama.



"'Il migliore salotto del mondo,' said my host, describing the Piazza as we stopped at a Cafe, 'The living room of the world. Here you meet all your friends if you sit long enough.' Right away I was surprised and delighted to meet an old friend... Canadian Club. From my host's sudden burst of enthusiastic Italian gestures, I gathered that he certainly shared my high opinion of this great whisky!"

"It's like a touch of home to find Canadian Club practically everywhere you go!" write travelers the world over. Why this world-wide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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Canadian Club MADE IN CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof



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SMOKING CAMELS
THAN EVER BEFORE?**

**BECAUSE
EXPERIENCE IS THE
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Vic Scott

Champion Outboard Racing Driver

He holds the world's record for Class C Outboard Motorboats—57.325 miles per hour for 5 miles! 1947 winner of the famous Albany-to-New York Outboard Marathon.

"In 12 years of outboard racing, I've found that 'experience is the best teacher,'" says Vic Scott. "And that's true in choosing a cigarette, too. Through the years, I've tried many brands. I've compared them—for mildness, for cool smoking, for full flavor. I learned from that experience that Camels suit me to a 'T!'"



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

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